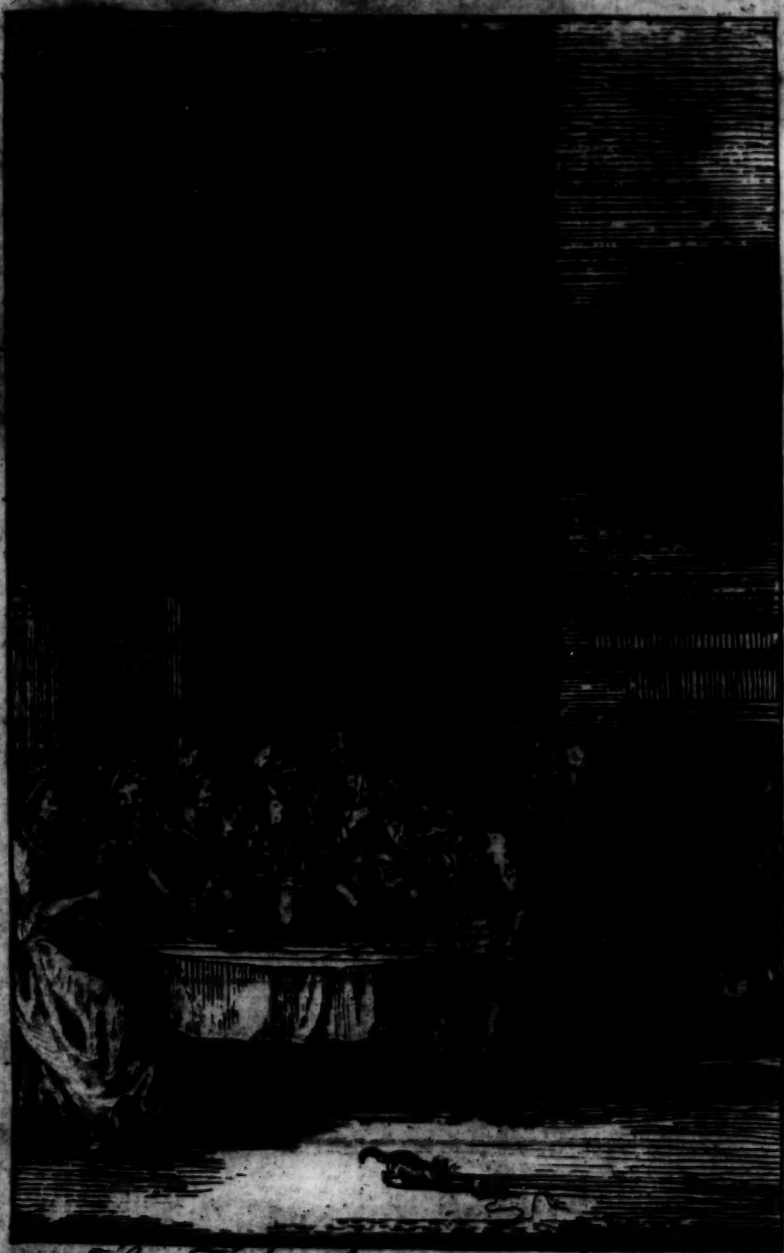




*Here Tales of Wit & Mirth unite
To give the Reader true Delight.*

THE
POLITE SINGER:

A
COLLECTION
OF
CHOICE SONGS,

FROM THE BEST
PUBLICATIONS of the KIND:
TOGETHER WITH
SEVERAL ORIGINALS.

To which are added,
TOASTS, SENTIMENTS, &c.

Here Song melodious, and the Toast refin'd,
Will charm the Ear, and captivate the Mind.

NORTH-SHIELDS:
PRINTED by MATTHEW BROWN.
M.DCC.LXXXI.

POULTE SINGER
FRIELACE

7041399

NO 1154 193

A circular ink stamp is located in the lower right quadrant of the document. The outer ring of the stamp contains the text "W. N. H." at the top and "HARDING" at the bottom. In the center of the stamp, the word "Esq." is written. The stamp is slightly faded and overlaps with the bottom edge of the letter.

1941

1. Journal of the American Medical Association
 2. Journal of the American Dental Association
 3. Journal of the American Veterinary Association
 4. Journal of the American Pharmaceutical Association
 5. Journal of the American Nurses Association
 6. Journal of the American Optometric Association
 7. Journal of the American Podiatric Association
 8. Journal of the American Association of Economic Sociologists
 9. Journal of the American Association of Political Scientists
 10. Journal of the American Association of Social Workers
 11. Journal of the American Association of Teachers
 12. Journal of the American Association of University Professors
 13. Journal of the American Association of Law Schools
 14. Journal of the American Association of Law Libraries
 15. Journal of the American Association of Law Professors
 16. Journal of the American Association of Law Librarians
 17. Journal of the American Association of Law Librarians and Documentalists
 18. Journal of the American Association of Law Librarians and Documentalists
 19. Journal of the American Association of Law Librarians and Documentalists
 20. Journal of the American Association of Law Librarians and Documentalists

1944

P R E F A C E.

IN Books of this Kind, it ought to be the peculiar Study of the Collector, *to suit the TASTE of ALL*:—A Task highly difficult! Yet the EDITOR of this COLLECTION hopes his Endeavours will meet with Approbation;—as *Excellence and Variety* have been his chief Care.

VOCAL MUSIC is so generally admired and practised,—that any Thing in Commendation is deemed unnecessary here.

AND

AND as to TOASTS, SENTI-
MENTS, &c. the most *fashionable*
will be inserted;—the *immoral*
and *obscene* totally excluded.

THE PUBLISHER returns his
grateful Acknowledgments to those
who have favoured him with *Ori-*
ginals; and would be happy in
receiving further Assistance from
their poetical Talents.

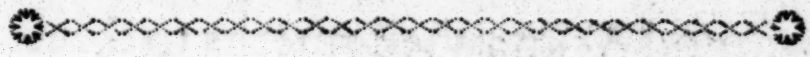
The



The POLITE SINGER.



Singing charms the Bless'd above,—
Angels sing, and Saints approve.



ANNA'S BRIDAL DAY.

SEE how the lovely Anna shines,
In all the bloom of health!
Richer than fam'd Peruvia's mines,
She's deck'd in rural wealth.

This is her happy Bridal-day,
'This day she's Damon's own!
Bless'd swain! let ev'ry shepherd say;
Now all his cares are flown!

Long has young Damon faithful been
'To Anna, dearest maid!
Long has his constancy been seen,
But now he's well repaid.

To grace their nuptials, haste away!
Each blithest nymph and swain:
Ye birds too, celebrate the day,
And harmony shall reign!

WILLIAM and SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
 The streamers waving in the wind,
 When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
 Oh! where shall I my true-love find?
 Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
 If my sweet William sails among the crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 Sigh'd deep, and cast his eyes below;
 The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
 And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 (If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
 And drops at once into her nest:
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O Susan, Susan! lovely dear!
 My vows shall ever true remain;
 Let me kiss off that falling tear,
 We only part to meet again:
 Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
 The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
 Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
 They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
 At ev'ry port a mistress find;
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

The POLITE SINGER.

7

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white :
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return :
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye !

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread ;
No longer must she stay on board :
They kiss'd,—she sigh'd,—he hung his head !
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu! she cries,—and wav'd her lily hand.



CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
Sing, and love, and laugh with me :
Cupid is my theme of story,
'Tis his Godship's fame and glory :
How all yield unto his law !
Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
Cupid takes his share of play :
He makes heroes quit their glory,
He's the God most fam'd in story ;
Bending them unto his law !
Ha! ha! &c.

Sly

8 The POLITE SINGER.

Sly the Urchin deals his darts,
Without pity,—piercing hearts:
Cupid triumphs over passions,
Not regarding modes or fashions:
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law!
Ha! ha! &c.

Some may think these lines not true,
But they're facts 'twixt me and you:
Then ye maids and men, be wary,
How you meet before you marry:
Cupid's will is solely law!
Ha! ha! &c.

DELIA.

THE happy moments now are near,
When Delia promis'd to be here;
Calm stillness rules, no zephyrs move,
The hour is soft, and calls to love.

But hark! there's music! 'tis her voice!
'Tis Delia sings,—ye birds rejoice!
Hush ev'ry breeze, let nothing move,
For dearest Delia sings of love.

Come, let this soft, enchanting scene,
These mazy walks, for ever green;
Let this light-excluding grove,
Incline my Fair to hear of love.

Cupid is jealous of his pow'r
O come then, this is Hymen's hour:
If Delia does my claim approve,
'This is the hour for joy and love.

KATE

THE POLITE SINGER. 9

KATE of ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton in the winding stream,
And kifs reflected light.
To courts begone, heart-soothing sleep,
Where you've so seldom been;
Whilst I my wakeful vigil keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chaplets gay,
'Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May.
The nymphs and swains shall all declare,
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove,
'Till new-wak'd birds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dress'd green;
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves disportive play,
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tun'd lay;
Till May in morning robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen,
The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
Here's Kate of Aberdeen!

NEW.

10 **The POLITE SINGER.**

NEWCASTLE BEER.

By J. CUNNINGHAM.

WHEN Fame brought the news of Great-
Britain's success,
And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat;
Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express,
To summon the Deities all to a treat:
 Blithe Comus was plac'd,
 To guide the gay feast;
And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer;
 Yet vow'd, to his thinking,
 For exquisite drinking,
Their Nectar was nothing to Newcastle Beer.

The great God of War, to encourage the fun,
And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,
Sent a message that moment to Moor's for a tun
 Of Stingo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best:
 No Gods—they all swore,
 Regal'd so before,
With liquor so lively, so potent, and clear;
 And each deified fellow,
 Got jovially mellow,
In honour, brave boys, of our Newcastle Beer.

Apollo perceiving his talents refine,
Repents he drank Helicon water so long;
He bow'd, being ask'd by the musical Nine,
And gave the gay board an extempore song:
 But 'ere he began,
 He toss'd off his can;
There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear:
 Then sang with great merit,
 The flavour and spirit,
His Godship had found in our Newcastle Beer.

'Twas

THE POLITE SINGER. III

'Twas Stingo like this made Alcides so bold,
It brac'd up his nerves, and enliven'd his pow'rs;
And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,
Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours;
The horrible crew
That Hercules slew,
Were Poverty—Calumny—Trouble—and Fear:
Such a club would you borrow,
To drive away sorrow,
Apply for a Jorum of Newcastle Beer.

Ye youngsters, so diffident, languid, and pale,
Whom love, like the cholick, so rudely infects;
Take a cordial of this, 'twill probatum prevail;
And drive the cur Cupid away from your breasts:
Dull whining despise,
Grow rosy and wise,
Nor longer the jest of good fellows appear;
Bid adieu to your folly,
Get drunk and be jolly,
And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle Beer.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom physic prescribes,
Whom bolus and potion have harrass'd to death!
Ye wretches, whom law and her ill-looking tribes,
Have hunted about till you're quite out of breath!
Here's shelter and ease,
No craving for fees,
No danger,—no doctor,—no bailiff is near!
Your spirits this raises,
It cures your diseases,
There's freedom and health in our Newcastle Beer.

The SOUND of the HORN.

SEE Phœbus begins to enliven the East,
 And see the grey dawn wears away;
 Come, rouse, Fellow Huntsmen! relinquish dull
 : rest,

And join in the sports of the day:
 No longer in sloth let your senses remain,
 Untainted the sweets of the morn;
 Drive slumber away, and make one in our train,
 To follow the sound of the horn.

What music to ours can for sweetness compare?
 What sports such a pleasure can yield?
 What scent so refin'd as the new morning air?
 What prospect so bright as the field?
 Let misers for riches each transport forego,
 'Midst their treasures distress'd and forlorn,
 We taste ev'ry joy, and forget ev'ry woe,
 So charming the sound of the horn.

Such pleasures we feel while from vanity free,
 Our hours pass contented along,
 In innocent pastime, in mirth, and in glee,
 With a hearty repast and a song:
 Ye mortals unbiass'd by honours and wealth,
 Those titles that sorrow adorn,
 Would you taste the calm joys of Contentment and
 Health,
 Then follow the sound of the horn.

HE

The POLITE SINGER. 13

HE STOLE MY HEART AWAY.

WITH tuneful pipe, and merry glee,
Young Jockey won my heart;
A bonnier lad you ne'er could see,
All beauty without art.

In Aberdeen there ne'er was seen,
A lad so blithe and gay;
His glancing een and comely mein
Have stole my heart away.

Young Jemmy courts with artful song,
But vain is a' his love;
My Jockey blithe has lov'd me long,
To him I'll constant prove.

In Aberdeen, &c.

No more shall I of sorrow know,
Nor ever more complain;
Nor fear my Mammy's threats, I trow,
Now Jockey is mine ain.

In Aberdeen, &c.

INVOCATION to the GOD of SONG.

HEAV'NLY Music, so inviting,
Give to me thy sweetest strains;
While in thee my soul's uniting,
Let me cheer the nymphs and swains.

God of Song, O then befriend me!
Let my soul to glory rise;
All thy tuneful treasure lend me,
And I'll waft it to the skies.

14 The POLITE SINGER

A, E, O!

WHEN first we hear our boatswain bray,
 With a voice like thunder roaring;
 All hands, my boys! get under way,
 Hark! the signal for unmooring:
 To save the joyous breeze, our handspikes then we
 seize,
 In hopes to meet the foe—O, O!
 Our capitan here,—our windlafs there,
 We meant to the tune of a, e, o!—ea, eo, ea, eo!
 We meant to the tune of a, e, o!

Cast loose your topfalls, next he cries,
 Top-gallant-falls too and courses;
 Clue lines and gears let go, my boys,
 Haul home your sheets like horses;
 Your mizen loose, be glib,—fore-stay-fail, top, and
 jib,
 Haul down, my boys, let go,—O, O!
 We straight comply,—and eager fly,
 To obey the tune of a, e, o! &c.

The anchor up, ho! next they call,
 Avast, boys! avast your heaving!
 The cat and fish we overhaul,
 Our handspikes nimbly leaving;
 And if a prosp'rous gale, we croud on ev'ry fail,
 Our sheets they sweetly flow,—O, O!
 Along we swim, our braces trim,
 All down to the tune of a, e, o! &c.

Then

Then lovely Moll, and Sue, and Beck;
 Their eyes with grief o'erflowing;
 With heavy hearts they come on deck,
 The rude winds on them blowing:
 One short embrace we take, which makes our
 hearts to ake,
 All while we join in woe,—O, O!
 Nor to our grief obtain relief,
 'Till charm'd with the tune of a, e, o! &c.



The BRITISH FAIR.

PHŒBUS, meaner themes disdaining,
 To the lyrist's call repair;
 And the strings to rapture straining,
 Come and praise the British Fair.

Chiefs, throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to spare,
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 'Till commanded by the Fair.

All the works of worth and merit,
 Which the Sons of Art prepare,
 Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
 But as borrow'd from the Fair.

Reason is as weak as passion;
 But if you for truth declare,
 Worth and manhood are the fashion,
 Favour'd by the British Fair.

16 The POLITE SINGER.

RULE, BRITANNIA!

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main;
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend the down
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the Fair.

Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

The

The POLITE SINGER. 17

The SURPRIZING MAN.

THERE was an old man, and though it's
uncommon,

Yet, if they say true, he was born of a woman,
And though it's incredible, yet I've been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.
Derry down, down,—hey derry down.

Whene'er he was hungry, he long'd for some
meat,
And if he could get it, 'tis said he would eat;
When thirsty he'd drink, if you'd give him a pot,
And his liquor most commonly ran down his throat.
Derry down, &c.

His face was the oddest that ever was seen,
For if 'twas not wash'd, it was seldom quite clean;
He shew'd all his teeth when he happen'd to grin,
And his mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his
chin.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis reported his tongue always mov'd when he
talk'd,
And he stirr'd both his legs and his arms when he
walk'd;
His gait was so odd, had you seen him you'd burst,
For one leg or other would always be first.

Derry down, &c.

He seldom or never could see without light,
Yet I'm told he could hear very well in the night;
But he fell fast asleep as he lay in his bed,
Yet has oft been awake in the morning, 'tis said.

Derry down, &c.

18 The POLITE SINGER.

When this comical chap had a river to pass,
If he could not get over he staid where he was ;
And tho' he ne'er ventur'd to quit the dry ground,
Yet so great was his luck,—that he never was
drown'd.

Derry down, &c.

Among other strange things that befel this poor
yeoman,
He was married, poor soul!—and his wife was a
woman ;
But, tho' she was loving, complacent, and mild,
Yet so hard was his fate, he was never with child.
Derry down, &c.

At last he fell sick, as old Chronicles tell,
And then, as folks said, he was not very well ;
But what is more strange, in so weak a condition,
As he could give no fees, he could get no physician.
Derry down, &c.

What wonder he died!—But 'tis said that his
death
Was occasion'd at last by the want of his breath :
But peace to his bones, which in ashes now moulder,
Had he liv'd a day longer he'd been a day older.
Derry down, &c.

The JUDICIOUS CHOICE.

A Beautiful face and a form without fault,
Are not the attractions by which I am caught ;
Good nature, good sense, and an honest free mind,
Are perfections in women to which I'm inclin'd.

For

The POLITE SINGER. 19

For a time beauty charms, but so certain is age,
That who with a beauty alone would engage?
Since time spreads a veil o'er the brightest of eyes,
And a face is a flower that blossoms and dies.

Then Venus begone with your artful decoys,
Which like Syrens do tempt, and like Syrens destroy;
'Tis Friendship and Virtue I seek in a wife,
Whom I'd love and caress ev'ry day of my life.

NATURE'S HOLIDAY.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
May morning put its beauties on,
The warblers sung in livelier strains,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plains;
When Love, that soft intruding guest,
That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
Now whisper'd to the nymph—Away,
For this is Nature's Holiday.

The tender impulse wing'd his haste,
The painted mead he instant pass'd,
And soon the happy cot he gain'd,
Where beauty slept and silence reign'd:
Awake, my Fair, the shepherd cries,
To new-born pleasure open thine eyes;
Arise, my Sylvia, hail the May,
For this is Nature's Holiday.

20 The POLITE SINGER.

The HAPPY MILLER.

HOW happy a state does the Miller possess,
Who would be no greater, nor fears to be
less!

On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he is powder'd, the more like a beau;
A clown in this dress may be honest far,
Than a courtier who struts in a garter and star.

Tho' his hands are so daub'd, they're not fit to be
seen,

The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold in handling will stick to the fingers like meal.

What then if a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He cribs without scruple from other men's sacks;
In this, of right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other men's bags.

Or should he endeavour to heap an estate,
In this too he mimicks the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down, when he's weary, contented does lie;
Then rises up chearful to work and to sing,
If so happy a Miller, then who'd be a King?

FAIR

The POLITE SINGER. 21

FAIR SUSANNAH.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet,
That scents the ambient air;
Then ask each shepherd that you meet,
If dear Susannah's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
And warble through the grove?
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray;
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share,
Let pride in splendor shine;
Ye bards, unenvy'd, laurels wear,
Be Fair Susannah mine.

SWEET JENNY O.

THE Queen of all Nature is sweet Jenny O,
In earth, sea, or air,
There's nought can compare
With the ravishing charms of the sweet Jenny O.

The villagers tell of the sweet Jenny O,
That Phoebus on high
Uncurtain'd the sky,
And gazed with rapture on sweet Jenny O.

The care of Zephyr is sweet Jenny O,
He rangeth each plain
In Flora's domain,
And wafts ev'ry odour to sweet Jenny O.

No

22 The POLITE SINGER.

No maid ever sung like the sweet Jenny O,
So melting the sound,
The birds gather round,
And watch ev'ry trill of the sweet Jenny O.

Wherever the flocks meet the sweet Jenny O,
All nature looks gay,
They gambol and play,
And bleat their delight on the sweet Jenny O.

T'other day in the shade slept the sweet Jenny O,
A bee that buzz'd round
I'd have pat to the ground,
But fear of disturbing the sweet Jenny O.

Ye Gods! smile propitious on sweet Jenny O,
No object I prize,
'Twixt earth and the skies,
As the dear little heart of my sweet Jenny O.

The DISCONSOLATE LOVER.

By FIDELIO, of North-Shields.

"**L**OVE's the tenderest passion of the mind,
The softest refuge innocence can find;
"When from our cup this precious drop is thrown,
"How nauseous does the draught of life go down."

Ah, thrice ingrate, unfaithful maid!

But think what thou hast done;
It is by thee my grief essay'd,
My discontent begun.

Why

Why didst thou promise, Susan fair,
Thy heart and hand to give?
Why didst thou slight a youth sincere?
Why dost thou thus deceive?

A fond young swain, whose bosom glows,
With truth, regard, and love;
For oft to thee I did disclose,
That I would constant prove.

No ease I gain now, from my fold,
My bagpipes, or my flute;
Nor from yon purling stream, behold
The leaping pike and trout.

Besides, the harmless kids and lambs,
All sporting on the plain,
Ran frisking with their mates, from dams,
Came bleating back again.

And cooing doves, from yonder vale,
To witness all combine,
How Susan vow'd she would not fail,
For ever to be mine!

Sequester'd maid! then, since th'unkind
Disturber of my peace;
In some Elysian shade I'll find,
My troubled mind to ease!

DEATH

24 The POLITE SINGER.

DEATH or LIBERTY!

WHILST happy in my native land,
I boast my country's charter,
I'll never basely lend my hand
Her liberties to barter.

The noble mind is not at all
By poverty degraded;
'Tis guilt alone can make us fall,
And well I am persuaded,
Each free-born Briton's song shall be,
"Or give me Death or Liberty!"

Tho' small the pow'r that Fortune grants,
And few the gifts she sends us,
The lordly hireling often wants
That Freedom which defends us.

By law secur'd from lawless strife,
Our house is our Castellum:
Thus bless'd with all that's dear in life,
For lucre shall we sell 'em;
No;—ev'ry Briton's song shall be,
"Or give me Death or Liberty!"



The CHARMS of WINE.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses,
Noble deeds are done by wine;
Scorn the nymph and all her graces,
Who'd for love or beauty pine?

Look

Look within the bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand charms you'll find;
More, than Phillis has, tho' going
In a moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking,
Drank about the council-board,
He subdu'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conqu'ring sword.

THE ECHOING HORN.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsmen abroad,
To horse my brave boys, and away;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay:
What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox!
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies;
Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza!
'The traitor is seiz'd on and dies!

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay,
How sweet with a bottle and lass to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day!
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wisdom all happiness sours;
Since life is no more than a passage, at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

26 The POLITE SINGERT

ROSLIN CASTLE.

TWAS in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay;
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake sweet muse, the breathing spring
With rapture warms, awake and sing;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song:
To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
O bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away;
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,
Around that modest brow of thine:

O hither haste, and with thee bring,
That beauty, blooming, like the Spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.



PLATO'S ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, why should man be vain!
Since bounteous heav'n hath made him great?
Why looketh he with insolent disdain
On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
Can costly robes, or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown,
Give health, or ease the brow of care?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
In dust without distinction lie:
Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
Who once the greatest titles wore;
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
And spreads along a gilded train;
When shot, 'tis gone, its beauty dies,
Dissolves to common air again:
So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,
Let friendship reign while here we stay;
Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls,
When Jove commands, we must obey.

28 The POLITE SINGER.

A FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG,
SUNG by Mrs EMERY, at the THEATRE
in NORTH-SHIELDS.

COME, my brave Boys, let's away to the
Downs,
See the Huntsman's gone on before with the
hounds;
Sol well pleas'd with his last night's nap,
Shaking his head in Phœbus's lap:
Come, my brave boys, let's away to the joys,
That far do excel the delights of a doxy;
This is the sport to which we resort,
And smoke in the chace of a hare or a foxy.
Tarral larral, &c.

See Diana, with her comely face,
With bow and quiver, and hunting drefs!
To follow the chace, the very well does know,
Far does excel young Cupid's bow;
Let each loving tool now play the fool,
Courting his lass with a sigh and a leering;
We hunt all the day, at night sport and play,
Till we outlive them for many a long yearing.
Tarral larral, &c.

Hark there to Flora,—see that is good,
Ratler he hits her there in the wood;
Dunkin he doubles it,—see where she's gone,
Yonder she skulks it over the lawn:
Gone, gone away,—hark! gone away!
That's good again, bring them in with a rally;
Bumper they hit,—gone through the bit,
Yonder she skulks it over the valley.
Tarral larral, &c.

See

See how comely she leads them along !
 Plowman excels them all with his tongue ;
 Hang that Tatler, hear how he rings,
 This is Beauty winding her wings :
 Chanter away,—yoick! Doxy, heigh !
 That's good again, look to Rockwood and Shal-
 low ;
 Draw back the hounds, she stains the grounds,
 What the devil makes all the footmen to hollo ?
 "Tarral larral, &c.

Hold there again, why ride you so fast,
 You see the old Lady will work her at last ;
 She's almost spent, you may see that,
 Draw back your hounds, she's sure to run squat :
 Make good your road,—quick be your speed,
 Light from your horses,—and save her from
 tearing ;
 She's up, ha! ha! ha!—she's up, ha! ha! ha!
 Yonder she runs,—she's quite out of hearing.
 "Tarral larral, &c.

Come, my brave boys, this is glorious sport,
 'Tis full three hours since we had the start ;
 Not like the dull courser, who beats in a bush,
 And labours all day to find out a pufs :
 She's up, up, and up!—she's up, up, and up !
 By my faith and my troth, there is little pleasure
 in it :
 Holloo, holloo, holloo!—holloo, holloo, holloo!
 Yonder she's dead, and she's lost in a minute !
 "Tarral larral, &c.

30 The POLITE SINGER.

The MERRY FELLOW.

HE that will not merry merry be,
With a generous bowl and a toast,
May he in Bridewell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post:

Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here;
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year?

He that will not merry merry be,
And take his glass in course,
May he b' oblig'd to drink small beer,
With ne'er a penny in his purse.

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With a company of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
To confound him with her noise.

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With his mistress in his bed,
May he be bury'd in some church-yard,
And one put in his stead.

Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here;
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year?

ANNA.

W O L F E T H E P R A I M

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna?
Pride of every shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna.

I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain;
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning;
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer gone?
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah! woe for me! perhaps she's gone,
For ever and for ever!



WATER PARTED FROM THE SEA.

Sung by Signior Tenducci.

WATER parted from the Sea,
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or through fertile vallies glide:
Though, in search of soft repose,
Through the land 'tis free to roam;
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for its native home.

32 The POLITE SINGER.

POLLY WILLIS.

ATTEND, ye ever tuneful swains,
That in melodious, lulling strains,
Of 'Chloe sing, or Phillis:
Tho' weak my skill, tho' rude my verse,
Upbraid me not, while I rehearse
The charms of Polly Willis.

Tho' languid I, and poor in thought,
No simile can e'er be brought
From roses, pinks, or lilies;
Some meaner beauties they may hit,—
But sure no simile can fit
The charms of Polly Willis.

A simile to match her hair,
Her lovely forehead, high and fair,
Beyond my greatest skill is:
How then, ye Gods! can be express'd
The eyes, the lips, the heaving breast
Of charming Polly Willis?

She's not like Venus on the flood,
Nor as she once on Ida stood,
Nor mortal Amaryllis:
Form all that's lovely, bright, and fair,
Of pleasing shape and killing air,
And that is Polly Willis.

Tho' time her charms may wear away,
All beauty must in time decay;
Yet in her power there still is
A charm which shall for life endure;
I mean the spotless mind and pure
Of charming Polly Willis.

A WELCOME to the SPRING.

HAIL, young Spring! the Earth adorning,
Drive old Winter far away;
Wake the rosy-finger'd morning,
Deck the Sun in radiance gay.

Flora, bring thy choicest treasure,
Zephyr waft thy softest gale;
Chant, ye birds, the song of pleasure,
Echo, warbl' it thro' the vale.

Leafless, tuneless, unendearing,
Stood the long-deserted grove;
But, sweet Spring, at thy appearing,
All is harmony and love.

COWDON-KNOWS,

WHEN Summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves;
Around the ewes and lambskins feed,
And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom,
So fair on Cowdon-knows;
For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
Could play with half such art.

He

34 The POLITE SINGER.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round;

Of Leader haughs and Leader side,

Oh! how I blest the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom,

So fair on Cowdon-knows;

For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom,

Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Teviot braes, so green and gay,

May with this broom compare;

Not Yarrow banks, in flow'ry May,

Nor bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdon-knows,

My peaceful happy home;

Where I was wont to milk my ewes,

At eve among the broom.

Ye Pow'rs that haunt the woods and plains,

Where Tweed with Teviot flows,

Convey me to the best of swains,

And my lov'd Cowdon-knows.

THE CHILD OF LOVE.

HARRY is my greatest treasure,

Child of Love is sure my swain;

He's my soul's delight and pleasure,

Why should he then give me pain?

Whilst I think he's fondly loving,

And to me he's kind and true,—

Something whispers he's been roving,

With a lovely face that's new.

Shall

Shall suspicion's arrows wound me?
 Shall I lend a list'ning ear?
 Proof would but the more confound me,
 Doubt begone!—he is sincere.
 What's to me if dazzling beauty,
 Should his wand'ring eyes detain;
 While his heart is on its duty,
 Love and I should not complain.

~~~~~  
 The NOD, WINK, and SMILE:

OR THE  
 PLEASURES OF VAUXHALL.

**L**ET fusty old grey-beards of apathy boast,  
 And Venus and Bacchus revile;  
 In spite of their books, they are slaves to some toast,  
 The dupes of a Nod, Wink, or Smile.

Some snug, sober citizens here may repair,  
 Without an idea of guile;  
 But what with the music, and what with the fair,  
 They follow the Nod, Wink, and Smile.

Let men boast of titles, of honours, renown;  
 The Females of this happy isle  
 Can vanquish the victors,—may kill with a frown,  
 Or save with a Nod, Wink, or Smile.

These Gardens of pleasure the beauties approve,  
 Who the dullest of moments beguile;  
 Here Cupid unfurls the white standard of love,  
 And commands with a Nod, Wink, or Smile.

GUAR-



## 36 The POLITERSINGERT

### GUARDIAN ANGELS.

**G**UARDIAN Angels! now protect me,  
Send, ah! send the youth I love!  
Deign, O Capid, to direct me,  
Lead me to the myrtle grove:  
Bear my sighs, soft floating air,  
Say I love him to despair!  
Tell him 'tis for him I grieve,  
For him alone I wish to live.

'Mid secluded dells I'll wander,  
Silent as the shades of night!  
Near some bubbling rill's meander,  
Where he oft has blest my sight:  
There to weep the night away,  
There to waste in sighs the day;  
Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,  
And must I never see thee more?

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,  
Deep in some sequester'd vale;  
There, with mournful cadence swelling,  
Oft repeat my lovesick tale:  
And the lark and Philomel  
Oft shall hear a virgin tell,  
What's the pain to bid adieu  
To joy, to happiness, and you.

GALLANT

GALLANT SAILOR.

GALLANT Sailor, oft you told me,  
That you'd never leave your love;  
To your vows I now must hold you,  
Now's the time your love to prove.

Is not Britain's flag degraded?  
Have not Frenchmen brav'd our fleet?  
Can a Sailor live upbraided,  
When the French have dar'd to meet?

Hear me, gallant Sailor, hear me,  
While your country has a foe,  
He is mine too; be not near me,  
I may weep, but you must go.

Tho' this flow'ry season woos you  
To the peaceful sports of May;  
And love sighs so long to lose you,  
Love to glory must give way.

Britain's sons can never fail her,  
While her daughters prove so true;  
Your soft courage fires each sailor,  
We love honour loving you.

War and danger now invite us,  
Blow, ye winds! auspicious blow!  
Ev'ry gale shall most delight us  
That shall waft us to our foe.

## 38 The POLITE SINGER.

### DAMON'S INCONSTANCY.

**B**ENEATH this grove, this silent shade,  
To Damon sung the gentle maid :  
To Damon, &c.

What other nymph can love like me ?  
'Tho' Damon's all Inconstancy.  
'Tho' Damon, &c.

You us'd to talk of love and bliss,  
And often sigh'd my lips to kiss :  
And often, &c.

But roving now is sweeter glee,  
Since Damon's all Inconstancy.  
Since Damon, &c.

The fragrant flow'rs sweetly spring,  
The feather'd choir softly sing ;  
The feather'd, &c.

Yet all is vain I hear or see,  
Since Damon's all Inconstancy.  
Since Damon, &c.

The am'rous doves can bill and coo,  
And so, false Damon, so can you :  
And so, &c.

But can't like them contented be,  
For thy delight's Inconstancy.  
For thy, &c.

Ye simple Fair, believe not man,  
They all proceed on Damon's plan :  
They all, &c.

Then from the sex your hearts keep free,  
And learn from them Inconstancy.  
And learn, &c.

The

# The POLITE SINGER. 39

## The ORIGIN of MASONRY.

*Tune: Rule Britannia.*

**W**HEN Earth's foundation first was laid,  
By the almighty Artift's hand,  
'Twas then our perfect, our perfect laws were made,  
Establiſh'd by his ſtrict command.

Hail, myſterious; hail, glorious Maſonry!  
That makes us ever great and free.

As man throughout for ſhelter ſought,  
In vain from place to place did roam,  
Until from heaven, from heaven he was taught  
To plan, to build, to fix his home.

Hail, myſterious, &c.

Hence illuſtrious roſe our Art,  
And now in beauteous piles appear;  
Which ſhall to endleſs, to endleſs time impart,  
How worthy and how great we are.

Hail, myſterious, &c.

Nor we leſs fam'd for ev'ry tye,  
By which the human thought is bound;  
Love, truth, and friendſhip, and friendſhip ſocially  
Join all our hearts and hands around.

Hail, myſterious, &c.

Our actions ſtill by virtue bleſt,  
And to our precepts ever true,  
The world admiring, admiring ſhall requeſt  
To learn, and our bright paths purſue.

Hail, myſterious, &c.



# 40 The POLITE SINGER.

## The FAVOURITE MAN.

By a LADY.

**I**F e'er I wed, as most girls do,  
My partner I'll describe to you,  
To you I'll tell my plan:  
First honour must his actions guide,  
Not meanly low, nor stult with pride,  
Must be the fav'rite Man.

Let fortune mod'rate gifts dispense,  
A little wit, good share of sense,  
Will place him in the van:  
Be his address genteel and free,  
Polite to all, but kind to me,  
Must be the fav'rite Man.

To gain me ne'er will be the lot  
Of coxcomb, blockhead, fool, or sot,  
They merit a ratan:  
Nor let the rake, with wanton eye,  
To win my soft affections try,  
He'll be no fav'rite Man.

But love, with fair discretion join'd,  
A shapely form, an easy mind,  
Will mutual ardour fan:  
And if I taste connubial bliss,  
Or e'er indulge the mutual kiss,  
Such be the fav'rite Man.

# The POLITE SINGER. 41

## V A R I E T Y.

**A**SK you, who is singing here,  
Who so blithe can thus appear?  
I'm the child of joy and glee,  
And my name's Variety.

Ne'er have I a clouded face,  
Swift I change from place to place,  
Ever wand'ring,—ever free,  
Such am I, Variety.

Like a bird that skims the air,  
Here and there, and ev'ry where;  
I sip my pleasures like the bee,  
Nothing's like Variety.

Love's sweet passion warms my breast,  
Roving love but breaks one's rest,  
One good heart's enough for me,  
Tho' my name's Variety.

Crouded scenes, and lonely grove,  
All by turns I can approve:  
Follow, follow, follow me,  
Friend of life, Variety.

---

## The HIGHLAND QUEEN.

**N**O more my song shall be, ye swains,  
Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains;  
More pleasing beauties me inspire,  
And Phœbus tunes the warbling lyre;  
Divinely aided, thus I mean  
To celebrate my Highland Queen.

## 42 The POLITE SINGER.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,  
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd ;  
From pride and affectation free,  
Alike the smiles on you and me :  
The brightest nymph that trips the green,  
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No fordid wish, or trifling joy,  
Her settled calm of mind destroy ;  
Strict honour fills her spotless soul,  
And adds a lustre to the whole :  
A matchless shape, a graceful mein,  
All center in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle Fate  
Has destin'd for so fair a mate ;  
Has all these wond'ring gifts in store,  
And each returning day brings more :  
No youth so happy can be seen,  
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

### C H L O E.

**G**ENTLY touch the warbling lyre,  
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,  
Fill her soul with fond desire,  
Softest notes will soothe her breast ;  
Pleasing dreams assist in love,  
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lies,  
(Nature's verdant, velvet bed)  
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,  
Forming pillows for her head :  
Zephyrs waft their odours round,  
And indulging whispers found.

LOVE.

LOVE.

**H**E that Love hath never try'd,  
Nor had Cupid for his guide,  
Cannot hit the passage right  
To the palace of delight.

What are honours, regal wealth,  
Florid youth, and rosy health?  
Without Love his tribute brings,  
Impotent, unmeaning things!

Gentle shepherds, persevere,  
Still be tender, still sincere;  
Love and Time, united, do  
Wonders, if the heart be true.

TULLOCHGORUM.

**C**OME, gie's a fang, the Lady cry'd,  
And lay your disputes all aside,  
What nonsense is't for folks to chide,  
For what's been done before them:  
Let Whig and Tory all agree,  
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,  
Whig and Tory all agree,  
To drop their Whig-meg-morum;  
Let Whig and Tory all agree,  
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,  
And chearfu' sing along wi' me,  
The reel of Tullochgorum.

O Tullochgorum's my delight!  
It makes us a' in ane unite,  
And ony sumph that keeps a spite,  
In conscience I abhor him:

For



## 44 The POLITE SINGER.

For blithe and cheary we'll be a',  
 Blithe and cheary, blithe and cheary,  
 Blithe and cheary we'll be a',

And make a happy quorum:  
 For blithe and cheary we'll be a',  
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,  
 And dance till we be like to fa',  
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

What needs there be so great a phrase,  
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,  
 I wad na gi' our ain Strathspey's,  
 For half a hundred score o'em.  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,  
 They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Wi' a' their variorum.

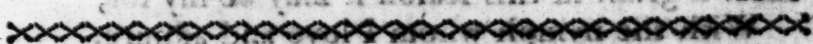
They're douff and dowie at the best,  
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,  
 They canna please a Highland taste,  
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldy worms their minds oppress,  
 Wi' fear of want, and double cess,  
 And sullen sots themselves distress,

Wi' keeping up decorum:  
 Sall we fae sour and fulky fit,  
 Sour and fulky, sour and fulky,  
 Sall we fae sour and fulky fit,  
 Like auld philosophorums:  
 Sall we fae sour and fulky fit,  
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,  
 And never try to shake a fit,  
 To the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend,  
 Each honest-hearted, open friend,  
 And calm and quiet be his end,  
 And a' that's good watch o'er him.  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 And dainties a great store o'em:  
 May peace and plenty be his lot,  
 Unstain'd by any vicious spot,  
 And may he never want a goar,  
 That's fond of Tullochgorum,

But for the sour and frumpish fool,  
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,  
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,  
 And discontent devour him:  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
 Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
 And nane say wae's me for him:  
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,  
 Wi' a' the ills that come frae France,  
 Whae'er he be that winna dance  
 The reel of Tullochgorum.



The W I S H

**W**HEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be  
 seen,  
 And the meadows their beauty have lost;  
 When Nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,  
 And the streams are fast bound by the frost;

While

## 46 The POLITE SINGER.

While the peasant inactive stands shiv'ring with  
cold,

As the bleak winds northerly blow;  
When the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold,  
With their fleeces all cover'd with snow :

In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with straw,  
And send forth their breath like a stream ;  
And the neat-looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw  
Flakes of ice which she finds on her cream ;  
When the sweet country-maiden, as fresh as the  
rose,

As she carelessly trips, often slides,  
And the rustics loud laugh, if by falling she shows  
All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the birds to the barn-door hover for food,  
As with silence they rest on the spray,  
And the poor tir'd hare in vain seeks the wood,  
Lest her footsteps her cause should betray :  
When the lads and the lasses, in company join'd,  
In a crowd round the embers are met,  
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,  
And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat.

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,  
With the nymph whom I love and admire,  
While the icicles hang from the eaves of my cot,  
I may thither in safety retire ;  
Where in neatness and quiet, and free from sur-  
prise,

We may live, and no hardships endure,  
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,  
But such as each other may cure.

COME,

COME, ROUSE BROTHER SPORTSMEN!

*A Favourite Hunting Song.*

COME, rouse, brother sportsmen! the hunters  
all cry,  
We've got a strong scent and a favouring sky;  
We've got, &c.  
The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early song  
Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.  
Will chide, &c.

Bright Phœbus has shewn us a glimpse of his face,  
Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chace:  
He soon will be up, see his dawn wears away,  
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his ray.

Sweet Molly may tease you perhaps to lie down,  
And if you refuse her, perchance she may frown;  
But tell her, sweet love must to hunting give place,  
For as well as in her there are charms in the chace.

Look yonder, look yonder! old Reynard I spy,  
At his brush nimbly follow, brisk Chanter and Fly:  
They seize on their prey, see his eyes how they roll;  
We're in at the death, now let's home to the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the  
king,  
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;  
To George peace and plenty, may heavens dis-  
pense,  
And fox-hunters flourish a thousand years hence.

The



## 48. The POLITE SINGER.

### The SAILOR'S CONQUEST.

**S**INCE the world is so old, and the times are  
so new,  
And ev'ry thing talk'd of except what is true ;  
Among other stories my fable may pass,  
Of four or five sweethearts, who courted a lass  
Derry down, down,—hey derry down.

The first was from France, a-la-mode de Paris,  
All fashion, all feather, bien Monsieur poudrie ;  
He bow'd, he took snuff, cut a caper, and then  
He bow'd, cut a caper, and took snuff again.  
Derry down, down,—hey derry down.

A Dutchman advanc'd, when the Lady he saw,  
He dropp'd down his pipe, and he waddl'd out yaw !  
With hands hid in pocket, and unpolish'd leer,  
As frogs sing in courtship, so croak'd out Mynheer.  
Derry down, down,—hey derry down.

From Connaught itself, another beau came,  
Macfinnin Macgraph Ballinbrough was his name ;  
He bow'd to the lass, and he star'd at Monsieur,  
Clap'd hand to his sword, and said, Ah!—Arrah,  
my dear!

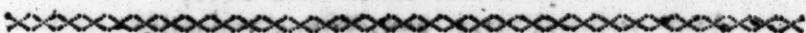
The next a Mefs John, of rank Methodist taint,  
Who thought like a finner, but look'd like a saint,  
Clos'd hands, twirl'd his thumbs, moving muckle  
his face,  
Then turn'd up his eyes, as about to say grace.  
Derry down, down,—hey derry down.

A neat English Sailor, in holiday trim,  
Who long lov'd the las, and the las had lov'd him,  
Athwart them all slept, under arm tofs'd his switch,  
Squar'd his hat, op'd his pouch, gave his trowsers  
a hitch.

Derry down, down,—hey derry down.

He along-side her fell, and he grappled on board,  
She struck the first broadside of kisses he pour'd ;  
Then he tow'd her to church, and as to the rest,  
What afterwards follow'd is easily guess'd.

Derry down, down,—hey derry down.



S A L L Y.

**W**HEN late I wander'd o'er the plain,  
From nymph to nymph, I strove in vain,  
My wild desires to rally :  
But now they're of themselves come home,  
And, strange! no longer seem to roam,  
They center all in Sally.

Yet she, unkind one, damps my joy,  
And cries I court but to destroy ;  
Can love with ruin tally ?  
By those dear lips, those eyes I swear,  
I would all deaths, all torments bear,  
Rather than injure Sally.

Come then, O come! thou sweeter far  
Than jessamine or roses are,  
Or lilies of the valley :  
O follow Love, and quit your fear,  
He'll guide you to these arms, my dear,  
And make me blest in Sally.

## 50 The POLITE SINGER.

MAY is the MOTHER of LOVE.

**T**HE virgin, when soften'd by May,  
Attends to the villager's vows;  
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,  
And poplars embrace with their bows:  
On Ida bright Venus may reign,  
Ador'd for her beauty above!  
We shepherds that dwell on the plain,  
Hail May as the Mother of Love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,  
Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;  
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,  
And willows and woodbines entwine:  
The pinks by the rivulet side,  
That border the vernal alcove,  
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide;  
For May is the Mother of Love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,  
He flutters in bridal array!  
And if the wing'd foresters sing,  
Their music is taught them by May:  
The stock-dove recluse with her mate,  
Conceals her fond blifs in the grove,  
And murmuring seems to repeat  
That May is the Mother of Love.

The Goddess will visit you soon,  
Ye virgins be sportive and gay;  
Get your pipes, O ye shepherds, in tune,  
For music must welcome the May.  
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,  
And all his keen anguish remove,  
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find  
That May is the Mother of Love.

# The POLITE SINGER. 51

## A DISH OF ALL SORTS.

*Sung at the THEATRE in NEWCASTLE,*

By Mr NUNNS.

**T**OTHER day, as I walk'd in the park,  
'The gentry were dress'd very fine;  
'They all went away at noon time of day,  
To different taverns to dine.

'The Nobles to the King's Head will go,  
'The Gentry to the sign of the Crown;  
The Merchant, you know, to the Golden Fleece  
will go,  
And away to the Plow runs the Clown.

The Clergyman will dine at the Mitre,  
The Soldier at the sign of the Gun;  
The Butcher, you know, to the Black Bull will  
go,  
And the Friar to the sign of the Nun.

The Drover at the Savage will be found,  
(Which humanity has mark'd with much scorn)  
The Huntsman, you know, to his Hound he will  
go,  
And the Cuckold to the sign of the Horn.

The Player at the Shakespear will dine,  
The Sailor at the Anchor and Can;  
The Lawyer, you know, to the Devil he will go,  
And the Maid to the sign of the Man.



## 52 The POLITE SINGER.

The Irishman will dine upon Potatoes,  
The Welchman upon hur toasted Cheese;  
The Scotchman, you know, to his Crowdie he will  
go,  
And the Englishman to Bacon and Pease.

So 'tis every Man in his humour,  
Go East, West, North, or South;  
And he that has got no money in his purse,  
He may dine at the sign of the Mouth.



### SWEET LITTLE NAN.

**B**EAR witness, ye watch by the mansions of  
grace!

I envy not sportsmen the charms of the chace;  
The joys of the field let them taste when they can,  
More joys I can find in the smiles of my Nan.

When Cynthia first silvers the turbulent deep,  
And poor weary'd mortals lie pillow'd in sleep;  
'Tis then my fond passion I ardently fan,  
And sit and chit-chat by the side of my Nan.

I'd appeal to the spheres, would the spheres but  
declare,

If they saw in their circuits so happy a pair:

I care not for fortune, nor envy no man,  
Contented I roam with my sweet little Nan.

Shou'd Jove a new world but hereafter give birth,  
And plant it with mortals like those of the earth;  
To give more endearments and vigour to man,  
His helpmate he'd form from the form of my Nan.

The

The HAPPY BARD.

**P**RITHEE, Muse, indite my song,  
Merry maiden, come along;  
Oh! the joys your smiles impart,  
Raptures rushing on the heart;  
Oh! the theme that you inspire,  
Lisp'ing on the laughing lyre!  
You can frolic, you can sing,  
You can charm the trilling string;  
You can drive, from day to day,  
Thorny-thoughted Care away.

Sweet the minutes of the Morn,  
When thy pretty pencil's drawn;  
Sweet the rosy hours of Noon,  
When thy golden harp's in tune;  
But if sober Eve succeed,  
Then thy smile is sweet indeed!  
Then to thee I pay my vow  
On the rural Mountain brow,  
List'ning to the drooping dove  
Carol life, and carol love.

Have I not a fund of health?  
Little, little, little wealth?  
Be it so,—I sleep secure,  
I've a penny for the poor;  
I've a tear for foes distress'd,  
I've a philosophic breast;  
Seldom borrow, never lend,  
I've two coats, and I've a friend,  
Laughing leisure, chatty pow'rs,  
Merry tales, and social hours.

## The SPINNING WHEEL.

**T**O ease his heart, and own his flame,  
 Blithe Jockey to young Jenny came;  
 But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,  
 She careless turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,  
 And prais'd her fingers long and small;  
 Unusual joy her heart did feel,  
 But still she turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender waist  
 He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd;  
 To kiss her hand he down did kneel,  
 But yet she turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise,  
 He bless'd her neck, her lips, and eyes:  
 Her fondness she could scarce conceal,  
 Yet still she turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

'Till bolder grown, so close he press'd,  
 His wanton thought she quickly guess'd;  
 Then push'd him from her rock and reel,  
 And angry turn'd her Spinning-wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,  
 He swore he meant her for his bride:  
 'Twas then her love she did reveal,  
 And flung away her Spinning-wheel.

## THE HAPPY RUSTIC.

By D — G —, of NEWCASTLE.

*Tune: O the Days when I was young.*

**O** The charms of rural life!  
 Rosy health, and temp'rate joy;  
 Fair content,—a virtuous wife;—  
 These are sweets which ne'er will cloy.

Hence, grandeur! with thy tinsel'd shews;  
 Riot's heedless, drunken crew;  
 Flippant belles, and lacquer'd beaux,  
 What have I with you to do?

*O the charms, &c.*

Vain, idle dreamers! Slaves of wine!  
 Gay Mirth and Comus' beastly rout!  
 My joys are, like the Gods,—divine,  
 Your's vanish—when the bottle's out.

*O the charms, &c.*

Here, smiling Phillis waits my board,  
 And fondly locks me in her arms;—  
 Your's—th' outcast mistress of a Lord,  
 With broken health, and faded charms.

*O the charms, &c.*

Vain is all your fancied mirth,  
 And this you will find true at last:—  
 “Pleasure still to pain gives birth,  
 “And vicious joy's an empty blast.”

*O the charms, &c.*



# 56 The POLITE SINGERT

## The WAY to KEEP HIM.

**Y**E Fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,  
 And triumph o'er the heart,  
 For once attentive be a while  
 To what I shall impart:  
 Would you obtain the youth you love,  
 The precepts of a friend approve,  
 And learn the Way to Keep him.

As soon as Nature has decreed  
 The bloom of eighteen years,  
 And Isabel from school is freed,  
 Then beauty's force appears:  
 The youthful blood begins to flow,  
 She hopes for man, and longs to know  
 The surest Way to Keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt  
 Within the lover's breast;  
 And you by strange persuasion melt,  
 Each wishing to be blest;  
 Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,  
 With prudence lure the happy boy,  
 And that's the Way to Keep him.

At court, at ball, at park, or play,  
 Assume a modest pride;  
 And, lest your tongue your mind betray,  
 In fewer words confide:  
 The maid who thinks to gain a mate  
 By giddy chat, will find too late,  
 That's not the Way to Keep him.



# 58 The POLITE SINGER.

## TALLY O!

**Y**E sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen  
too,

Who delight in the joys of the field,  
Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,  
And no one the contest will yield:  
His Lordship, his Honour, his Worship, his Grace,  
A-hunting continually go,  
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chase,  
With hark forward,—huzza! tally O!

The Lawyer will rise with the first in the morn,  
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;  
The Husband gets up at the sound of the horn,  
And rides to the common full speed:  
The Patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game,  
The Poet too often lays low,  
Who mounted on Pegasus rides after fame,  
With hark forward—huzza! tally O!

While fearless o'er hills, and o'er woodlands we  
sweep,  
Tho' prides on our pasture may frown;  
How oft do they decency's bounds overleap,  
And the fences of virtue break down:  
Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,  
For amusement, for passion, for shew;  
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chase,  
With hark forward,—huzza! tally O!

POL-

# The POLITE SINGER. 59

P O L L Y.

By D—— G——, of NEWCASTLE.

*Tune: When War's Alarms, &c.*

**W**HEN first my eyes beheld the lovely creature,  
Whom with transport I adore,  
With silent rapture I view'd each blooming feature!  
'Twas then, smiling Boy! I first felt thy pow'r.  
How graceful, sweet, and charming,  
(Sense and reason both disarming)  
Is that blooming, matchless face!  
That snow-white breast,  
That courts the hand to press't,  
And ten thousand charms that fancy dare not  
trace!

But, where do I idly rave and wander?  
Still she hears my plaints unmov'd!  
Yet my fair truth defies the voice of slander;  
Witness, ye powers! how truly I have lov'd.  
Now, now, my charming Polly!  
Banish thinking melancholy,  
And spend the night in mirth and joy;  
Let us kiss and play,  
Until the dawn of day,  
And taste of *that* bliss that ne'er can cloy!

---

## MOGG the BRUNETTE.

**Y**OUNG Jockey he courted sweet Mogg the  
Brunette,  
With lips like carnations, and eyes black as jet;  
He coax'd, and he wheedled, and talk'd with his eyes,  
And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise:

Then



## 60 The POLITE SINGER.

Then he swore like a lord that her charms he ador'd,  
That she'd soon put an end to his sufferings implor'd;  
For a heart unawares thus his trammels he set,  
And soon made a conquest of Mogg the Brunette.

They saddled their dobbins, and rode to the fair,  
Still kissing and fondling, until they came there;  
They call'd at the church, and in wedlock were join'd,  
And Jockey was happy, for Moggy was kind:  
'Twas now honey-moon, time expir'd too soon,  
They revel'd in pleasure, night, morning, and noon,  
He call'd her his charmer, his joy, and his pet,  
And the lasses all envy'd sweet Mogg the Brunette.

Then home they return'd, but return'd most un-  
kind,  
For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind;  
Surpriz'd at such usage, she call'd to her mate,  
Why Jockey, you're alter'd most strangely of late!  
Come on, fool, he cry'd, thou now art my bride,  
And when folks are wed, they lay fooling aside:  
Hard names and foul words were the best she could  
get,  
Strange usage this sure for sweet Mogg the Brunette.

He took home poor Moggy, new conduct to learn,  
She brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the old  
barn;  
They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,  
And now live as man and wife usually do:  
As their humours excite, they kiss and they fight,  
'Twixt kindness and feuds pass the morn, noon,  
and night;  
To his sorrow he finds that his match he has met,  
And wishes the devil had Mogg the Brunette.

The JOVIAL SOUL.

**W**ITH an honest old friend, and a merry old  
 song,  
 And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long,  
 And laugh at the malice of those who repine,  
 That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, tho' ever so great,  
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate;  
 But what I abhor and esteem as a curse,  
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be gen'rous, dauntless, and gay,  
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away;  
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,  
 For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.



The FOX HUNTER

By Mr HARTLEY, Comedian.

**I**N glorious tints of gold and purple drest,  
 Bright Sol, in rich refulgent radiance rise!  
 Emerge from the sweet bosom of the East,  
 Apollo, splendid monarch of the skies!  
 The vast Empyreum Phœbus now ascends,  
 Aurora's fled, 'tis past the early dawn;  
 Haste then, and summon all our sportive friends,  
 To issue forth, and scour the dewy lawn!

CHORUS.

The face of all Nature looks jovially gay,  
 How grand are the sports of the field!  
 Not royalty, riches, or amorous play,  
 Such pleasures immortal can yield,

## 62 The POLITE SINGER.

To the resplendent, blooming God of Day,  
In merry tones attune th'inspiring horn;  
While sprightly larks aloft in æther play,  
Their music dedicating to the morn:  
Come, come, be quick, each bring his stately steed,  
Let each staunch hunter for the sport prepare,  
And strain his courser to its utmost speed,  
Regardless each of danger, toil, or care.

*Chorus.* The face of all Nature, &c.

Now let's unkennel the rapacious fox,  
The hounds uncouple, send 'em forth in quest;  
Renard we'll chace o'er hills, dales, moors, and  
rocks,

And never let him have a moment's rest:  
What, tho' some hours the ravenous traitor flies,  
At last upon his steps hangs dull delay,  
Amidst triumphant shouts the felon dies,  
And wit, mirth, and wine shall crown the day,

*Chorus.* The face of all Nature, &c.

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### YOUNG JOCKEY.

**B**Y Tweed's clear stream as late I stray'd,  
And fat reclin'd beneath the shade,  
Young Jockey chanc'd to pass that way,  
As blooming as the sweets of May;  
Well pleas'd he seem'd to find me there,  
For I alone am all his care:  
Then since he's gen'rous, kind, and free,  
Young Jockey is the Lad for me.

That

# The POLITE SINGER. 63

That eve he took me to the fair,  
And bought me ribbons for my hair,  
With trinkets I had never seen,  
And dane'd with me upon the green;  
Such kindness I shall ever own,  
And will be true to him alone,  
For since he's gen'rous, kind, and free,  
Young Jockey is the Lad for me.

'Ere summer's gone, he means for life  
To take me for his wedded wife,  
And vows he'll ever faithful prove,  
And make me happy in his love:  
How blest am I with such a swain,  
Who ne'er will give my bosom pain;  
Then since he proves so kind and free,  
Young Jockey is the Lad for me.

## The DISCONSOLATE LOVER'S TRIUMPH.

By FIDELIO, of North-Shields.

**Y**E shepherds, now Susan is kind,  
She again pities her swain;  
Such ease has she given my mind,  
That I feel now no pain.  
And Gods, who have thought of my grief,  
Thanks for your timely aid,  
In sending me speedy relief,  
And turning the mind of the maid,  
Who justly has wounded my breast  
With charms that Hebe's surpass,  
Which destroy'd my peace and my rest,  
When haughty prov'd the lass.



## 64 The POLITE SINGER.

The face of my Susan is fair,  
 Her mein modest and gay;  
 She's the Venus of Britain, I'll swear,  
 Her breath's sweet as new hay:—

And oft do I mention the day,  
 Hymen shall make us one;  
 And often to me she does say,  
 Thy request shall be done.

Ye shepherds who envy my fate,  
 And scornful to me prove;  
 I care not a straw for your hate,  
 Since blest with my Susan's love.



### T W E E D - S I D E.

**W**HAT beauties does Flora disclose!  
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!  
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;  
 Both nature and fancy exceed:  
 Nor daisy nor sweet blushing rose,  
 Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,  
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,  
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.  
 The warblers are heard in the grove,  
 The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,  
 The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,  
 With music inchant ev'ry bush:  
 Come, let us go forth to the mead;  
 Let us see how the primroses spring;  
 We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,  
 And love while the feather'd folk sing.

How

## The POLITE SINGER. 65

How does my love pass the long day?  
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?  
Do they never carelessly stray,  
While happily she lies asleep?  
'Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;  
Kind Nature indulging my bliss,  
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,  
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,  
No beauty with her may compare;  
Love's graces around her do dwell,  
She's fairest, where thousands are fair:  
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?  
O tell me at noon where they feed?  
Shall I seek him on sweet winding Tay,  
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

---

### LOVELY WOMEN.

THE lily and the blushing rose  
To many give delight,  
But not a flower on earth that grows,  
Is half so bright a sight,  
As lovely women, charming women!  
Pleasing, teasing, heav'nly women!

Pray what makes cowards brave and bold,  
Or what gave Poets birth?  
Or what makes people fond of gold,  
Or pleasure dwell on earth?  
But lovely women, &c.

## 66 The POLITE SINGER.

When men are fore oppress'd with grief,  
And roam in search of peace,  
There's nought can give such sure relief,  
And make their torments cease,  
As lovely women, &c.

Then since the Fair give such delight,  
Aloud resound their praise;  
For who can view the glorious sight,  
And not their voices raise  
To lovely women, &c.

---

### The MAD DOG's TRAGEDY.

*Tune: Babes in the Wood.*

**G**OOD people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song;  
And if you find it wond'rous short,  
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a Man,  
Of whom the world might say,  
That still a godly race he ran,  
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
To comfort friends and foes;  
The naked every day he clad,  
When he put on his cloaths.

And in that town a Dog was found,  
As many dogs there be,  
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
And curs of low degree.

This

## The POLITE SINGER. 67

This Dog and Man at first were friends,  
But when a pique began,  
The Dog, to gain his private ends,  
Went mad and bit the Man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets,  
The wond'ring people ran,  
And swore the Dog had lost his wits,  
To bite so good a Man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,  
To every christian eye;  
And while they swore the Dog was mad,  
They swore the Man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,  
That shew'd the rogues they ly'd;  
The Man recover'd of the bite,  
The Dog it was that dy'd.



### The L A U G H.

**S**INCE pleasure's in fashion, and life but a jest,  
In spite of misfortune, I'll laugh with the best.  
Let the dull, who account it a weakness to smile,  
Arraign my opinion, my morals revile,  
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
I'll keep up the chorus of ha—ha—ha—ha!

Determin'd to leap o'er the bar of controul,  
No rivet shall close up my freedom of soul;  
If Care or Ill-nature should come in my reach,  
And foaming with rage, like a Methodist preach,  
While I know that my bosom is free from a flaw,  
I'll trip up their heels, and cry ha—ha—ha—ha!

To



## 68    The POLITE SINGER.

To be happy, I'll dance as the minutes advance,  
Mirth! play thou the fiddle, I warrant I'll dance;  
But sweeter the music will float in the air,  
If Lucy, my good-temper'd Lucy, be there,  
She, knowing my bosom quite free from a flaw,  
Will join the sweet tune of love's ha—ha—ha—ha!

I'll laugh through the world in defiance of strife  
For laughter's an oil to the fallad of life;  
I'll make Daddy Time, as he passes in haste,  
Look over his shoulder and long for a taste;  
Then friends, while your bosoms are free from a flaw,  
Swell round the gay chorus of ha—ha—ha—ha!

---

### RURAL HAPPINESS.

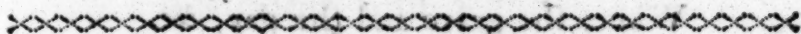
**B**Y the mountain's side reclining,  
Gazing o'er the landscape round;  
Flow'ry meads, and verdant valleys,  
Which with fertile sweets abound:  
Kind indulgent Nature gives us  
Sweets like these which ne'er can cloy;  
Doubly blest would be our portion,  
Could we but these sweets enjoy.

Mark the rustic, gaily whistling,  
Follow'd by his faithful dog;  
And yon coy and blushing maiden,  
With her ribbons just in vogue;  
Happier he than courtly nobles,  
All in folly's tinsel dress;  
Happier she than jewell'd ladies,  
With a far more peaceful breast.

Down

## The POLITE SINGER. 69

Down beside yon bank of roses,  
See! the shepherd tunes his reed;  
While his bleating lambkins round him  
Gaily gambol on the mead.  
From the crouded glaring city  
Far and distant let me dwell;  
All its blazing pomp and grandeur,  
Sweets like these can far excel.



### HE'S AYE A-KISSING ME.

I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee,  
I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee;  
I winna hae the dominee, for good he canna be;  
But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee,  
For he's aye a-kissing, kissing, aye a-kissing me,  
He's aye a-kissing, kissing, aye a-kissing me.

I winna hae the minister for a' his godly looks,  
Nor yet will I the lawyer hae for a' his wily crooks;  
I winna hae the ploughman-lad, nor yet will I the  
miller,  
But I will hae my Sandy lad, without a penny filler.  
For he's aye a-kissing, &c.

I winna hae the soldier-lad, for he gangs to the  
war,  
I winna hae the sailor-lad, because he smells o' tar;  
I winna hae the lord nor laird, for a' their mickle  
gear,  
But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the mier.  
For he's aye a-kissing, &c.

# 70 THE POLITE SINGER.

The LASS of the MILL.

**W**HO has e'er been, at Baldock, must needs  
 know the mill;  
 At the sign of the horse, at the foot of the hill;  
 Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau,  
 Without all distinction, promiscuously go.  
 Where the grave and the gay, &c.

This man of the mill has a daughter so fair,  
 With so pleasing a shape, and winning an air,  
 That once on the ever-green bank as she stood,  
 I'd swore she was Venus just sprung from the flood.  
 That once on the ever-green, &c.

But looking again I perceiv'd my mistake,  
 For Venus, tho' fair, has the look of a rake;  
 While nothing but virtue and modesty fill  
 The more beautiful looks of the Lass of the Mill.  
 While nothing, &c.

Prometheus stole fire, as the Poets all say,  
 To enliven that mass which he model'd with clay;  
 Had Polly been with him, the beams of her eyes,  
 Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the skies.  
 Had Polly been with him, &c.

Since first I beheld this dear Lass of the Mill,  
 I can ne'er be at quiet,—but do what I will,  
 All the day and all night, I sing and think still  
 I shall die if I have not this Lass of the Mill.  
 All the day, &c.

The APOLOGY SONG.

**K**IND Sirs, you would set me a-singing,  
Before you are sure I can do't;  
But thus, since your ears you dare venture,  
I'll hazard my lungs, and fall to't.

My voice it is none of the clearest  
That ever begun with a rhyme;  
So I'm glad you allow me to practise,  
For bad may grow better in time.

The drunkard when quite *non se ipse*,  
Cries out 'tither bottle here bring;  
So I, with a voice like a raven,  
Am even attempting to sing.

Yet remember, 'tis at your entreaty,  
That here I exhibit my skill;  
And since you have set me a-going,  
Huzza! boys, I'll end when I will.

But to please you as well as I'm able,  
And give satisfaction the more,  
I'll ring-rhyme and sing-song a little;  
And then 'twill be time to give o'er.

Some persons, when ask'd for a ditty,  
Are bashful, and say they've a cold;  
While others, prevent your entreaty,  
With bawdy, pert, saucy, and bold.

I'm



## 72      The POLITE SINGER.

I'm sure those are none of my failings;  
 I neither am fearful, or vain,  
 So Sirs, if 'twill quit you the labour,  
 You're welcome to try me again.

That's right, Sirs,—I see you are smiling;  
 Why then, I am certain 'twill do!  
 Whether me or my song 'tis you laugh at,  
 There's always diversion for you.

### F L O R I Z E L.

**W**HEN larks forsake the flow'ry plain,  
 And love's sweet numbers swell;  
 My voice shall join their morning strain,  
 In praise of Florizel.

Where woodbines twist their fragrant shade,  
 And noontide beams repel;  
 I'll rest me on the tufted mead,  
 And sing of Florizel.

When moon-beams dance among the boughs,  
 That lodge sweet Philomel;  
 I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,  
 And sing of Florizel.

Were mine, ye great, your envy'd lot,  
 In gilded courts to dwell;  
 I'd leave them for a lonely cot,  
 With love and Florizel.





The LASTING LOVER.

**T**ELL me, charming, lovely creature!  
 Will you never ease my pain?  
 Must I die for ev'ry feature?  
 Must I always love in vain?  
 The desire of admiration  
 Is the pleasure you pursue;  
 Pray thee, try a lasting passion,  
 Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you,  
 For a Lover ought to dare;  
 When I plainly told I lov'd you,  
 Then you said I went too far:  
 Are such giddy ways befitting?  
 Will my dear be fickle still?  
 Conquest is the joy of women,  
 Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglects with torments fill me,  
 And my desp'rate thoughts increase;  
 Pray, consider if you kill me,  
 You will have a Lover less:  
 If your wand'ring heart is beating  
 For new Lovers,—let it be;  
 But when you have done coquetting,  
 Name a day, and fix on me.

## 74 The POLITE SINGER.

### The BIRKS of INVERMAY.

**T**HE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
Invite the chearful birds to sing ;  
And while they warble from each spray,  
Love melts the universal lay :  
Let us, Amanda, timely wise,  
Like them improve the hour that flies,  
And in soft raptures waste the day,  
Among the Birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
And age, life's winter, will appear ;  
At this thy lively bloom will fade,  
As that will strip the verdant shade :  
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
The feather'd songsters please no more ;  
And when they droop, and we decay,  
Adieu, ye Birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now, and lintwhites sing,  
The rocks around with echos ring,  
The mavis and the blackbird vie,  
In tuneful strains to glad the day ;  
'The woods now wear their summer suits,  
'To mirth all nature now invites ;  
Let us be blithsome then, and gay,  
Among the Birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around  
With lowing herds and flocks abound ;  
'The wanton kids and frisking lambs  
Gambol and dance about their dams ;

The

The busy bee, with humming noise,  
And all the reptile kind rejoice :  
Let us, like them, then sing and play  
About the Birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fall,  
Loudly my love to gladness call ;  
The wanton waves sport in the beams,  
And fishes play throughout the streams ;  
The circling sun does now advance,  
And all the planets round him dance ;  
Let us as jovial be as they,  
Among the Birks of Invermay.

## ALLAN WATER.

**W**HAT numbers shall the muse repeat ?  
What verse be found to praise my Annie ?  
On her ten thousand graces wait,  
Each swain admires and owns she's bonny.  
Since first she trod the happy plain,  
She set each youthful heart on fire ;  
Each nymph does to her swain complain,  
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,  
This new delight, this charming Annie,  
Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,  
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.  
All day the am'rous youths convene,  
Joyous they sport and play before her ;  
All night, when she no more is seen,  
In blissful dreams they still adore her.



## 76 The POLITE SINGER.

Among the crowd Amyntor came,  
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;  
His rising sighs express'd his flame,  
His words were few, his wishes many.  
With smiles the lovely maid reply'd,  
Kind shepherd, why should I deceive ye?  
Alas! your love must be deny'd,  
'This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,  
His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,  
He stole away my virgin heart;  
Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.  
Some brighter beauty you may find,  
On yonder plain the nymphs are many;  
Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,  
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

---

### POLLY on the HILL.

By J— O—, late of Newcastle upon Tyne.

**Y**E youngsters all, who sport and play,  
A while your mirth keep still;  
While I attempt to tune my lay  
To Polly on the Hill.

But how shall I her form describe?

She's so divinely fair!

The power of words would not imbibe  
Her ev'ry shape and air.

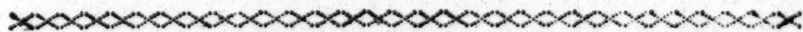
# The POLITE SINGER. 77

Venus of Medicis, so fam'd  
For proud Italians' skill,  
Would hang her head and look ashamed,  
Near Polly on the Hill.

All Nature's beauty here's display'd;  
For tho' you gaze your fill,  
Each moment some new charm's array'd  
In Polly on the Hill.

Her father's cottage you may view,  
'Tis seated near a mill;  
If Polly's there,—O then, 'tis true,  
She's Queen of all the Hill.

Souls celestial only know  
What objects Nature fill:  
But first—and first of things below,  
Shines Polly on the Hill.



## *Nunc est Bibendum !*

By GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

*Tune : Moggy Lauder.*

**N**OW we're free from College rules,  
From common-place-book reason,  
From trifling syllogistic schools,  
And systems out of season;  
Never more we'll have defin'd,  
If matter thinks or thinks not;  
All the matter we shall mind,  
Is—he who drinks—or drinks not.

Metaphysic'ly to trace,  
 The mind or soul abstracted ;  
 Or prove infinity of space,  
 By cause on cause effected ;  
 Better souls we can't become  
 By immaterial thinking ;  
 And as to space, we want no room,  
 But room enough to drink in.

Plenum, vacuum, minus, plus,  
 Are learned words, and rare too ;—  
 Those terms our tutors may discuss,  
 And those who please may hear too :—  
 A plenum in our wine we show,  
 With plus, and plus behind, Sir,  
 And when our cash is minus, low,  
 A vacuum soon we find, Sir.

Copernicus, that learned sage,  
 Dane Tycho's error proving,  
 Declares in—I can't tell what page—  
 The Earth round Sol is moving :  
 But which goes round, what's that to us ?  
 Each is, perhaps, a notion ;  
 With Earth and Sun we make no fuss,  
 But mind the bottle's motion.

Great Galileo ill was us'd  
 By superstitious fury ;  
 Antipodeans were abus'd  
 By ignoramus jury :  
 But, feet to feet, we dare attest,  
 Nor fear a treatment scurvy ;  
 For when we're drunk, *probatum est*,  
 We're tumbling topsy turvy.

# The POLITE SINGER. 79

Newton talk'd of lights and shades,  
And different colours knew, Sir;  
Don't let us disturb our heads,—  
We will but study two, Sir:—  
*White* and *Red* our glasses boast,  
Reflection and Refraction;  
After him we name our toast,—  
“The Center of Attraction.”

On that Thesis we'll declaim,  
With *stratum super stratum*;  
There's mighty magic in the name,  
'Tis Nature's Postulatum:  
Wine in Nature's next to Love;  
Then wisely let us blend 'em;  
First tho'—physically prove,  
That *Nunc, nunc est Bibendum!*

## PUSH ABOUT the BRISK BOWL!

**P**USH about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,

While thus we sit round on the grass;  
The lover who talks of this sufferings and smart,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.  
Deserves, &c.

The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,  
And wishes to add to the mass;  
Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ass.  
Deserves, &c.

The



## 80 The POLITE SINGER.

The beau, who so smart with his well-powder'd hair,

An angel beholds in his glass;  
And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,  
May justly be reckon'd an Afs.  
May justly, &c.

The merchant from climate to climate may roam,  
Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass;  
But oft, while he's wand'ring, my lady at home  
Claps the horns of an ox on an Afs.  
Claps the horns, &c.

The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,  
With forehead well cover'd with brass;  
Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee;  
There you, my good friend, are the Afs.  
There you, &c.

The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,  
Shall last be produced in this class;  
The sick man a while may confide in his skill,  
But death proves the doctor an Afs.  
But death, &c.

Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,  
By turns take our bottle and lass;  
For he who his pleasure puts off for a day,  
Deserves to be reckon'd an Afs.  
Deserves, &c.

TIS

'TIS ALL OVER NOW!

**L**AST May-day as Strephon, a thoughtless young swain,

Was carelessly roving, a stranger to pain;  
Defying, like Linco, the powers above,  
To wound his gay heart with the arrow of love:  
Exulting with transport,—not fearing the blow,  
I've held out so long, that—'tis all over now.

But lovely young Phœbe, the pride of the plain,  
Intended by Cupid to vanquish the swain;  
Came presently tripping, displaying her charms,  
And Strephon's intentions with ease she disarms.  
The rosy young God, as he view'd them below,  
Cried archly—poor fellow—'tis all over now!

The once laughing shepherd's now caught in the snare,  
And yields his affections to Phœbe the fair;  
She hears his entreaties, she lov'd him before,  
He offers to wed her,—what could he do more?  
The parson has join'd 'em, they're happy they vow,  
And Phœbe cries, "Strephon—'tis all over now!"



The DEATH of the HARE.

**T**HE morning is charming, all Nature looks gay,

Away, my brave boys,—to your horses away!  
For the prime of our humour in quest of the hare,  
We have not so much as a moment to spare:  
Hark! the lively ton'd horn, how melodious its  
sounds,

To the musical tone of the merry mouth'd hounds.

O'er



# THE POLITE SINGER. 83

## COMEDY.

By D— G—, of NEWCASTLE.

*Sung in the Character of the Comic Muse, at the  
Thespian Theatre,\* Newcastle, 1780.*

*Tune: Variety.*

**A**SK you who's a-singing here,—  
Who so blithe can thus appear?  
I'm the Child of wit and glee,  
And my name is—COMEDY.

Comedy, &c.

To me wit's pleasing arts are known,  
Love's softest passions are my own;  
Gay mirth and laughter follow me:  
Such am I, gay Comedy.

Comedy, &c.

I'm soother of the troubled breast,  
And sweetly lull the soul to rest;  
Give the pall'd sense variety:  
Such the pow'r of Comedy.

Comedy, &c.

Sylphs, fairies, genii own my reign,  
Whilst *Shakespeare's* genius leads the train:  
The pun, the catch, the frolic free  
Laugh in the train of Comedy.

Comedy, &c.

Ye

---

\* So called from *Thespis*, the founder of the Grecian Drama:—A small place fitted up by a number of young men, for the purpose of amusing themselves and their friends.

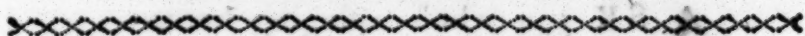


## 84 The POLITE SINGER.

Ye beaus! choice spirits of the pit!  
Fam'd for loud laugh and sneering wit,  
Come follow, follow, follow me;—  
The soul of mirth is—Comedy.

Comedy, Comedy!

The soul of mirth is Comedy,  
The soul of mirth is Comedy.



### The BUSH aboon TRAQUAIR.

**H**EAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,  
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me,  
Tho' thus I languish, thus complain,  
Alas! she ne'er believes me.  
My vows and sighs, like silent air,  
Unheeded never move her;  
At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,  
'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad,  
No maid seem'd ever kinder;  
I thought myself the luckiest lad,  
So sweetly there to find her.  
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,  
In words that I thought tender;  
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,  
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,  
The fields we then frequented;  
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,  
She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The

The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,  
 Its sweets I'll ay remember,  
 But now her frowns make it decay,  
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,  
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me!  
 Oh! make her partner in my pains,  
 Then let her smiles relieve me.  
 If not, my love will turn despair,  
 My passion no more tender.  
 I'll leave the Bush aboon Traquair,  
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

~~~~~

The B A D W I F E.

THE man who for life is plagu'd with a wife,
 Is sure in a wretched condition;
 Go things how they will, she sticks by him still,
 And death is his only physician.

To trifle and toy, may give a man joy,
 Incited by love or by beauty;
 But where is the bliss of a conjugal kiss,
 When passion is prompted by duty?

So the dog, if possess'd of a bone of the best,
 May pick it, or leave it, at pleasure;
 But if to his tail 'tis ty'd, without fail,
 He's harass'd and plagu'd beyond measure.

86 The POLITE SINGER.

The SURPRIZE: From the DUENNA.

Tune: Deil take the Wars.

WHEN fable Night, each drooping plant restoring,

Wept o'er the flowers her breath did chear;
As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,

Wakes it beauty with a tear:
When all did sleep, whose weary hearts could borrow

One hour, from love and care to rest;
Lo! as I press'd my couch in silent sorrow,
My Lover caught me to his breast.

He vow'd he came to save me,
From those who would enslave me;
Then kneeling, kisses stealing, endless faith he swore:
But soon I chid him thence;

For had his fond pretence
Obtain'd one favour then,
And he had press'd again,
I fear'd my treacherous heart might grant him more.



The QUEEN of LIBERTY.

By D. OSTLE.

Tune: Damon's Inconstancy.

YE beauteous nymphs and blithesome swains,
Forfake your flocks, and leave the plains:
Forfake, &c.

In loftier strains, come join with me,
To hail the Queen of Liberty.
To hail, &c.

Your

Your magic harps, ye Muses, bring,
In beauty's cause assist to sing:

In beauty's, &c.

Of her I love my song shall be,
The charming Queen of Liberty.

The charming, &c.

A form compleat, an angel's air,
In temper sweet, as Venus fair:

In temper, &c.

Her matchless wit, and carriage free,
Proclaim her Queen of Liberty.

Proclaim, &c.

When smiling Spring triumphant reigns,
Or lovely autumn cheers the plains:

Or lovely, &c.

More blooming sweets in her we see,
Fair Goddess, Queen of Liberty.

Fair Goddess, &c.

The wond'ring crowd admiring gaze,
The youths and virgins tune her praise:

The youths, &c.

All Nature, with one voice agree,
To hail her Queen of Liberty.

To hail, &c.

O Hymen, ease a Lover's pain!

Nor let me longer sue in vain:

Nor let, &c.

Pronounce me blest, and give to me
The charming Queen of Liberty.

The charming, &c.

88 The POLITE SINGER.

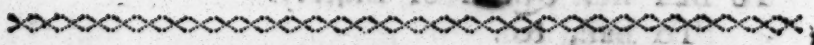
N A N N Y—O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
 'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
 I'll save myself, and without stealth,
 Kifs and caress my Nanny—O:
 She bids more fair t' engage a Jeve,
 Than Leda did or Danae—O:
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
 None else should sit but Nanny—O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely—O;
 I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
 They sparkle so divinely—O.
 Attend my vow, ye Gods, while I
 Breathe in the bless'd Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me Nanny—O.

C H O R U S.

My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,
 My lovely, charming Nanny—O:
 I care not tho' the world know,
 How dearly I love Nanny—O.



The PLEASURES of DRINKING.

Tune: Lumps of Pudding.

HOLLO! keep it up, boys! and push round
 the glass,
 Let each seize his bumper, and drink to his lass:
 Away with dull thinking,—'tis madness to think;
 And let those be sober who've nothing to drink.

Si-

The POLITE SINGER. 89

Silence that vile clock, with its iron-tongu'd bell,
Of the hour that's departed still ringing the knell:
But what is't to us that the hours fly away?
'Tis only a signal to moisten the clay.

Huzza, boys! let each take a bumper in hand,
And stand,—if there's any one able to stand:
How all things dance round me!—'tis life, though,
my boys;—
Of drinking and spewing how great are the joys!

My head, O my head!—but no matter, 'tis life;
Far better than moping at home with one's wife:
The pleasures of drinking you're sure must be grand,
When I'm neither able to think, speak, nor stand!

TAKING the PET.

By J—— O——, late of NEWCASTLE.

YE bucks, and ye bloods, and ye lads of true
spirit,
Whom the Nectar ambrosial of life does inherit;
Attend to my numbers,—you ne'er will regret,
'Tis a cure, by the patent, for Taking the Pet.

If the monsoons of life don't blow as you wish,
(For what mortal on earth can expect constant bliss?)
Take a girl that is virtuous,—you ne'er will regret,
Her smiles will secure you from Taking the Pet.

'Tis the weak or the simple, the blockhead or knave,
Who always at marriage and women do rave;
Take the girl then who loves you, you ne'er can regret,
In her breast is a cordial for Taking the Pet.

98 The POLITE SINGER

If in trade and in town, or in country you dwell;
 What havock's in life when the passions excel!
 If you drown 'em with drinking, you'll next morn-
 ing regret;

'Tis your wife that must keep you from Taking the

Then away with your bottles, your balls, and your
 toys,

No mortal of sence can be pleas'd with such joys:

If single, get marry'd,—you ne'er will regret;

If marry'd,—rejoice that you're free from the Pet.

If some failings and foibles attend on the State,

You may reason a little, but begin no debates;

Take your wife by the hand, and you ne'er will
 regret

Her smiles will secure you from Taking the Pet.

JOCKEY.

MY laddie has gane far awa' o'er the plain,
 While in sorrow behind I'm forc'd to remain;

'Tho' blue bells and violets the hedges adorn,

'Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn,

No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,

'There's nothing can please now, my Jockey's away;

Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,

Haste, haste, my dear Jockey,

Haste, haste, my dear Jockey,

Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again!

When lads and their lassies are on the green met,

They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,

Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,

I can't, without envy, their merriment see;

Those

Those pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not there,
No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share;
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain;
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again!

But Hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here;
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
For Love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste:
Then farewell each care, and adieu each vain sigh,
Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I;
I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

DOLL and STREPHON.

Tune: Cupid Triumphant.

DOLL and Strephon, I remember,
On the fifth of last December,
Met to celebrate the day,
Chearful, blithe, serene, and gay;
Chearful, &c.
Strephon says, dear Doll, do so;—
No, no, no, no, no, no, no!
Strephon, &c.

Why would Strephon ask his charmer,
Any favour that would harm her?
Should I to your wills give way,
What will all our ladies say?
What will, &c.
Maids such favours should deny;
Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie, fie!
Maids such, &c.

Dear

92 The POLITE SINGER.

Dearest Doll, I pray, believe me,
Strephon means not to deceive thee;
He will ever constant prove,
As the celebrated dove;

As the, &c.

Let us taste of Love the sum,—
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come!

Let us taste, &c.

Prithee, Strephon, do not tease me;
If your pleasure be to please me,
Let us sacred keep the feast,
Till we've been before the priest;

Till we've been, &c.

Do you think I'll then say No?

No, no, no, no, no, no, no!

Do you think, &c.

When his Dolly this had granted,
It was all poor Strephon wanted;
To the church they both did hie,
Love and Hymen walking by:

Love, &c.

Dolly is no longer coy,—

Joy, joy, joy, joy, joy, joy, joy!

Dolly, &c.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and WINE.

MORTALS, wisely learn to measure
Time, by the extent of joy:;
Life's a short and fleeting pleasure;

Then be gay,

While we may,

And our hours in mirth employ.

Never

Never let a mistress pain you,
 Tho' she meets you with a frown;
 Fly to wine, 'twill soon unchain you,
 Ease your heart,
 Every smart
 In a sweet oblivion drown.

If Love's fiercer flames should seize you,
 To some gentler nymph repair;
 She'll with kind endearments ease you;
 On her breast,
 Lull'd to rest,
 Eas'd of love, and free from care.

Friendship, love, and wine united,
 From all ills defend the mind;
 By them guarded and delighted,
 Happy state,
 Smiles at Fate,
 And gives sorrow to the wind.



MODERATION and ALTERATION.

HERE's an old Song, made by an ancient pate,
 Of a worthy old gentleman, who had a good
 estate;
 And kept a very plentiful house, at a very plentiful
 rate,
 With a good old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.

Moderation, moderation!
 O wonderful moderation!

With

With

94 The POLITE SINGER.

With a good lady, whose anger a good word affuages,
Who never knew what belong'd to coachmen, foot-
men, or pages;
But every quarter paid her old servants their wages,
And kept twenty or thirty old men in blue coats
and badges.

Moderation, &c.

With an old library, fill'd full of learned old books,
And a reverend old chaplain, you might know him
by his looks;
An old buttery-hatch worn off the old hooks,
And a good old kitchen that maintains half a dozen
good cooks.

Moderation, &c.

With an old hall, hung round with guns, pikes,
and bows,
And old swords and bucklers, which had borne
many hard blows;
An old frize coat to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of good old sherry to comfort his cop-
per nose.

Moderation, &c.

With a good old custom, when Christmas is come,
To call in his neighbours with bagpipe and drum;
And have good cheer enough in every old room,
And liquor enough to make a cat speak, and a wise
man dumb.

Moderation, &c.

With

With an old huntsman, a falconer, and a pack of
hounds,
With which he ne'er hunted but on his own grounds;
For he, like a wife man, kept himself within bounds,
And when he dy'd left each child a good old thou-
sand pounds.

Moderation, &c.

Then to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to be of the same bounti-
ful mind;
But in the end you shall hear how he was inclin'd,
And left his good old father's precepts behind.

Alteration, alteration!

O wonderful alteration!

Like a young gallant, who had just taken possession
of his land,
He took up a thousand pounds upon his own bond;
Kept a brace or two of creatures at his own com-
mand,
And drinking at taverns till he could neither go
nor stand.

Alteration, &c.

With a new Lady, who was fresh and fair,
And never knew what belong'd to housekeeping or
care;
Who kept a dozen or two of fans to play the wan-
ton air,
And half a dozen dresses made of horses manes and
cow-tail hair.

Alteration, &c.

With

96 The POLITE SINGER.

With a new library stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new-fashion'd sort of a chaplain, who swears
faster than he prays;
Also a new buttery-hatch that opens but once in
five or six days, [flaws and toys.
And a large kitchen stor'd with nothing but kick-
Alteration, &c.

With a new hall built just where the old one stood,
In which was never seen fire, either of turf, coal,
or wood; [little good,
It was hung round with pictures, which did the poor
The subject whereof were all profane and lewd,
Alteration, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is come,
In a post-chaise for London we must be gone,
And leave nobody at home but our new porter,
John, [with a stone.
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back
Alteration, &c.

With a new valet, his person to adorn,
In order to attend my lord's levee in the morn;
In horse-racing, gaming, masquerades, and plays,
The young gallant consumes health, wealth and days.
Alteration, &c.

New titles are bought with his father's old gold,
For which many of his father's good old manors
were sold,
Which is the reason most men do hold,
That open-housekeeping is now-a-days grown so
very cold.

Alteration, &c.

The

The PADLOCK.

MISS Danae, when fair and young,
 (As Horace has divinely sung)
 Could not be kept from Jove's embrace,
 By doors of steel, or walls of brass.

Tell us, mysterious husband, tell us,
 Why so mysterious, why so jealous?
 Can harsh restraint, the bolt, the bar,
 Make thee secure, thy wife less fair?

Send her abroad, and let her see,
 That all this world of pageantry,
 Which she, forbidden, longs to know,
 Is powder, pocket-glass, and beau.

Be to her virtues ever kind,
 Be to her faults a little blind;
 Let all her ways be unconfin'd,
 And clap your Padlock—on her mind.



The WAY to HOLD HIM.

YE Fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
 To captivate the will;
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill:
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flatt'ry bears no part?
 An honest verse, that flows sincere
 And candid from the heart.

98 The POLITE SINGER.

Great is your pow'r, but greater yet,
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage: **M**
 Each nymph a thousand hearts may take,
 For who's to beauty blind?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind?
 Attend the counsel often told,—
 Too often told in vain:—
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast;
 Though beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

The VICAR and MOSES.

THERE was once, it is said,—but 'tis out of
 head,
 And more so,—yet true is my tale,
 That a tun-belly'd vicar, bepimp'd with liquor,
 Could stick to no text like good ale.

Toll loll de roll loll de roll loll.

He once went to dose,—for, under the rose,
 This parson was then non se ipse:
 Non se ipse, d'ye say? what's that to your lay?
 In plain English, the parson was tipsy.

Toll loll, &c.

The

The clerk he came in, with a band-bobbing chin,
As solemn and stupid as may be;
The vicar he gap'd, the clerk hamm'd and scrap'd,
Crying "Please, Sir, to bury a baby."

Our author supposes the clerk's name was Moses;
He look'd at his master so rosy;
Who wink'd with one eye, with his wig all awry,
And hiccup'd out, "how is it Mosy?"

"A child, Sir, is carry'd, by you to be bury'd;"
Bury me Mosy?—no, that won't do;
"Lord, Sir, (says the clerk) you're all in the dark,
" 'Tis a child to be bury'd, not you."

Well prithee don't hurry,—the infant I'll bury:
"But, dear Sir, the corps cannot stay."
Hoh! can't it, man?—why, for once we will try
If a corps, Mosy, can run away.

Moses warmly reply'd, "Sir, the parish will chide,
"For keeping them out in cold weather."
Ah! Moses, says he, go tell 'em from me,
I shall bury them warm all together.

"But, Sir, it rains hard; pray have some regard."
Regard, Moses? that makes me stay;
For no corps, young or old, in the rain will catch
cold,
But/i' faith Moses, you and I may.

Moses begg'd he'd begone, saying, "Sir, the rain's
done;
"Arise, and I'll lend you my hand."
'Tis hard, quoth the vicar, to leave thus my liquor,
And walk, when I'm sure I can't stand.

100 The POLITE SINGER.

As length, tho' so troubled, to the church-yard he
hobbled;

Lamenting the length of the way;

"Ah, Moses, quoth he, were I bishop, d'ye see,

"I neither need walk, preach, or pray."

Then he open'd the book, as if in it he'd look,

But o'er the page only he squinted;

Crying "Moses, I'm vex'd,—I can't find the text,

"This book is so cursedly printed,

"Woman of man born;—that's wrong, the leaf's
torn:

"Oh! man that is born of a woman!

"Cut down like a flower, is destroy'd in an hour;

"You see, Moses, dying is common.

"Then neighbours, stand forth, put this child in
the earth;

"Dust to dust, sexton, dust it away;

"For, Moses, I trust, we all should be dust,

"If we were not to moisten our clay.

"So one bottle more, as I told you before:

"Aye, the graves they are mortal receptacles."

"I can't read it right,—O hold me the light,

"And help me to look for my spectacles!

"So one pot and then."—The clerk cry'd "Amen,

"Believe me, 'tis terrible weather."

Thus the child was interr'd, without praying a word;

And away they both stagger'd together.

Toll loll, &c.



The

The VIRGIN PRAYER

CUPID, ease a love-sick maid,
Bring thy quiver to her aid :
With equal ardour wound the swain ;
Beauty should never sigh in vain.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,
Drive thy arrows through his heart :
When one you wound, you then destroy,
When both you kill, you kill with joy.

The BLITHESOME BRIDAL.

FY let us a' to the Bridal,
For there will be liting there ;
For Jockey's to be married to Maggy,
The la's wi' the gowden hair.
And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
And bannocks of barley-meal ;
And there will be good sawt herring,
To relish a cog of good ale.
Fy let us a' to the bridal, &c.

And there will be Sawney the footer,
And Will wi' the muckle mou' ;
And there will be Tam the blutter,
With Andrew the tinkler, I trow ;
And there will be bow-legg'd Robbie,
With thumblefs Katy's goodman ;
And there will be blue-cheek'd Dowbie,
And Lawrie the laird of the land.
Fy let us, &c.

102 The POLITE SINGER.

And there will be fowlibber Patie,
 And plucky-fac'd Wat o' the Mill,
 Capper-nos'd Francie and Gibbie,
 'That wins in the how o' the hill;
 And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
 Wha in the black Bessie did mool,
 With snivelling Lilly and Tibby,
 The lafs that stands aft on the stool.

Fy let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
 And coft him grey breeks to his arse,
 Who after was hangit for stealing,
 Great mercy it happen'd na warfe!
 And there will be gleeed Geordy Janners,
 And Kirth with the lily-white leg,
 Wha gade to the south for manners,
 And bang'd up her wame in Mons-meg.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
 And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
 Wi' flae-lugged sharney-fac'd Lawrie,
 And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg;
 And there will be happier-ars'd Nancy,
 And fairy-fac'd Flowrie by name,
 Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Grisy,
 The lafs wi' the gowden wame.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Girn-again-Gibbie,
 With his glakit wife Jenny Bell,
 And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
 The lad that was skipper himsell.

There

There lads and lasses in pearlins
 Will feast in the heart of the ha',
 On sybaws, and rifsarts, and carlings,
 That are baith foddan and raw.
 Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachan,
 And fowth of good gabbocks of skate,
 Powfowdy, and drammock, and crowdie,
 And cauler rowt-feet in a plate :
 And there will be partans and buckies,
 And whittings and speldings enew,
 With singed sheep-heads and a haggies,
 And scadlips to sup till ye spew.
 Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbocks,
 And fowens, and farls, and baps,
 With swats, and well-scraped paunches,
 And brandy in stoups and in caps ;
 And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
 With skink to sup till ye rive,
 And roasts to roast on a brander,
 Of flowks that were taken alive.
 Fy let us, &c.

Scrap'd haddocks, wilks, dulse, and tangle,
 And a mill of good fushing to pric ;
 When weary with eating and drinking,
 We'll rise up, and dance till we die.
 Then fy let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liting there ;
 For Jockey's to be marry'd to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair.

104 THE POLITE SINGER

The SHEPHERD'S SON

THERE was a Shepherd's Son
Kept sheep upon a hill;
He laid his pipe and crook aside,
And there he slept his fill.

Tal. de. ral, &c.

He looked east, he looked west,
He gave an under look;
And there he spy'd a Lady fair
Swimming in a brook.

He rais'd his head frae his green bed,
And thus approach'd the maid:
Put on your cloaths, my dear, he said,
And be ye not afraid.

If you'll not touch my mantle,
But let my cloaths alane,
I'll give you as much money
As you can carry hame.

I will not touch your mantle,
But let your cloaths alane;
And I'll take you out of the waters,
My dear, to be my ane.

'Tis fitter for a Lady fair
To sew a filken seam,
Than to get up in a morning
To strive against the stream.

When she out of the waters came,
He took her in his arms:
Put on your cloaths, my dear, he says,
And hide those lovely charms.

He

He mounted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself upon another;
And all along the way they rode,
Like sister and like brother.

When she came to her father's gate,
She tirmed at the pin;
So ready stood the porter there,
To let the fair one in.

And when the gate was opened,
So nimbly she leap'd in:

Poh! you're a fool, she says, without,
And I'm a maid within.

So fare ye well, my modest boy,

I thank you for your care;

But if you'd done what then you shou'd,

I ne'er had left you there.

I will cast off my shoes and hose,

And let my feet gang bare;

But if another girl I meet,

Blame me, if her I spare.

Do as you please, my bashful swain,

But you shall never more

Have such an opportunity,—

She said,—and shut the door.

There is a good old proverb,

I've often heard it told:

That "he that would not when he might,"

"He shou'd not when he would."

106 THE POLITE SINGER.

HEARTS of OAK.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year:
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as we sons of the waves?

CHORUS.

Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay,
They never see us, but they wish us away:
If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore;
For if they won't fight us, what can we do more?

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, and beaus;
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
sweat, sweat, I tell you, sweat,
In spite of the devil, and Brussels Gazette:
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our fishermen, and king.

TELL ME, MY HEART.

WHEN Delia in the grave appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears;
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

When'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but hers can hear,
No other's wit but hers approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

If the some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

When she's absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before;
The clearest stream or shadiest grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spreads for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me, my heart, if this be Love.

N A N N Y.

A Favourite SCOTCH SONG.

O Nanny! wilt thou gang wi' me,
Nor sigh to leave this flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?
Nae langer drest in filken mien,
Nae langer deckt wi' jewels rare!
Say, canst thou quit each busy scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Says

108 THE POLITE SINGER.

Say, Nanny, when thou'rt far awa',
 Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
 Say, wilt thou face the flaky snaw,
 Or shiver beneath the northern wind?
 Say, will that fast and gentle mein
 Severest hardships learn to bear?
 Nor then regret so gay the scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 Where thou wert, &c.

Say, Nanny, canst thou love so true,
 Thro' perils keen wi' me to gae?
 And if, perchance, thy swain should rue,
 To share wi' him the pangs of wae?
 And when invading pains beset,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
 Nor, wishful, those gay scenes recal,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 Where thou wert, &c.

But if, alas! thy swain should die,
 Wilt thou revive his parting breath?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer him in the bed of death?
 Say, wilt thou o'er his much-lov'd clay,
 Strew flowers, and shed the tender tear?
 Nor then regret the scene so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair?
 Where thou wert, &c.

The SAILOR's FAREWELL.

THE topfails shiver in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea,
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Are, Nancy, moor'd with thee;
 For tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Shou'd landmen flatter when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales;
 No gallant failor ever fail'd,
 If love breath'd constant gales:
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Sirens in ev'ry port we meet,
 More fell than rocks and waves;
 But such as grace the British fleet,
 Are lovers, and not slaves:
 No foes our courage shall subduc,
 Aktho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares,—but if you're kind,
 We'll scorn the dashing main;
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The pow'r of France and Spain:
 Now England's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full,—sweet girls adieu!

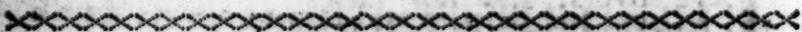
110 The POLITE SINGER.

L E T H E.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest,
Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the rove they cannot regain;
The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd:
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

The wife, at one draught, shall forget all her
wants,
Or drench her fond fool, to forget her gallants;
The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day.
Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.



The C A U T I O N.

FAIR Kitty's charms young Johnny took,
So eager he for billing;
When lo! the nymph the swain forsook,
To shew her power of killing!
The shepherd briskly chang'd his tune,
And cry'd, coquette, remember,—
The lover you refus'd in June,
You'll wish for in December.

Young

The POLITE SINGER. III

Young Johnny soon met Philomel,
Good-natur'd, blithe, and bonny;
She sooth'd the love-sick swain so well,
Proud Kate's forgot by Johnny.
Coquettes take warning, change your tune;
This woeful truth remember,—
The lover you refuse in June,
You'll wish for in December.

Alas! poor Kate, with scythe so sharp,
Time o'er the forehead struck her;
And now her charms begin to warp,—
She's in a piteous pucker.
Coquettes take warning, change your tune;
This woeful truth remember,—
The lover you refuse in June,
You'll wish for in December.

The ROAST BEEF of OLD ENGLAND.

A FAVOURITE CANTATA.

Recitative.

TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where sad despair and famine always dwells,
A meagre Frenchman, Madame Grandfire's cook,
As home he steer'd his carcase, that way took;
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir Loin,
On whom in vain he often wish'd to dine:
Good Father Dominic by chance came by,
With rosy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
Who, when he first beheld he greasy load,
His benediction on it he bestow'd;
And as the solid fat his fingers press'd,
He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight address'd:

112 The POLITE SINGER.

AIR. *A lovely lass to a friar came.*

O rare roast beef! lov'd by all mankind,
If I were doom'd to have thee,
When dress'd and garnish'd to my mind,
And swimming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's force combin'd
Shou'd from my fury save thee.

Renown'd Sir Loin, oft times decreed
The theme of English ballad;
On thee ev'n kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
Then how much doth thy taste exceed
Soup-meagre, frogs, and fallad.

Recitative.

A half-starv'd soldier, shirtless, pale, and lean,
Who such a sight before had never seen,
Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping stood,
And gaz'd with wonder on the British food:
His morning's mess forsook, the friendly bowl,
And in small steps along the pavement stole;
He heav'd a sigh, which gave his heart relief,
And then in plaintive tone declar'd his grief.

AIR. *Foot's Minuet.*

Ah, sacre Dieu! vat do I see yonder,
Dat look so tempting red and vite?
Begar, it is de roast-beef from Londre;
O grant to me von little bite!

But to my guts if you give no heedong,
And cruel fate dis boon denies;
In kind compassong unto my pleadong,
Return, and let me feast my eyes.

Re-

Recitative.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
Whose brazen front his country did betray,
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honest means to gain his daily bread;
Soon as the well-known prospect he descry'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd :

AIR. *Ellen a Roon.*

Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
Sweet beef, that now causes my stomach to rise,
So taking thy sight is,
My joy that so light is,
To view thee, by pailfuls run out of my eyes.
While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
Ah, hard-hearted Loui !
Why did I come to you,
The gallows, more kind, would have sav'd me from
starving.

Recitative.

Upon the ground hard-by poor Sawney sate,
Who fed his nose, and scratch'd his ruddy pate ;
But when Old England's bulwark he espy'd,
His dear-lov'd mull, alas ! was thrown aside ;
With lifted hand he blest'd his native place,
Then scrubb'd himself, and thus bewail'd his case :

AIR. *The Broom of Cowdenknows.*

How hard, O Sawney, is thy lot,
Who was so blithe of late,
To see such meat as can't be got,
When hunger is so great ?

114 The POLITE SINGER.

O the beef! the bonny, bonny beef!

When roasted nice and brown!

I wish I had a slice of thee,

How sweet it wad gang down!

Ah, Charley! hadst thou not been seen,

This ne'er had happ'd to me;

I wou'd the de'il had pick'd mine een,

'Ere I had gane wi' thee.

O the beef, &c.

Recitative.

But see! my muse to England takes her flight,

Where health and plenty socially unite;

Where smiling freedom guards great George's throne,

And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known:

Tho' Britain's fame in loftiest strains shall ring,

In rustic fable give me leave to sing:

AIR. Roast Beef.

As once, on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,

Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,

He boasted his size he could quickly attain:

O the roast beef of Old England,

And O the Old English roast beef!

Then eagerly stretching his weak little frame,

Mamma, who stood by like a knowing old dame,

Cry'd, Son, to attempt it, you're surely to blame.

O the roast beef, &c.

But, deaf to advice, he for glory did thirst;

An effort he ventur'd, more strong than the first,

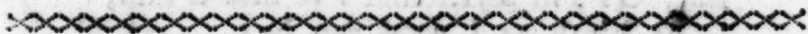
Till swelling and straining too hard made him burst.

O the roast beef, &c.

Then

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear,
 The ox is Old England, the frog is Monsieur,
 Whose puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.
 O the roast beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able,
 To see the Sir Loin smoaking hot on the table,
 'The French may e'en burst like the frog in the fable.
 O the roast beef, &c.



MY HEART'S MY AIN.

'TIS nae very lang finfyne,
 That I had a' lad of my ain;
 But now he's awa' to anither,
 And left me a' my lane:
 The las he's courting has filler,
 And I hae nane at a';
 And 'tis nought but the love of the tocher,
 That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
 And I'll keep it a' my life,
 Until that I meet wi' a lad
 Who has sense to wale a good wife.
 For though I say't mysell,
 That shou'd nae say't, 'tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife,
 He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
 As a' the neighbours can tell;
 Though I've seldom a gown on my back,
 But sic as I spin mysell.

And

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And when I am clad in my curtsey,
I think mysell as braw;
As Sufy, wi' a' her pearling,
That's ta'en my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckled together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' Willy does flight me, and's left me,
The chield he deserves a good wife.
But, O! I'm blyth that I've miss'd him,
As blyth as I weel can be;
For ane that's fae keen o' the filler,
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit or scant;
'The wie thing I hae, I'll make use o't,
And nae ane about me shall want.
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
I ken when to ha'd and to gie;
For whinging and cringing for filler,
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough;
The master is seldom fae happy
As Robin that drives the plough,
But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
To make me his partner for life;
If the chield has the sence to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

The

The POLITE SINGER. 117

The B A N K S of the D E E.

Tune : Langolee.

TWAS summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,

And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree :
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river,
Thy banks and clear streams shall be dear to me ever,
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he ;
And ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning,

To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, helpless youth, o'er the rude roaring
billows,

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows,
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore
him,

Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me ;
And when he returns with such care I'll watch o'er
him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying,
The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing,
While I with my Jamie am carelessly straying,

And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

The

118 The POLITE SINGER.

The ATTIC FIRE.

WHEN all the Attic fire was fled,
And all the Roman virtue dead,
Poor Freedom lost her seat;
The Gothic mantle spread a night,
That damp't fair Virtue's fading light,
The Muses lost their mate.

Where should they wander, what new shore
Has yet a laurel left in store?
To this blest isle they steer;
Soon the Parnassian choir was heard,
Soon Virtue's sacred form appear'd,
And Freedom soon was here.

The lazy monk has left his cell,
Religion rings her hallow'd bell,
She calls thee now by me,
Hark! her sweet voice all plaintive sounds,
See, she receives a thousand wounds,
If shielded not by thee.

ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,
At glowming when the sheep drave hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
Came wading, barefoot, a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I sang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kiss'd and clapp'd her there fou lang;
My words they were na mony, feck.

I said, my lassie, will ye go
 To the highland hills, the Earse to learn?
 I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ew,
 When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
 At Leith, auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy Law;
 Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when you sit down to spin,
 I'll screw my pipes and play a spring:
 And thus the weary night will end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
 And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lass among the broom,
 And lead you to my summer-shield.
 Then far frac a' their scornfu' din,
 That mak' the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh and kifs, and dance and sing,
 And gar the longest day seem short.

A SONG ON A SONG.

YE chearful companions attention bestow,
 And cast off your cares for a minute or so;
 But unmusical bullies at once pack along,
 For my new-fangled theme is the praise of a song.

120 The POLITE SINGER.

Of all the diversions a mortal can chuse,
To pass a dull moment and life to amuse;
The fav'rite diversion of old and of young,
Is singing a hearty, enlivening song.

When broils and contention with clamorous jar,
The sweets of society banish afar;
To establish the right and to silence the wrong,
No method so sure as to sing a good song.

The cuckolded husband who toils out the day,
Under fear of a wife who must have her own way,
At night often meets in a brotherly throng,
Where cares are forgot over wine and a song.

The close-fisted miser, who far from a sot,
Indulges himself in a beggarly pot;
The scanty allowance will often prolong,
Nay—drink a whole tankard enjoying a song.

When Celadon, vex'd at a coquetting fair,
Resolves like a man to relinquish his care;
He finds the disdain that he took to be strong,
Relapse into love when she sings him a song.

Whether blustering Mars or the bright God of Day,
Or Bacchus or Venus enliven the lay;
To all the variety praises belong,
Since godlike influence attends a good song.

Some fools dare object—and they may if they will,
That songs are immoral or tending to ill;
But let them proceed for they're all in the wrong,
There's nothing on earth like a well meaning song.

The

The HARD-HEARTED MAID.

YE sycamore trees, where the breezes soft blow-
ing,
Invite one to slumber beneath your sweet shade ;
And thou, lovely dale ! so harmoniously flowing,
Convey my distress to a hard-hearted Maid.

While here I sit sighing, and sobbing, and crying,
O tell the dear girl for her sake I am dying ;
And 'tis wonderful hard, that (without her com-
plying)

Poor Paddy shou'd die for a hard-hearted Maid !

When sleeping and snoring, I think on my Polly,
And dreams the dear girl on my bosom is laid :
So merry, so airy, so brisk, and so jolly,
So blithe and so free is this hard-hearted Maid.

But starting and waking,—'tis all a delusion !
My heart falls a beating, and all is confusion ;
Which draws from my fancy this painful conclusion,
That Paddy must die for a hard-hearted Maid !

When laid in my grave, I shall love the dear crea-
ture,
Still, still to my view shall her form be display'd !
So lovely, so lively, so full of good-nature,
O who would not die for this hard-hearted Maid !

Ye swains of Hibernia, in tears now deplore me,
No doctor in Dublin has pow'r to restore me :
When after being dead, be this motto put o'er me,
“ Poor Paddy now dies for a hard-hearted Maid.”

NOTTINGHAM ALE.

YOUNG Venus, the goddess of beauty and love,
 Arose from the froth that swam on the sea;
 Minerva sprung out of the cranium of Jove,
 A coy, sullen slut, as most authors agree;
 Great Bacchus, they tell us,
 Who's the prince of good fellows,
 Was his nat'ral son:—But attend to my tale;
 For those that thus chatter
 Know nought of the matter,
 He sprung from a barrel of Nottingham Ale.

Ye clergy so rev'rend, priests, deacons, and vicars,
 Attend, and you'll certainly own it is true;
 That Nottingham Ale is the chief of all liquors,
 And who understands the dear creature like you?
 It dispels ev'ry vapour,
 Saves pen, ink, and paper;
 And when you're dispos'd in the pulpit to rail,
 It will open your throats,
 You may preach without notes,
 When inspir'd with full bumpers of Nottingham Ale.

Ye doctors, who more execution have done
 With bolus, with powder, with potion and pill,
 Than hangman with halter, or soldier with gun,
 Than miser with famine, or lawyer with quill:
 To dispatch us the quicker,
 You forbid us malt liquor,
 'Till our bodies grow thin, and our faces wax pale:
 Each knows, if he pleases,
 What cures all diseases,
 Is hearty full bumpers of Nottingham Ale.

The POLITE SINGER. 123

Ye lovers, who talk of your flames, darts, and daggers,
With Nottingham Ale ply your mistrefs but hard;
The girl that once tastes it will drink 'till she staggers,
And all your past suff'rings with kindness reward;
You may turn and twist her,
And do what you list t'her,
You have found the right way with her heart to
prevail;
Let her take her glass often,
There's nothing can soften
The heart of a woman, like Nottingham Ale.

FAREWELL to SEEING LIFE!

By J. OAKMAN.

AS yet a youth and unbetray'd,
I fought the rural throng;
The purling stream, the cooling shade,
Inspir'd my artless song:
How happy then each moment pass'd,
No envy, passion, strife,
'Till Folly's clouds my mind o'ercast,
And whisper'd thus—see life.

Adieu the grove, adieu the plain,
Adieu the purling stream,
No more your charm must entertain,
No more must be my theme:
The town a different scene must prove,
Where pleasure's always rife,
Where bucks, and bloods, and wine, and love,
Fill up the span of life.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold;
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear,—
And was not Flavia then sincere?

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind;
She heard, and shed a gen'rous tear,—
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign'd my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear,—
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love's sincere.

~~~~~

The MILK-MAID.

COMING home with my milk, the young  
Squire I met,  
Who said, Polly, love set down your pails;  
I have long been a kifs or two, child, in your debt,  
If I pay you,—you must not tell tales.

To oblige him, and 'cause that I would not be cross,  
I presently quitted my pails;  
He pull'd me down gently on a bed of green moss,  
And kifs'd me,—I should not tell tales.

## 126 The POLITE SINGER.

I strove to get up, but he still kept me down ;  
I begg'd to go home with my pails :  
He vow'd to such a pitch his fond passion was  
grown,  
He'd wed,—but I must not tell tales.

So gently he woo'd, and so warmly he prest,  
That I little more thought of my pails ;  
'Till, beyond all escaping, I found him possess'd  
Of my heart,—but I must not tell tales.

He solemnly swore that he'd make me his wife,  
And ease me of carrying pails :  
If he don't,—why, as sure as a mussel has life,  
If I'm silent,—there is one will tell tales.



### A TANKARD and TOAST.

**A** POLLO, your aid,—oh your Poet inspire,  
My fancy inflame with poetical fire ;  
Ye powers of Parnassus, admit to your coast,  
A Muse who would sing of a Tankard and Toast.

Tho' Homer, and Virgil, and Horace, all three,  
Make Gods quaff their Nectar,—yet tell them from  
me,

The dulcet repast which the Gods value most,  
Is English strong-beer in a Tankard and Toast.

When Pallas was sent by the thunderer Jove,  
The breast of the stern Achilles to move,  
From heart-piercing grief for the friend he had lost,  
'The hero she cheer'd with a Tankard and Toast.

The

## THE POLITE SINGER. 127

The French, with the juice of their vineyards, how  
frail,  
When beer-drinking Britons with courage assail!  
A Briton, tho' single, dare brave their whole host,  
If duly refresh'd with a Tankard and Toast.

When winter's cold blasts chill the currents of  
blood,  
And solid white flakes clothe each hill, dale, and  
wood,  
We jocund defy all the rigour of frost,  
When o'er a good fire, with a Tankard and Toast.

The jolly fox-hunters the minutes beguile,  
Pursuing fly Reynard through every defile,  
Over rocks' rugged tops, and through rivers they  
post,  
Then joyous regale on a Tankard and Toast.

If ever my fair one my suit shall refuse,  
And like a coquette my fond passion abuse;  
I'll slight all those charms which before were my  
boast,  
And drown ev'ry care in a Tankard and Toast.



### The TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

**D**IOGENES, surly and proud,  
Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,  
Delighted in wine that was good,  
Because in good wine there is truth;  
But growing as poor as a Job,  
And unable to purchase a flask,  
He chose for his mansion a tub,  
And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

He-



## 128 The POLITE SINGER.

Heraclitus would never deny  
To tipple, and cherish his heart;  
And when he was maudlin, he'd cry,  
Because he had empty'd his quart:  
Tho' some are so foolish to think,  
He wept at men's follies and vice,  
'Twas only his fashion to drink  
'Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad  
Of a bumper to cherish his soul,  
And would laugh like a man that was mad,  
When over a good flowing bowl;  
As long as his cellar was stor'd,  
The liquor he'd merrily quaff,  
And when he was drunk as a lord,  
At those that were sober he'd laugh.

Copernicus too like the rest,  
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,  
And fancy'd a cup of the best  
Made reason the brighter to shine;  
With wine he replenish'd his veins,  
And made his philosophy reel,  
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,  
Turn'd round like a chariot wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,  
Had been but a dunce without wine,  
And what we ascribe to his parts,  
Is due to the juice of the vine;  
His belly, most writers agree,  
Was as big as a watering trough;  
He therefore leap'd into the sea,  
Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,  
 He fondly to wisdom was prone;  
 But had it not been for good wine,  
 His merits had never been known.  
 By wine we are generous made,  
 It furnishes fancy with wings,  
 Without it we ne'er should have had  
 Philosophers, Poets, or Kings.

## The SPORTS of the FIELD.

**T**HE sun from the east tips the mountains with  
 gold,  
 And the meadows, all spangled with dew-drops,  
 behold;

The lark's early morn'g proclaims the new day,  
 And the horn's cheerful summons rebukes our delay.

With the sports of the field there's no pleasure  
 can vie,

While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,  
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,  
 Follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,  
 And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the court;  
 No care nor ambition our patience annoy,  
 But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;  
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,  
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,  
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

# 130 The POLITE SINGER.

The cit hunts a plumb, the soldier hunts fame;  
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;  
And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,  
Yet in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.  
With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,  
All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health;  
With hounds, and with horns, thro' the woodlands  
to roam,  
And when tir'd abroad, find contentment at home.  
With the sports of the field, &c.

## VALENTINE'S DAY.

**W**HEN blushes dy'd the cheek of morn,  
And dew-drops glisten'd on the thorn;  
When sky-larks tun'd their carols sweet,  
To hail the god of light and heat:  
Philander from his downy bed  
To fair Lisetta's chamber sped,  
Crying—Awake, sweet love of mine,  
I'm come to be thy Valentine.

Soft love, that balmy sleep denies,  
Had long unveil'd her brilliant eyes;  
Which (that a kiss she might obtain)  
She artfully had clos'd again:  
He sunk, thus caught in beauty's trap,  
Like Phœbus into Thetis' lap;  
And near forgot that his design  
Was but to be her Valentine.

She

She starting, cry'd—I am undone!  
 Philander, charming youth, begone!  
 For this time, to your vow sincere,  
 Make virtue, not your love appear:  
 No sleep has clos'd these watchful eyes,  
 (Forgive the simple, fond disguise)  
 To gen'rous thoughts your heart incline,  
 And be my faithful Valentine.

The brutal passion sudden fled,  
 Fair honour govern'd in its stead;  
 And both agreed, ere setting sun,  
 To join two virtuous hearts in one:  
 Their beauteous offspring soon did prove,  
 The sweet effects of mutual love;  
 And from that hour to life's decline,  
 She bless'd the day of Valentine.

HOOLY and FAIRLY.

**D**OWN in yon meadow a couple did tarry,  
 The wife she drank naithing but wine and  
 canary;

The goodman complain'd to her friends right airly.

Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,

Oh! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly!

First she drank crommie, and fyne she drank garie,  
 Since she has drunken my bonny gray marie,  
 That carry'd me through the dub and the larie.

O gin my wife, &c.

She's



## 132 The POLITE SINGER

She's drunken her stockens, she has she her shoon,  
And now she has drunken her bonny new gown;  
She's drunken her sark that cover'd her rarely.

O gin my wife, &c.

Wad she drink her ain things, I wad nae much  
care;

But when she drinks my claiths, I canna well spare,  
When I'm wi' my gossip, it angers me fairly.

O gin my wife, &c.

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a-wad,  
The best blue bonnet was e'er on my head;  
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.

O gin my wife, &c.

The bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,  
To her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns;  
My bare-headed staff, that I loo'd fae dearly.

O gin my wife, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,  
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,  
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parely.

O gin my wife, &c.

When there's any money, she maun keep the  
purse,

If I seek a bawbie, she'll scold and she'll curse,  
She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.

O gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi' her kimmers I wad her allow,  
But when she sits down, she drinks till she's fou;  
And when she is fou, she's unco camstrarie.

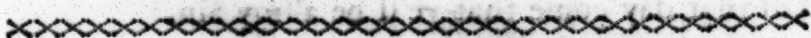
O gin my wife, &c.

When

# The POLITE SINGER. 133

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants,  
Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the house  
wants ;  
Roars some foolish lilt, like *Up your heart, Charlie !*  
*O gin my wife, &c.*

And when she comes hame, she lays on the lads,  
She calls the lasses baith bitches and jads,  
And me my ain fell, an auld cuckold Carlie.  
*O gin my wife, &c.*



## PATIE and PEGGY.

*Sung in the GENTLE SHEPHERD.*

### PATIE.

**B**Y the delicious warmth of thy mouth,  
And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,  
I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,  
You're made for love, and why should ye deny ?

### PEGGY.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,  
Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done ;  
The maiden that o'er quickly fines her pow'r,  
Like unripe fruit, will taste but hard and sour.

### PATIE.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,  
Their sweetness they may tine, and fae may ye :  
Red-checked you compleatly ripe appear,  
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f year.

# 134 The POLITE SINGER.

## P E G G Y.

Then dinna pu' me;—gently thus I fa'  
Into my Patie's arms—for good and a';  
But stint your wishes to this frank embrace,  
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

## P A T I E.

O charming armfu'! hence, ye cares, away!  
I'll kifs my treasure a' the live-lang day;  
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,  
Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

## C H O R U S.

Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,  
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise;  
O lash your steeds, post time away,  
And haste about our bridal day;  
And if ye're wearied, honest light,  
Sleep, gin ye like, a week that night.



## H A P P Y at H O M E.

**T**O please me the more, and to change the dull  
scene,  
My swain took me oft to the sports on the green;  
And to ev'ry fine sight would he tempt me to roam,  
For he fear'd that my heart should grow weary at  
home.

To yield to my shepherd, so fond and so kind,  
I left my dear cot, and true pleasures behind;  
And oft as I went saw 'twas folly to roam,  
For false all the joys were that grew not at home.

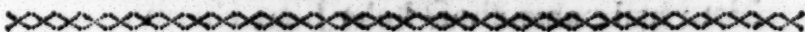
To

## The POLITE SINGER. 135

To flirt and be prais'd was to me no delight,  
I sigh'd for no swain with my own in my sight;  
Then how could I wish all abroad thus to roam,  
When love and contentment were always at home.

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there  
so long,  
I'm blest as I can be, and sing my glad song;  
I ask not again in the woodlands to roam,  
Nor choose to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs and ye shepherds, so frolic and gay,  
Who in roving now flutter your moments away,  
Believe it, my aim shall be never to roam,  
But to live all my days, and be happy at home.



### WILLY's RARE, and WILLY's FAIR.

*A favourite Scotch Song.*

**W**ITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,  
Young Willy won my heart;  
A blither swain you could not see,  
All beauty without art:  
A gen'rous mind, by sense refin'd,  
Good-natur'd, yet not silly;  
To jocund song and mirth inclin'd,—  
Such is, ye nymphs, my Willy.

*Chorus.* Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,  
And Willy's wond'rous bonny;  
And Willy says he'll marry me,  
If e'er he marry ony.



# 136 The POLITE SINGER.

Came you by the river's stream,  
 Pluck'd you the rose or lily;  
 Or came you thro' the meadows green,  
 Or met you my dear Willy:  
 His cheeks exceed the rose's red,  
 His breast outvies the lily;  
 Less constant is the stream of Tweed,  
 Than is the love of Willy.

Willy's rare, &c.

Sync now the trees are in their bloom,  
 And flowers o'er ilka field;  
 I'll meet my lad among the broom,  
 And lead him to my shield:  
 Where in his arms, secure from harms,  
 What raptures then will fill me;  
 Not regal pomp should e'er have charm  
 To draw my heart from Willy.

Willy's rare, &c.

As thus her love young Mary sang,  
 Her swain the brae descended;  
 He kiss'd,—then press'd to kirk she'd gang;  
 She blushing soon consented:  
 In Hymen's bands they join'd their hands,  
 And Love their hearts united;  
 They're happier ilka morn than dawns,  
 Each night they're mair delighted.

*Chorus.* Willy's rare, and Mary's fair,  
 Good-humour'd, kind, and bonny;  
 They live in bliss, devoid of care,  
 And happy are as ony.

The

# The POLITE SINGER 137

The NYMPH of BRADLEY-HALL.

By J— O—.

**Y**E tuneful Nine, pray do combine,  
And lend me now your aid,—  
My Muse to wing, that I may sing,  
And praise a lovely maid.

If e'er below, the Gods did shew  
Perfection—since the fall;—  
Come here and view ('tis strictly true)  
Sweet BECK of Bradley-Hall.

A face divine, with sense combine,  
And to your thoughts recal—  
What angels seem, if she but beam  
Her eyes from Bradley-Hall.

~~~~~  
The DUST-CART: Or; TOM and SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

AS tink'ring Tom thro' streets his trade did cry,
He saw his lovely Sylvia passing by;
In dust-cart high advanc'd the nymph was plac'd,
With the rich cinders round her lovely waist:
Tom with uplifted hands th' occasion blest,
And thus, in soothing strains, the maid address'd:

AIR.

O Sylvia, while you drive your carts,
To pick up dust, you steal our hearts,
You take up dust, and steal our hearts:
That mine is gone, alas! is true,
And dwells among the dust with you,
And dwells among the dust with you.

M 3

Ah!

138 The POLITE SINGER.

Ah! lovely Sylvia, ease my pain,
Give me my heart you stole, again;
Give me my heart out of your cart,
Give me my heart you stole, again.

RECITATIVE.

Sylvia, advanc'd above the rabble rout,
Exulting roll'd her sparkling eyes about;
She heav'd her swelling breast, as black as floc,
And look'd disdain on little folks below:
To Tom she nodded, as the cart drew on,
And then, resolv'd to speak, she cry'd, stop, John.

AIR.

Shall I, who ride above the rest,
Be by a paltry crowd oppress;
Ambition now my soul does fire,
The youths shall languish and admire;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart;
And ev'ry girl, with anxious heart,
Shall long to ride in my dust-cart.

PASTORAL.

COME, dear Pastora, come away,
And hail the chearful spring;
Now fragrant blossoms crown the May,
And woods with love-notes ring;
Now Phœbus to the west descends,
And sheds a fainter ray;
And as our rural labour ends,
We bless the closing day.

In yonder artless maple bow'r,
With blooming woodbines twin'd,
Let us enjoy the ev'ning hour,
One earth's soft lap reclin'd:
Or where yon poplar's verdant boughs
The crystal current shade,
O deign, dear nymph, to hear the vows
My faithful heart has made.

Within this breast no soft deceit,
No artful flat'ry 'bides;
But truth, scarce known among the great,
O'er ev'ry thought presides:
On pride's false glare I look with scorn,
And all its glitt'ring train;
Be mine the pleasures which adorn
This ever peaceful plain.

Come then, my fair, and with thy love
Each rising care subdue;
Thy presence can each grief remove,
And ev'ry joy renew:
The lily fades, the rose grows faint,
The transient bloom is vain;
But lasting truth and virtue paint
Pastora of the plain.

KITTY FELL.

ATTEND, ye bards of mournful verse,
And here in solemn dirge rehearse
Your griefs,—your sorrows tell :
Alas! the pride of white and red,
The lily and the rose are dead,—
Are dead in Kitty Fell.

140 The POLITE SINGER.

Ye beauties, look on Kitty's tomb,
Behold, how faded is that bloom!
How alter'd is that smell!
Which beaus and men of sense could please,
Which brought the stubborn on their knees,
To kneel to Kitty Fell.

How very short is beauty's hour!
A lovely,—but a fleeting flow'r;
And none could this excel:
But ah! the canker-worm of death
Destroys the beauty with a breath,
And blights with Kitty Fell.

Beauties and flow'rs display their charms,
And tempt seducers to their arms,—
Yet fall by their own spell:
Ah! guard yourselves by Kitty's case,
'Trust not too much to beauty's face,
But pity Kitty Fell.

She was the tulip of the bed,—
Was with the rose and lily bred,
Did with the violet dwell:
O she was Nature's first design!
So peerless, perfect, and divine,—
None equall'd Kitty Fell.

To this complexion ye must come,
Tho' top of admiration's bloom;—
Hark! 'tis the doleful knell;
'Tis the last summons of the grave,
Where sweet sultanas with the slave
Must sleep—like Kitty Fell.

The

The ENGLISH PADLOCK.

SINCE artists who sue for the trophies of Fame,
 Their wit, and their sense, and their humours
 proclaim;
 Attend to my song, where you'll certainly find
 A secret disclos'd for the good of mankind:
 And, deny it who can, sure the laurel's my due,—
 I have found out a Padlock to keep a wife true.

Should the amorous Goddess preside o'er the dame,
 With the ardours of youth all her passions in flame;
 Should her beauty lead captive each softer desire,
 And languishing lovers still sigh and admire;
 Yet fearless you'll trust her, tho' thousands may sue,
 When I tell you the Padlock to keep a wife true.

Though the husband may think he wisely retains,
 With his bars and his bolts, his confinement and
 chains
 How fatally weak must his artifice prove!
 Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love?
 Throw jealousy hence,—bid suspicion adieu;
 Restraint's not the Padlock to keep a wife true.

Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,
 All complying and kind, you must give her her way;
 While her taste, and her judgment you fondly ap-
 prove,
 'Tis reason secures you the treasures of love:
 And, believe me, no coxcomb submission can find;
 For the fair one is safe, if you padlock her mind.

Tho'

142 The POLITE SINGER.

Tho' her virtues with foibles should frequently blend,
 Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend:
 Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,
 'Tis the charms of indulgence that bind the soft sex.
 She ne'er can prove false, while this maxim's in view,
 "Good-nature's the Padlock to keep a wife true."



GRAMACHREE.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd,
 One evening in May,
 The little birds, in blithest notes,
 Made vocal ev'ry spray:
 They sung their little tales of love,
 They sung them o'er and o'er:
 Ah Gramachree! ma Chollenouge!
 Ma Molly Ashtore.

The daisy py'd, and all the sweets
 The dawn of Nature yields;
 The primrose pale, the violet blue,
 Lay scatter'd o'er the fields:
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies
 Of her whom I adore.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of love,
 And cruel Molly's hate.
 How can she break that honest heart,
 That wears her in its core?

Ah Gramachree, &c.

You

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear,
 Ah! why did I believe!
 Yet who could think such tender words
 Were meant but to deceive;
 Thy love was all I ask'd on earth,
 Nay heav'n could give no more!
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh! had I all the fleecy flocks
 That graze on yonder hill,
 Or lov'd for me the num'rous herds
 That yon green pasture fill:
 With her I love I'd gladly share
 My kine and fleecy store.
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle-doves above my head,
 Sat sporting on a bough,
 I envy'd them their happiness
 To see them bill and coo;
 Such fondness once for me she shew'd,
 But now, alas! 'tis o'er:
 Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
 Thy loss I e'er shall moan;
 Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
 'Twill beat for thee alone:
 Tho' thou art false, may heav'n on thee
 Its choicest blessings pour.
 Ah Gramachree! ma Chollenouge!
 Ma Molly Ashtore!

144 The POLITE SINGER

JACK OAKUM.

A favourite New Song.

THE busy crew their sails unbending,
The ship in harbour safe arriv'd;

The busy crew, &c.

Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,

Gain'd the port where Katy liv'd.

Gain'd, &c.

His rigging no one dare attack it,

Taught fore and aft, above—below;

Long-quarter'd shoes, check'd shirt, blue jacket,

And trowsers white as driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,

He flew like lightning to the side;

And scarce had been a boat's-length rowing,

Before his Katy he espied.

A streaming pendant gayly flutter'd

From her neat-made hat of straw;

Red were her cheeks when first she utter'd,

'Twas her sailor that she saw.

The busy crew again surrounding,

While safe secur'd from all alarms;

Swift as a ball from a nine-pounder,

They dart into each other's arms!





The ADVICE of BACCHUS.

BACCHUS one day, gayly striding
On his never-failing tun,
Sneaking aquapotes deriding,
Thus address'd each toping son:
Praise the joys that never vary,
And adore the liquid shrine;
All things noble, bright, and airy,
Are perform'd by gen'rous wine.

Pristine heroes crown'd with glory,
Owe their noble rise to me:
Homer wrote the flaming story,
Fir'd by my divinity:
If mine influence is wanting,
Music's charms but slowly move;
Beauty too in vain lies panting,
'Till I fill the swain with love.

If you crave eternal pleasure,
Mortals! this way bend your eyes,
From my ever-flowing treasure,
Charming scenes of bliss arise;
Here's the charming, soothing blessing,
Sole dispeller of all pain,
Gloomy souls from care releasing.
He who drinks not, lives in vain.

146 The POLITE SINGER.

WHERE'S MY SWAIN?

WHERE's my swain, so blithe and clever?
Why d'ye leave me all in sorrow?
Three whole days are gone for ever,
Since you said you'd come to-morrow.
If you lov'd but half as I do,
You'd been here with looks so bonny:
Love has flying wings, I well know,
Not for ling'ring, lazy Johnny.

What can he now be a-doing?
Is he with the lasses maying?
He had better here be wooing,
Than with others fondly playing.
Tell me truly where he's roving,
That I may no longer sorrow;
If he's weary grown of loving,
Let him tell me so to-morrow.

Does some fav'rite rival hide thee?
Let her be the happy creature;
I'll not plague myself to chide thee,
Nor dispute with her a feature.
But I can't, nor will not tarry,
Nor will kill myself with sorrow;
I may lose the time to marry,
If I wait beyond to-morrow.

Think not, shepherd, thus to brave me,
If I'm yours, away no longer;
If you won't, another'll have me,
I may cool, but not grow fonder.
If your lovers, girls, forsake ye,
Whine not in despair and sorrow;
Bless'd another lad may make ye,—
Stay for none beyond to-morrow.

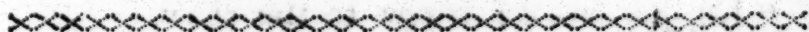
The

The POLITE SINGER. 147

The IDES of MAY.

THE prospect clear'd, around is heard
The music of the hive;
The blossoms blow, the spirits flow,
And nature's all alive:
In ev'ry grove the work is love,
The word is, "sing and play;"
From eve to morn, the fages warn,
"Ye maids, beware of May!

Each lively scheme, each amorous theme,
Our nymphs and poets chuse;
The dance delights, the song invites,
As mirth provokes the Muse:
The war's no more, our chiefs come o'er;
Again the grave-ones say,
"Where'er ye tread, temptation's spread;
"Beware the Ides of May!



A LOVE SONG in LOW LIFE.

Tune: Despairing beside a clear stream.

BY the side of a green stagnate pool,
Brick-dust Nan the fat scratching her head,
Black matted locks frizzled her skull,
As bristles the hedge-hog bespread;
The wind toss'd her tatters abroad,
Her ashy-bronz'd beauties reveal'd;
A link-boy to her, thro' the mud,
Bare-footed, flew over the field.

148 The POLITE SINGER.

As vermin on vermin delight,
As carrion best suits the crow's taste,
So beggars and bunters unite,
And swine-like on dirt make a feast:
To a Hottentot offals have charms,
With garbage their bosoms they deck;
She fluttishly open'd her arms,
He filthily fell on her neck.

On her flabby breasts one hand he plac'd,
No towels those breasts ever teaze,
The other fist grip'd her stays-wanting waist,
Like ladies, she dress'd for her ease:
Jack drew forth his quid, and he swore,
Then his lower-lip charg'd to the brim,
He scould, like a lewd grunting boar,
And squinting, she leer'd upon him.

"Oh, my love, thof I cannot well jaw,"
This pleyer at playhouse began,
"Not tobacco's so sweet to the chaw,
"As to kifs is the lips of my Nan:"
"O! my Jack," cries the mud-colour'd she,
And gave him some rib-squeezing hugs,
"In a dust-hole I'll cuddle with thee,
"Aye, blast me! tho' bit by the bugs.

Full as black as themselves, now the sky
To the south of the hemisphere lour'd,
To finish love's feast in the dry,
To a stable they hastily scour'd;
While hungry rats round them explor'd,
And cobwebs their canopy grace,
Undaunted on litter they snor'd,
Fatigu'd with dirt, drink, and embrace.

The

The C A M P.

YE beaus and ye belles pray attend to my song,
 'Tis new, I assure you, and will not be long;
 From the camp I'm arriv'd, that scene of delight,
 Where they romp, sing, and dance, all the day and
 the night.

To the camp then all repair,
 Gallant swains and blooming fair;
 Gayly laughing, let us tramp
 To the merry, merry camp.

Well, who could have thought that war was so
 charming?
 Nothing there's in it that can be alarming;
 Nor Margate, nor Bath, nor the fam'd Tunbridge
 wells,
 Like the camp all our sorrows so sweetly dispels.
 To the camp, &c.

With parsons, squires, clowns, there is such in-
 trusion,
 The camp is a type sure of Babel's confusion;
 There hautboys and trumpets, brisk fifes and bas-
 soons,
 Both charm you and stun you with fifty old tunes.
 To the camp, &c.

E'en Cupid, gay Cupid, to camp now is come,
 For Love he's recruiting with fife and with drum,
 A thousand sweet damsels he has in his train,
 A heart he now offers each martial young swain.
 To the camp, &c.

150 The POLITE SINGER.

The N U N.

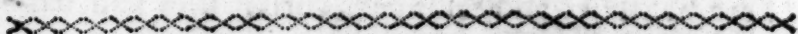
SURE a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,
Was ne'er so distressed as of late I have been ;
I know not, I vow, what harm I have done,
But my mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I,
Should be sentenc'd to pray, to fast, and to cry ;
With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart it loves frolic too well for a Nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
Is a thousand times better to me, I declare ;
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone,
Nay besides, I'm too handsome, I think, for a Nun.

Not to love, or be lov'd, oh ! I never can bear,
Nor yield to be sent to—I cannot tell where ;
To live or to die, in this case, were all one ;
Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a Nun.

Perhaps, but to tease me, she threatens me so ;
I'm sure was she me she wou'd gladly say No :
But if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a Nun.



BRITAIN'S SILVER TRUMPET.

THREE lads contended for my heart,
Each boasted diff'rent charms and grace ;
Young Hal could sing with taste and art,
Beau Jemmy boasted frogs and lace ;
Blithe Willy was a soldier brave,
Who fear'd not scars, or death, or wounds,
His country or his love to save,
When Britain's Silver Trumpet sounds.

Now

Now fear is rous'd by war's alarms,
 And threat'ning foes each hour arise,
 I scorn young Harry's vocal charms,
 And master Jemmy I despise :
 I love my Willy, bold and brave,
 He heeds not scars, or death, or wounds,
 His country or his love to save,
 When Britain's Silver Trumpet sounds.

“ In piping times of peace,” a beau,
 Dear girls, may idle thoughts employ ;
 But now, when threat'ned by each foe,
 Be wise, and throw away the toy :
 Take my advice, love him who's brave,
 Who fears not scars, or death, or wounds,
 So may your smiles your country save,
 While Britain's Silver Trumpet sounds.



NOUGHT ELSE TO DO!

THE summer was over, my flocks were all shorn,
 My meadows were mow'd, and I'd hous'd all
 my corn ;

Fair Phillida's cottage was just in my view,
 A wooing I went—I had nought else to do.

On Flora's soft sofa together we sat,
 And spent some long hours in amorous chat ;
 I told her I lov'd, and I hop'd she lov'd too,
 Then kiss'd her sweet lips—I had nought else to do.

She hung down her head, and with blushes reply'd,
 I'll love you, but first you must make me your bride ;
 Without hesitation, I made her a vow,
 To make her my wife—I had nought else to do.

To

152 The POLITE SINGER

To the village in quest of a priest did we roam,
By fortune's decree the grave Don was at home ;
I gave him a fee to make one of us two,
He married us then—he had nought else to do.

E'er since we've been happy with peace and content,
Nor tasted the sorrows of those who repent ;
Our neighbours all round us we love, and, 'tis true,
Each other beside—when we've nought else to do.

With Phœbus the toil of the day we begin,
I shepherd my flock, while she sits down to spin ;
Our cares thus domestic we'll arduous pursue,
And ever will love—when we've nought else to do.



A HUNTING SONG.

THE Sun now peeps o'er yonder hill,
In streaks of golden red :
For shame, get up, nor slumber still,—
Quit, quit your downy bed.

CHORUS.

For hark! horn and hound are saluting the day,
The fox from his covert is bursting away ;
O'er mountains he scampers, we'll double our pace,
Swift vengeance pursues him and gladdens our chase.

Lose, lose no time, to horse, my boys,
Fling off dull drowsy spleen ;
The neighing sounds, and deep-tongued noise,
Now call us to the green.

For hark! horn, &c.

With

With rosy health our cheeks shall glow,
Our nerves with toil be strong;
With tides of joy our blood shall flow,
Who join the hunting throng.

For hark! horn, &c.

And when we leave the shouting field,
And night has brought us home,
Libations rich the hall shall yield,
Loud mirth shall shake the dome.

For hark! horn, &c.

~~~~~  
A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG.

**G**IN e'er I'm in love, it shall be with a lass  
As sweet as the morn-dew that ligs on the  
grafs;

Her cheeks maun be ruddy, her een maun be bright,  
Like stars in the sky on a cauld frosty night.

O cou'd I but ken sic a lassie as this,

O cou'd I but ken sic a lassie as this,

I'd freely gang to her,

Carefs her, and woo her;

At once take up heart, and solicit a kiss.

My daddy wad ha'e me to marry wi' Bell,  
But wha wad ha'e ane that he canna lu'e well?  
What tho' she has meikle, she's bleary and auld,  
Campstarie and faucy, and a terrible scauld.

O gin I get sic a vixen as this,

O gin I get sic a vixen as this,

I'd whap her, and strap her,

And bang her and flap her;

The devil for me thou'd solicit a kiss.

There's

## 154 The POLITE SINGER.

There's Maggy wad fain lug me into the chain,  
 She spiers frisky at me, but blinks it in vain;  
 She trows that I'll ha'e her—but, faith, I think no,  
 For Willy did for her a lang while ago.

O gin I get sic a wanton as this,

O gin I get sic a wanton as this,

She'd horn me, and scorn me,

And hugely adorn me,

And, 'ere she kifs'd me, gi' another a kifs.

But find me a lassie that's youthfu' and gay,  
 As blithe as a starling, as pleasant as May;  
 Wha's free frae a' wrangling, and jangling and strife,  
 And I'll tak' her, and mak' her my ain thing for life.

O gin I get sic a lassie as this,

O gin I get sic a lassie as this,

I'll kifs her, and press her,

Preserve and carefs her,

And think myself greater than Jove is in bliss.

### The TARS CONQUEST.

**A** Jolly Jack Tar, but a little while since,  
 As drunk as a beggar, as bold as a prince,  
 Fell foul of an alchouse, and thought it a sin,  
 To pass without calling,—so went roaring in.  
 Derry down, &c.

He scarce had sat down, when the landlord came  
 by,  
 With pudding and beef, which attracted his eye;  
 From the mast-head a sailor, Jack leap'd from his  
 place,  
 And grasping his cudgel, gave orders for chace.  
 Derry down, &c.

Now

## The POLITE SINGER. 155

Now it happen'd together ten Frenchmen were  
met,  
Resolving soup-maigre and frogs to forget;  
Convinc'd of their error, they order'd a feast,  
To be dress'd and serv'd up in a true English taste.  
Derry down, &c.

At the heels of the landlord Jack quickly appears,  
And made the room echo with three British cheers;  
Then sat himself down, without any debate,  
And whipt his old chew on his next neighbour's  
plate.  
Derry down, &c.

No sooner was Jack thus possess'd of a place,  
Then thinking it needless to wait for the grace,  
In spite of their whispers, the stout English thief  
First grappled the pudding, then boarded the beef.  
Derry down, &c.

Now nothing could equal the Frenchmen's sur-  
prise, [their eyes;  
They shrunk up their shoulders, and star'd with  
From one went a hah! from another a hem!  
They look'd at their landlord, their landlord at  
them.  
Derry down, &c.

One more bold than the rest, by his brethren's  
advice,  
Made a sneaking attempt to come in for a slice;  
But Jack cut his fingers, and gave him a check,  
Crying, down with your arms, or I'll soon clear the  
deck.  
Derry down, &c.



## 156 The POLITE SINGER.

At length, to revenge, all the Frenchmen unite,  
Each seiz'd on his knife, and prepar'd for a fight ;  
Of quarters, says Jack, I would not have you think,  
So strike, ye soup-bibbers, strike, strike, or you sink.  
Derry down, &c.

The landlord beholding, approach'd from afar,  
And sneaking behind, seiz'd the hands of the tar ;  
I've got him, says he, but he scarce could say more,  
'Ere he found his dull pate where his heels were  
before.  
Derry down, &c.

Then frowning, Jack flourish'd his trusty old  
stick,  
And lay on his broadsides so fast and so thick ;—  
He so well play'd his part in a minute, that four  
Lay sprawling along with their host on the floor.  
Derry down, &c.

The rest being dismay'd at their countryman's  
fate,  
Each fearing Jack's stick would alight on his pate,  
Soon yielded him victor, and lord of the main,  
With humble entreaty to bury their slain.  
Derry down, &c.

To which he consented, but order'd that they  
For the beef and the pudding and porter should pay ;  
So saying, he stagger'd away to his wench,  
Still whooping and crying—down, down with the  
French.  
Derry down, &c.

The

The GENERAL LOVER.

**D**EAR Chloe, what means this disdain,  
Which blasts each endeavour to please?  
Though forty, I'm free from all pain;  
Save love, I am free from disease.

No Graces my mansion have fled,  
No Muses have broken my lyre;  
The Loves frolic still round my bed,  
And Laughter is chear'd at my fire.

To none have I ever been cold,  
All beauties in vogue I'm among;  
I've appetite e'en for the old,  
And spirit enough for the young.

Believe me, sweet girl, I speak true,  
Or else put my love to the test;  
Some others have doubted like you,—  
Like them do you bless and be blest.



The LASS with a MASCULINE AIR.

**W**HILE some, pretty sonnets indite,  
In praise of the soft yielding fair,  
No subject so much doth invite,  
As the Lads with a Masculine Air.

Let others by dint of their charms,  
Around 'em throw death and despair;  
All this, by the strength of her arms,  
Doth the Lads with a Masculine Air.

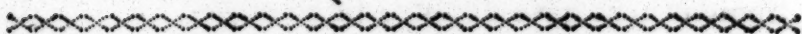
# 158 The POLITE SINGER.

Your lovers, whenever they meet,  
Will, kneeling, their passion declare;  
So all must be laid at the feet  
Of the Lads with a Masculine Air.

Let others o'er Picquet and Tea,  
Consume all the time they can spare;  
Trap-ball and a luncheon for me,  
Cries the Lads with a Masculine Air.

Diana must own herself beat,  
In hunting the fox or the hare;  
None leaps o'er a ditch or a gate,  
Like the Lads with a Masculine Air.

If wedlock this maid ever catch,  
Her spoufy had need have a care;  
For troth, he will meet with his match,  
In the Lads with a Masculine Air.



## The A D I E U.

**A** DIEU the verdant lawns and bow'rs,  
Adieu,—my peace is o'er!  
Adieu the sweetest shrubs and flow'rs,  
Since Delia is no more!

Adieu ye hills, adieu ye vales,  
Adieu ye streams and floods;  
Adieu sweet Echo's plaintive tales,  
Adieu ye meads and woods!

Adieu ye flocks,—ye fleecy care,  
Adieu yon pleasing plain;  
Adieu thou beauteous, blooming fair,  
We ne'er shall meet again!

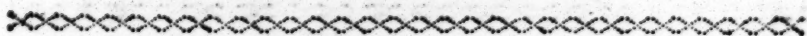
NAN-

## The POLITE SINGER. 159

NANCY of the DALE.

**M**Y Nancy leaves the rural train,  
A camp's distress to prove;  
All other ills she can sustain,  
But living from her love:  
Yet, dearest, tho' your soldier's there,  
Will not your spirits fail,  
To mark the hardships you must share,  
Dear Nancy of the Dale.

Or should you, love, each danger scorn,  
Ah! how shall I secure  
Your health, 'mid toils which you were born  
To soothe—but not endure:  
A thousand perils I must view,  
A thousand ills assail!  
Nor must I tremble e'en for you,  
Dear Nancy of the Dale.



### The FAITHFUL PAIR.

H E.

**L**ET fops pretend in flames to melt,  
And talk of pains they never felt;  
We sailors scorn disguising arts,  
But with our hands bestow our hearts.

S H E.

'Tis thus the virgin pines and sighs,  
With throbbing heart and streaming eyes;  
'Till sweet reverse of joy she proves,  
And clasps the faithful lad she loves.

O 2

HE.



## 160 The POLITE SINGER.

H E.

'Tis thus the sailor on the mast,  
Endures the cold and courting blast;  
All drooping wet wears out the night,  
And braves the fury of the fight.

S H E.

Let ladies prudently deny,  
And boldly give their tongue the lie;  
I own the passion in my breast,  
And long to make my lover blest.

H E.

Ye British youths, be brave,—you'll find  
The British virgins will be kind:  
Protect their beauty from alarms,  
And they'll reward you with their charms.



### The HAWTHORN BOWER.

**P**ALEMÓN, in the hawthorn bower,  
With fond impatience lay;  
He counted every anxious hour  
That stretch'd the tedious day.  
The rosy dawn, Pastora nam'd,  
And vow'd that she'd be kind;  
But ah! the setting sun proclaim'd,  
That women's vows are—wind.

The fickle sex, the boy defy'd;  
And swore, in terms prophane,  
That Beauty in her brightest pride  
Might sue to him in vain.

When

## The POLITE SINGER. 161

When Delia from the neighb'ring glade  
Appear'd in all her charms,  
Each angry vow Palemon made  
Was lost in Delia's arms.

The Lovers had not long reclin'd,  
Before Pastora came:  
Inconstancy, she cry'd, I find,  
In every heart's the same;  
For young Alexis sigh'd and prest,  
With such bewitching power,  
I quite forgot the wishing guest  
That waited in the bower.

---

### The FLOWERS of EDINBURGH.

**M**Y Love was once a bonny lad,  
He was the flower of all his kin;  
The absence of his bonny face  
Has rent my tender heart in twain:  
I day nor night find no delight,  
In silent tears I still complain;  
And rail at those, my rival foes,  
That took me from my darling swain.

What pain and anguish fill my breast,  
Since I have lost my blooming rose;  
I sigh and moan while others rest,  
His absence yields me no repose:  
To seek my love I'll range and rove,  
Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain;  
I ne'er will cease, but spend my days,  
Till I hear from my darling swain.

## 162 The POLITE SINGER.

There's nothing strange in Nature's change,  
Since parents shew such cruelty;  
Therefore my love from me does range,  
And knows not to what destiny:  
The pretty kids and tender lambs,  
May cease to sport upon the plain;  
But I'll lament in discontent,  
The absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune, let me thee intreat,  
To send a fair and pleasant gale;  
O let the vessel smoothly glide,  
And fill with joy the happy sail:  
May heav'n's bless me with success,  
While crossing o'er the raging main;  
And send me to that distant shore,  
'To meet my lovely, darling swain.

What joy and mirth at our return,  
Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay;  
The bells shall ring, the birds shall sing,  
'To grace and crown our nuptial day:  
Thus blest'd with charms in my love's arms,  
My heart once more I will regain;  
I'll range no more to distant shore,  
But will enjoy my darling swain.

---

### The SAILOR's ARRIVAL.

**F**ROM ploughing the ocean and thrashing Monsieur,  
In Old England we're landed once more;  
Your hands, my brave shipmates, halloo boys, what  
cheer,  
For a sailor that's just come on shore?

Those

## THE POLITE SINGER. 163

Those hectoring blades thought to scare us no doubt,  
And to cut us and slash us—morblicu!  
But hold there, avast! they were plaguely out,  
We have slic'd them and pepper'd them too.

Then courage, my hearts, your own consequence  
know,  
Yon invaders shall soon do you right;  
The lion may rouse when he hears the cock crow,  
But should never be put in a fright.

You've only to shun your nonsensical jars,  
Your damn'd party and idle contest;  
And let all your strife be, like us honest tars,  
Who shall fight for his country the best.

A sea-faring spark, if the maids can affect,  
Bid the simpering gipsies look to't;  
Sound bottoms they'll find us in every respect,  
And our pockets well laden to boot.

The landsmen, mayhap, in the way of discourse,  
Have more art to persuade, and the like;  
But 'ware those false colours,—for better for worse,  
Is the bargain we're willing to strike.

Now long live the king, may he prosperous reign,  
Of no power, no faction afraid;  
May Britain's proud flag still exult o'er the main,  
At all points of the compass display'd.

No quicksands endanger, no storms overwhelm,  
Steady, steady and safe may she sail;  
No ignorant pilots e'er sit at her helm,  
Or her anchor of liberty fail.



# 164 The POLITE SINGER.

## The PARSON.

**P**USH about the brisk glass, I proclaim him an  
als,

Who at cares of this world would repine ;

'Twas our sorrows to drown, and dispel Fortune's  
frown, [vine.

That Jove sent us, Jove sent us, the juice of the

'Tis this in all sects the true int'rest protects,

And enlivens the lump of our clay ;

The parsons looks teach, tho' against it they preach,

Then believe them, believe them, who pleases,

I say.

'Tis not long ago, that a vicar I know,

Whose name 'twere ungodly to tell,

Who o'er bottle and bowl sat with many good soul,

Full of glee, till ding dong, till ding dong, went  
the bell :

Then having a hic—cup, took the chair with a  
kick—up,

I must go, else the church will complain ;

But, friends, don't think me rude, I swear by my  
priesthood, [again.

I'll but preach, and be with you, be with you

The parson went straight, tho' he stagger'd in gait,

With his sermon in mem'ry's large chest ;

To the pulpit he rose, but soon fell in a dose,

And cries, Excellent, excellent wine, I protest.

The whole congregation, in strange consternation,

Left the church, with a sigh at the cause ;

But the clerk, more devout, cries, Sir, they're all  
out ;

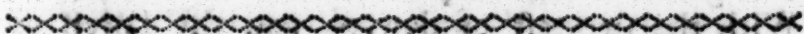
Then fill 'em, then fill 'em again, my brave boys.

In

## The POLITE SINGER. 165

In law, 'twas design'd, Justice still should be blind,  
Yet she'll squint if self-interest do call;  
And I'm certain I could, o'er a hoghead that's good,  
Bribe the council, the council, judge, jury, and  
all.

If to drink be a fault, for so we're all taught,  
Old Noah could tipple, they say;  
And we gather from hence, all mortals of sense,  
Should be sons of old Noah, old Noah—huzza!



### SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY TREE.

From the JUBILEE.

*(Sung by David Garrick, Esq; with a Cup in his  
Hand made of the Tree)*

**B**EHOLD this fair goblet! 'twas carv'd from the  
tree, [thee;

Which, O my sweet Shakespeare! was planted by  
As a relic I kiss it, and bow at the shrine,  
What comes from thy hand, must be ever divine!

All shall yield to the Mulberry tree!

Bend to thee,

Blest Mulberry!

Matchless was he who planted thee,  
And thou, like him, immortal shalt be!

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,  
Who spread round your branches, whose heads  
sweep the sky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,  
To root out the natives at prices so dear:

All shall yield, &c.

The

## 166 The POLITE SINGER.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boast,  
Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast;  
But of fir we make ships, we have thousands that  
fight,

While one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.  
All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,  
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers;  
The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,  
With the sweetest of flowers, and the fairest of  
fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge, the well-letter'd  
birch

Supplies law and physic, and grace for the church;  
But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,  
And he gives the best physic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,  
From him and his merits this takes its degree;  
Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories resign,  
Our tree shall surpass both the laurel and vine.

All shall yield, &c.

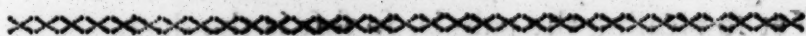
The genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day,  
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;  
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,  
Has laurel, and bays, and the vine, all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then

Then take each a relic of this hallow'd tree,  
From folly and fashion a charm let it be:  
Fill, fill to the Planter, the cup to the brim.  
To honour the country, do honour to him.

All shall yield, &c.



WHAT a CHARMING THING's a BATTLE!

**W**HAT a charming thing's a battle!  
Trumpets sounding, drums a-beating;  
Crack, crick, crack, the cannon's rattle,  
Every heart with joy elating.  
With what pleasure are we spying,  
From the front and from the rear,  
Round us in the smoaky air,  
Heads and limbs and bullets flying!  
Then the groans of soldiers dying;  
Just like sparrows as it were,  
At each pop,  
Hundreds drop,  
While the muskets prittle prattle;  
Kill'd and wounded,  
Lie confounded:  
What a charming thing's a battle!  
But the pleasant joke of all,  
Is when to close attack we fall;  
Like mad bulls each other butting,  
Shooting, stabbing, maiming, cutting;  
Horse and foot  
All go to't;  
Kill's the word, both men and cattle;  
Then to plunder,  
Blood and thunder,  
What a charming thing's a battle!

SWEET



## 168 The POLITE SINGER.

### SWEET PASSION of LOVE.

**I**F love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?  
If bitter, O tell me, whence comes my content?  
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,  
Or grieve at my fate, since I know 'tis in vain?  
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,  
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,  
And by passionate silence I make my love known:  
But oh! how I'm blest when so kind she does prove,  
By some willing mistake to discover her love;  
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,  
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name!

How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are the charms!  
How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!  
Sure nothing's so easy as learning to love;  
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:  
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,  
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.



### PUSH the BOTTLE ABOUT!

**P**HO! pox of this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,  
And talk of young Phillis and Chloë no more;  
Their face, and their air, and their mein, what a rout!  
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about!  
Here to thee, &c.

Let

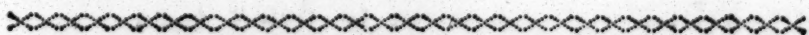
## The POLITE SINGER. 169

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape,  
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape;  
But we honest fellows—'sdeath! who'd ever think  
Of puling for love, while he's able to drink?  
Of puling, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows,  
Our joys it increases, and lightens our woes;  
Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,  
The man that is drunk is as great as a king!  
The man, &c.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks;  
Anacreon's cases see, page twenty-six:  
The precedent's glorious and just, by my soul,  
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl.  
Lay hold, &c.

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh,  
My toast shall be this, while I've liquor to quaff;  
"May mirth and good fellowship always abound;"  
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.  
Boys, fill up a bumper, &c.



### BONNY CHRISTY.

**H**OW sweetly smells the summer green!  
Sweet taste, the peach and cherry:  
Painting and order please our een,  
And claret makes us merry:  
But finest colours, fruits, and flowers,  
And wine, tho' I be thirsty,  
Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,  
Compar'd with those of Christy.

Nº V.

P

When

## 170 The POLITE SINGER.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,  
No nat'ral beauty wanting,  
How lightsome is't to hear the lark,  
And birds in concert chanting?  
But if my Christy tunes her voice,  
I'm rapt in admiration;  
My thoughts with extasies rejoice,  
And drap the haill creation.

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,  
I take the happy omen,  
And aften mint to make advance,  
Hoping she'll prove a woman:  
But dubious of my ain desert,  
My sentiments I smother;  
With secret sighs I vex my heart,  
For fear she love another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn,  
His Christy did o'erhear him;  
She doughtna let her lover mourn,  
But 'ere he wist drew near him.  
She spake her favour with a look,  
Which left nae room to doubt her;  
He wisely this white minute took,  
And flang his arms about her.

My Christy!—witness, bonny stream,  
Sic joys frae tears arising,  
I wish this may na be a dream;  
O love the maist surprising!  
Time was too precious now for tauk;  
This point of a' his wishes  
He wadna with set speeches bauk,  
But war'd it a' on kisses.

# The POLITE SINGER. 171.

A FAVOURITE SONG,  
SUNG in the CHARACTER of FOLLY,  
*In the MAID of the OAKS.*

**M**AKE room, my good neighbours of ev'ry  
degree,  
My name it is *Folly*,—who does not know me?  
Of high ones and low ones, of great and of small,  
I've been the companion and friend of you all!  
Where'er I come, I drive away care,  
And if there's a crowd, I'm sure to be there.  
I'm here and there,  
And every where,  
All know me,—all know me;—  
Where'er I come,  
Nobody's dumb;  
Prattling, prancing,  
Singing, dancing,  
Running o'er with mirth and glee.

From country elections I gallop'd post-haste,  
For there I am always the most busy guest;  
And whether it be in the country or town,  
I'm hugg'd very close by the cit and the clown:  
The courtier, the patriot, the turn-coat and all,  
If I do not sweeten, breed nothing but gall.  
I'm here, and there, &c.

The statesman, without me, unhappy wou'd be;  
No lady, so chaste, but gallants it with me;  
The gravest of faces, who physic the land,  
For all their grimaces, shake me by the hand:  
At the playhouse, a friend to the author I sit,  
And clap in the gallery, the boxes, and pit.  
I'm here, and there, &c.



# 172 The POLITE SINGER.

The CHEAT's APOLOGY: A favourite Ballad.

Sung by Mr VERNON, at Vauxhall.

*Composed by Mr Hook.*

**L**OOK round the world,—each profession you'll  
find, [call ;  
Hath something dishonest, which myst'ry they  
Each knave points at others, at home he's stark  
blind,

Except but his own, there's a cheat in them all :  
When tax'd with imposture, the charge he'll evade,  
And, like Falstaff, pretend he but lives by his trade.

The statesman who steers by wise Machiavel's rules,  
Is ne'er to be known by his tongue or his face ;  
They're traps by him us'd to catch credulous fools,  
And breach of his promise he counts no disgrace ;  
And policy calls it reproach to evade,  
For flatt'ry's his province, cajoling's his trade.

The lawyer, as oft on the wrong side as right,  
Who tortures, for fee, the true sense of the law ;  
While black he by sophistry proves to be white,  
And falsehood and perjury lists in his cause ;  
With steady assurance, all blame will evade,  
His client's his care, and he lives by his trade.

Since then in all stations imposture is found,  
No one of another can justly complain,  
The coin he receives will pass current around,  
And where he is cozen'd, he cozens again ;  
And I who for Cheats this Apology made,  
Cheat the world with a song, for singing's my trade.

# The POLITE SINGER. 173

## A SONG on SOMEBODY.

**L**ET others boast of noble birth,  
Or think in wealth consists their worth;  
Alas! my every wish on earth,  
Is centur'd in my Somebody.

Such beauty in her form I find,  
Such virtue decks her lovely mind;—  
The pride and glory of her kind,  
Is sure my lovely Somebody.

Bright shines the glorious orb of day,  
And bright is Luna's silver ray,  
A lustre bright the stars display,—  
But far more bright is Somebody..

Sweet is the gale that gently blows,  
And sweet the blushing damask rose;  
But sweet, O sweeter far than those,  
Art thou, my lovely Somebody.

For thee I'd scorn a monarch's state,  
And think it far a happier fate,  
To dwell in some obscure retreat,  
With innocence and Somebody.

While lambkins on the plain shall rove,  
And feather'd songsters haunt the grove,—  
So long my heart with spotless love,  
Shall burn for lovely Somebody.

And when I'm call'd to endless rest,  
May I expiring on her breast,  
To heaven prefer this last request,  
O bless my lovely Somebody!

# 174 The POLITE SINGER.

## A SONG on NOBODY.

**L**ET others borrow'd charms explore,  
And rhyme a list of beauties o'er;—  
Mine is a theme unsung before,  
I mean the praise of Nobody.

When love the Poet's bosom warms,  
And fills his breast with soft alarms,  
He gives his maid a thousand charms,  
Which all belong to Nobody.

Spite of each doating lover's frown,  
I dare to cry their Chloes down;  
Nor blame me, when I freely own,  
That I'm in love with Nobody.

Unmov'd I view each rival fair,  
All painted trifles, light as air!  
Nor would I make their smiles my care,  
Were I belov'd by Nobody.

Shou'd Fortune lavish all her store,  
To make me rich, who now am poor,—  
Lo! here I vow,—what cou'd I more?  
I'd give it all to Nobody.

Or should misfortune tempt my mind  
With scorn to look on all mankind,  
Some peaceful spot I'd strive to find,  
And spend my days with Nobody.

While some abuse the marriage-state,  
And others meet a froward mate,—  
Surely that man must bless his fate,  
Whom choice unites with Nobody.

# The POLITE SINGER 175

## A Favourite HUNTING CANTATA.

### RECITATIVE.

**N**OW peeps the ruddy dawn o'er mountain top,  
Its different notes each feather'd warbler  
tunes;

The milk-maid's carol glads the plowman's ear,  
The jolly huntsman winds his chearful horn,  
And the staunch pack return the lov'd salute.

### A I R.

The hounds are unkennel'd, and now  
Thro' the copse and the furze will we lead,  
Till we reach yonder farm on the brow,  
For there lurks the thief that must bleed.  
I told you so—didn't I?—see where he flies;  
'Twas Bellman that open'd—so sure the fox dies.  
Let the horn's jolly sound  
Encourage the hound,  
And float through the echoing skies.

### RECITATIVE.

The chace begun, nor rock, nor flood, nor swamp,  
Quickset or gate the thund'ring course retard;  
Till the dead notes proclaim the falling prey;—  
Then—to the sportive squire's capacious bowl—

### A I R.

O'er that, and old beer of his own,  
This sound, bright and wholesome, we'll sing:  
Drink success to great George and his crown,  
For each heart to a man's with the king:  
And next we will fill to Jove's favourite scene,  
The rich isle of saints, Britannia I mean;  
Where men, horses, and hounds,  
Can be stopp'd by no bounds,  
For no spot on the earth e'er bred sportsmen so keen.

SE.



# 176 The POLITE SINGER.

## SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

Sung by Mrs WRIGHTEN, at VAUXHALL,

*Composed by Mr Hook.*

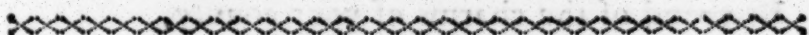
**C**OME list to me, ye gay and free,  
And ye whom cares molest;  
War, wine, and love but tend to prove,  
That Second Thoughts are Best!  
The Queen of Charms, the God of Arms,  
Gay Bacchus, and the rest,  
When ask'd, ne'er flounce, yet all pronounce,  
That Second Thoughts are Best!

The jealous boy, if Daphne's coy,  
'Gainst Cupid will protest;  
His nymph disdain, then think again,  
For Second Thoughts are Best!  
The fair one too, unus'd to woo,  
Drives Henry from her breast;  
Then seeks the elf, makes love herself,  
For Second Thoughts are Best!

And Mars who doats on scarlet coats,  
I'm sure we'll stand the test,  
Nor frowns on her who dares aver,  
That Second Thoughts are Best!  
E'en Neptune too, our fleet in view,  
Kept Gallia's fleet in Brest;  
They meant to fight, he put them right,  
Their Second Thoughts are Best!

Again,

Again, but mark the tippling spark,  
 When seated as a guest,  
 At first resign his darling wine,  
 But Second Thoughts are Best!  
 And you, I see, will side with me,  
 Some louder than the rest,  
 Will cry—no more, and then encore,  
 But Second Thoughts are Best!



A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG,

Sung by Mrs KENNEDY, at VAUXHALL,  
*Composed by Mr Hook.*

**Y**OUNG Jockey blithe, at early dawn,  
 Starts fresh and fair as roses blown;  
 Then o'er the dewy lawn he roves,  
 And greets the lass he dearly loves.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows the grass,  
 Dear Jug, will nothing move thee?  
 Be kind, be true, my bonny lass,  
 I only live to love thee.

To merit I no claim can make,  
 But that I'd die for your dear sake;  
 From ev'ry other business free,  
 My life and love shall follow thee.

Sweet smells the birk, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,  
 In shining youth let's make our hay;  
 While Love does at his altar stand,  
 Give me your heart, O give your hand.

Sweet smells the birk, &c.

WAR:

# 178 The POLITE SINGER.

## WARWICKSHIRE WILL.

**Y**E Warwickshire lads and ye lasses,  
See what at our Jubilee passes ;  
Come, revel away, rejoice and be glad,  
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire Lad,  
Warwickshire lad,—all be glad,  
For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad.

Be proud of the charms of your county,  
Where Nature has lavish'd her bounty,  
Where much she has given and some to be spar'd,  
And the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard,  
Warwickshire bard,—never pair'd,  
For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,  
And half a score more we take pride in ;  
Of famous Will Congreve, we boast too the skill,  
But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will,  
Warwickshire Will,—matchless still,  
For the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will.

Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,  
Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman ;  
Their swans are all geese to the Avon's sweet swan,  
And the man of all men was a Warwickshire man,  
Warwickshire man,—Avon's swan,  
And the man of all men was a Warwickshire man.

As venison is very inviting,  
To steal it our bard took delight in ;  
To make his friends merry he never was lag,  
And the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag,  
Warwickshire wag,—ever brag,  
For the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag.

There

## The POLITE SINGER. 179

There never was seen such a creature,  
Of all she was worth he robb'd Nature ;  
He took all her smiles and he took all her grief,  
And the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief,  
Warwickshire thief,—he's the chief,  
For the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief.

~~~~~

The F R E E-M A S O N.

Tune : He comes, he comes! the hero comes!

UNITE, unite, your voices raise !
Loud, loudly sing Free-masons' praise ;
Spread far and wide their spotless fame,
And glory in the sacred name.

Behold, behold the upright band,
In virtue's paths go hand in hand ;
They shun each ill, they do no wrong,
Strict honour does to them belong.

How just, how just are all their ways,
Superior far to mortal praise ;
Their worth description far exceeds,
For matchless are Free-masons' deeds.

Go on, go on, ye just and true,
Still, still the same bright paths pursue ;
Th' admiring world shall on ye gaze,
And friendship's altar ever blaze.

Begone, begone, fly discord hence,
With party rage and insolence :
Sweet peace shall bless this happy band,
And freedom smile throughout the land.

The

The BRITON'S PRAYER.

GOD save great George our king!
 Long may each Briton sing,
 God save the king!

Jove send us beef in store,
 When that's gone, send us more,
 And we'll, as heretofore,
 Defend our king.

Oh! mighty Jove, arise,
 Choak all our enemies,
 As they deserve:
 Confound their fricacies,
 Smite all their ducks and geese,
 Poison their tarts and cheese,
 And let them starve.

Oh grant that Washington,
 And his friends ev'ry one,
 Mayn't find relief:
 Make yams their only cheer;
 Let them drink treacle beer,
 Whilst loyal Britons, here,
 Feed on roast-beef.

Confound the Frenchman's pot,
 Make his soup scalding hot,
 Singe his false tongue:
 Search through Great-Britain's isle,
 In Rebel's porrage-boil
 Wormwood and Camomile,
 And make it strong!





The LOVER and the FRIEND.

Sung by Miss THORNTON, at VAUXHALL.

WHEN ev'ning gales chear rural groves,
And village lasses gay,
Are roving with the lads they love,
Along the banks of Tay:
I'll chuse young Colin for my guide,
From harms he'll sure defend;
For Colin is my joy and pride,
My lover and my friend.

Young Colin's now in beauty's bloom,
His looks are fair and gay;
He pipes along the yellow broom,
Or flow'ry banks of Tay:
When harvest smiles, the shepherd's pain,
And all his doubts shall end;
For then I'll wed the gentle swain,
My lover and my friend.



GENTLE HARRIET.

WHEN gentle Harriet first I saw,
Struck with a reverential awe,
I felt my bosom mov'd;
Her easy shape, her charming face,
She smil'd, and talk'd with so much grace,
I gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.

182 The POLITE SINGER.

Up to the busy town I flew,
And wander'd all its pleasures thro',
In hopes to ease my care ;
The busy town but mocks my pain,
Its gayest pleasures all are vain,
For Harriet haunts me there.

The labours of the learned sage,
The comic humours of the stage,
By turns my time employ ;
I relish not the sage's lore,
The stage's humours please no more,
For Harriet's all my joy.

Sometimes I try'd the jovial throng,
Sometimes the female train among,
To chace her form away ;
The jovial throng is noisy rude,
No other female dares intrude
Where Harriet bears the sway.

Since then, nor art nor learning can,
Nor company of maid or man,
For want of thee atone ;
O come! with all thy conqu'ring charms!
O come! and take me to thy arms,
For thou art all in one!

A HUNTING SONG.

THE sprightly horn awakes the morn,
And bids the hunter rise;
The opening hound returns the sound,
And echo fills the skies.

See

The POLITE SINGER. 185

See ruddy health, more dear than wealth,
On yon blue mountain's brow;
The neighing steed invokes our speed,
And reynard trembles now.

In ancient days, as story says,
The woods our fathers fought;
The rustic race ador'd the chace,
And hunted as they fought.

Come let's away, make no delay,
Enjoy the forest's charms;
Then o'er the bowl expand the soul,
And rest in Chloe's arms.



The RAPTURE.

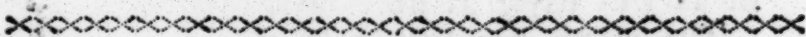
WHEN, Delia, leaning on thy breast,
What transports of delight I feel!
Arabia's balmy sweets I taste,
When I thy lips with kisses seal.
When I thy lips, &c.

What bliss each tender look bestows!
What pleasing pangs my bosom swell,
When to my heart I press thee close,
And in soft sighs my passion tell!
And in soft sighs, &c.

Say, if the prelude be so sweet,
What must the full possession prove?
When Hymen makes our joys compleat,
And gives thee to my constant love.
And gives thee, &c.

184 The POLITE SINGER.

'Then shall I clasp each latent charm,
And call the lovely treasure mine;
'Then circled in thy snowy arms,
Dissolve in extasy divine.
Dissolve, &c.



MISS IN HER TEENS: A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

RICH, young, and beautiful, Daphne the gay,
Had sigh'd, unmarried, fifteen years away;
No youth as yet had made his passion known;
Strange! these accomplishments, and lie alone!
Yet so it was,—the cause I cannot tell,
And thus, impatient, sung the giddy Belle.

AIR. Long young Jockey, &c.

Tell me, little foolish Cupid,
Why so cross and rudely coy?
Be no longer dull and stupid,
Prove a playful, wanton boy:
Tell around my matchless beauty,
Tell that I have youth and charms;
Tell my riches, 'tis thy duty;
Bring a Lover to my arms:
Let him be old, or let him be froward,
Let him be sensible, foolish, or vain,
Let him be coxcomb, let him be coward,
I can smile him to courage again:
Tell me, ye maids,
Tell me, ye swains,
Can you say so?
Would you do so?
Can you, would you, would you, can you,
Can you sigh for a lover so?

RE-

RECITATIVE.

Scarce had she sung th' effusion of her grief,
When Cupid in compassion sent relief:
A bluff, young martial blade was seen t' advance,
And thus roar'd out, with noisy complaisance.

AIR. *Why how now, saucy Jade, &c.*

Blood, fire, and sword, my dear,
Men call me Captain Flash, ma'am;
Had I a rival here,
Thus I his head would dash, ma'am;
Blood! my dear.

Blood, thunder, guts, and hell!
How faithful I adore ye;
'Tis not in man to tell,
By all my future glory.
Guts and Hell!

Your humour I can please,
Whene'er you're in the dumps, ma'am;
Mow thousands by the knees,
Then make them dance on stumps, ma'am,
You to please.

I am faithful to my word;
If I'm a coward, blame me;
Behold my flashing sword,
I'm great as Cæsar, damme!
At a word.

RECITATIVE.

Here he stopt short, i'the midst of his career,
And our young novice harrow'd up with fear;
Lucky for her, a Paddy, young and stout,
Without resistance, kick'd the boaster out;

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Then shut the door, to make all fast within,
And, leering, thus his carol did begin.

AIR. *St Patrick's day in the morning.*

Now arrah dear creature, most fairest in feature,
I'm sure your inferior can never be found ;
Were you at Dublin city, you would be so pretty,
I'd swear you the fairest in London town :
Tho' not so excellent as our lord lieutenant,
With Irishmen two or three thousand beside ;
Yet before we are married, they'll be dead and buried,
And then king of beauty you'll ne'er be deny'd,
On our wedding day night in the morning !

Ah hone! my dear honey, I've plenty of money,
If once we were gotten to Ireland's dear ground ;
It will set you a-singing, to see my gold ring, and
A diamond i'th' middle nine inches around :
I'm forty third cousin to lords forty dozen ;
My father's own self was the Lord—knows who ;
Here's guineas a hundred,—no, said I was plunder'd,
But when we're two couples, you'll widen that flaw,
On our wedding day night in the morning !

RECITATIVE.

Tho' tir'd of living single, yet our maid
Was not in haste with poverty to wed ;
Poor Patrick's tatter'd breeches gave offence,
So he in doleful dumps was order'd—thence !
Nor was she long alone ;—flow creak'd the door,
A Quaker driving snails, came simp'ring to her ;
With nods and sighs, his eloquence he tries,
While his broad brim endangers madam's eyes.

AIR.

THE POLITE SINGER. 187

AIR. *We're no very fou, but we're gaily yet.*

Slow.

Thou fair lump of earth, look not the rabble on,
Fly the wickedness of this our Babylon;
Look not to me in the spirit of wrathfulness,
But in the spirit of love and of faithfulness.

Quick.

Yea I'll dance to please thee, yea I'll sing and caper,
Tho' such feats are frail as the morning vapour;
Tho' our laws forbid it, even, verily, verily,—
Tal de ral lal lal la,—sing, caper, merrily, merrily.

Slow.

Dear sister Daphnah, yea wilt thee but love me,
To raise seed unto thee the spirit doth move me;
For thee, sister Daphnah, behold I do die ah!
Like to a bruised reed is thy friend Hezekiah.

Quick. Yea I'll dance to please thee, &c.

RECITATIVE.

While thus he caper'd it with aukward mirth,
A frown from Daphne struck him to the earth;
Asham'd at once of his ungodly airs,
He, without bidding, simper'd down the stairs:
Leaving poor Hezekiah to his fate,
A Sailor next appear'd before the gate,
And thund'ring fearlessly with all his might,
'Thus rous'd the lady from her short respite.

AIR. *Jack of Wapping.*

Well, now I've got within gun shot,
What need to think of flying;
So tack about, and quick give out,—
You're at my mercy lying:

From

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From peop to prow, I'm match for you,
 My vessel ne'er can founder;
 By Jove I swear, I do not fear
 A fifteen thousand pounder.
 Tol de rol lol lol, &c.

RECITATIVE.

Thus sung the chearful Tar, and waited long
 For a kind answer to his honest song;
 But still the envious door kept shut between,
 So Jack budg'd off, as if no harm had been:
 Not long the maid continued in her fears,
 A far more gentle rap assail'd her ears;
 A Frenchman danc'd along, and cringing low,
 Sung thus, while prostrate laid to kiss her toe,

AIR. *Guardian Angels.*

Ah! mine angels of dis nation,
 You be vair, en verite;
 Vid despair I tell a' my passion,
 Deni oh! bring une remedie:
 See votre slave in de grand flutter,
 Vile a melting vid desire;
 Vor des vine eyes, alas!
 Be de two burning glafs,
 Dat be set mine soul on vire.

RECITATIVE.

Long he'd have sung of torment, flame, what not?
 But that a brimstone smell proclaim'd a Scot;
 Who with his itch, his figure, and his tongue,
 Scar'd out Monsieur, and thus right coarsely sung.

AIR.

The POLITE SINGER. 189

AIR. *Nancy's to the green wood gane.*

Troth, bra' Laffie, I'se na blate,
I mak as free as ony;
And may auld Tyburn be my gate,
Gin ye're no unco bonny:
Your siller and your canny face,
Sets a' the kintry ringin,
And gin I ha'na won the grace,
Poor Sawney mun be hingin.

Gin e'er ye ca' at Aberdeen,
I'se be right glad to see ye;
A crowdie and the lang kail green,
As dainties I will gie ye;
But gif we canno' weel agree,
And dinna click a fancy;
Sin I'se baith gude, and weal to see,
I'll ca' ye scornfu' Nancy.

RECITATIVE.

Daphne at once, dispatch'd the bonny Chiel,
Wha turn'd, and ca'd her like a vara de'il;
Syne gang'd his gate; and to succeed the loon,
Before her stood a Zomerzetshire clown;
With wooden clogs, three times he scrap'd the floor,
Then fat him down, and thus protested to her.

AIR. *Young Strephon he went.*

'Ads heart! pretty maiden, thou'rt wond'rous vine,
In these zilken gowns and lac'd lappets of thine;
Zo vine, by the zookers! I cannot tell how,
To speak to so gallant a lady as thou;
Thy cheek like hung beef or a loin of vresh mutton's,
With eyes like a pair of clear Bristow-stone buttons;
Zing high derry derry, and when shall we marry,
Zing Harry and Daphen, zing Daphen and Harry.

My vather he's gien me three crowns and a groat,
 And sent un' to London e' vine Zunday coat ;
 I've zaddled our Peg, and we'll both hobble down,
 Amazing the bumpkins of our little town ;
 And Dad will take out, if your veathers 'll venture,
 A zide o'th' old house for his daughter to enter.

Zing high derry derry, and when shall we marry,
 Zing Harry and Daphen, sing Daphen and Harry.

RECITATIVE.

Away, begone, the weary maiden cry'd,
 Will thus my blifs be still, ye Gods, deny'd ;
 Tho' proudly self-sufficient to complain,
 The man of worth alone can ease my pain ;
 While yet the accents dwelt upon her tongue,
 A man of worth appear'd, and thus divinely sung.

AIR. In infancy our hopes and fears.

To thee, dear charmer of my heart,

As to my heav'n I fly ;

Then kindly smile, and ease my smart,

'Twere cruel to deny.

Long time in absence have I pin'd,

Sweet hope ne'er eas'd my care ;

How happy now! could I but find

My charmer good as fair.

RECITATIVE.

When first the gentle youth began to speak,

A virgin glow bedeck'd the damsel's cheek ;

But when his love in softest words he told,

Gods! 'twas too much for woman to withhold ;

To fix him sure, she muster'd all her charms,

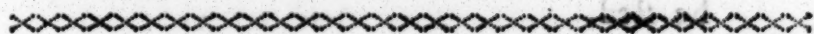
Then thus confess, — encircled in his arms.

AIR.

The POLITE SINGER. 191

AIR. *Her sheep bad in clusters,*

When a foppish pretender laid claim to my heart,
And foolishly boasted his flame,
I smil'd, or I frown'd, with abundance of art;
And who but the fool was to blame?
But when a kind lover with honesty sues,
And modestly urges his bliss,
'Tis I'm in the wrong, if I crossly refuse,
Or play with a passion like his.



A FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.

RECITATIVE.

THE whistling plowman hails the blushing
dawn,
The thrush melodious drowns the rustic note,
Loud sings the blackbird thro' resounding groves,
And the lark soars to meet the rising sun.

A I R.

Away! to the copse lead away!
And now, my boys, throw off the hounds;
I'll warrant he shews us some play,
See, yonder he sculks thro' the grounds:
Then spur your brisk coursers, and smoke 'em, my
bloods!
'Tis a delicate scent-lying morn:
What concerts are equal to those of the woods,
Between Echo, the hounds, and the horn.

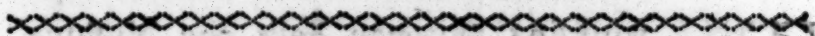
Each earth, see, he tries at in vain,
In cover no safety can find;
So he breaks it, and scours it amain,
And leaves us at distance behind:

O'er

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O'er rocks, and o'er rivers, and hedges we fly,
All hazard and danger we scorn;
Stout Reynard we'll follow until that he die;
Chear up, my good dogs; to the horn.

And now he scarce creeps thro' the dale,
See his brush how it droops!—see his tongue;
His speed can no longer avail,
Who of late was so cunning and strong:—
From our staunch and fleet pack 'twas in vain that
he fled,
See, they tear him—bemired—forlorn!
The farmers with pleasure behold him lie dead,
And shout to the sound of the horn!



A Favourite SONG in the DUENNA.

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can
boast,
But health and good-humour to make her his toast:
If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
Or six foot or four, we'll ne'er quarrel for that.
Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care,
If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair;
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples should see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be, faith, any colour but green;
For in eyes, tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice,—only let her have two.
'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own are genteler than black;
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire that she mayn't have a beard.
But I only desire, &c.

The

The GOLDEN RULE.

WHEN bick'rings hot, to high words got,
Break out at gamiorum;
The flame to cool, my golden rule,
Is push about the jorum.

With fist on jug, coifs who can lug?
Or shew me that glibe speaker,
Who her red rag in jibe can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor?

JOHN and NELL.

AS Nell sat underneath her cow,
Upon a cock of hay,
Young John was coming from his plough,
And chanc'd to pals that way:
Like light'ning to the maid he flew,
And by the hand he squeez'd her;
Pray, John, she cry'd, be quiet—do;
And frown'd, because he teaz'd her.

Young Cupid, from his mother's knee,
Observ'd her female pride;
Go on, and prosper, John, said he,
And I will be your guide.
Then aim'd at Nelly's breast a dart;
From pride it soon releas'd her:
She faintly cry'd I feel love's smart,
And sigh'd, because it eas'd her.

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John laid himself down by her side,
And stole a kiss or two;
And flatt'ry's charms he also try'd,
Till she the kinder grew.
The poison soon began to spread,
And, in the nick, he seiz'd her;
She trembled, blush'd, and hung her head,
Then smil'd, because he pleas'd her.

SOCIAL POWERS.

COME now all ye social powers,
Shed your influence o'er us;
Crown with bliss the happy hours,
Enliven those before us.

Chorus. Fill the flask, the music bring,
Joy shall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and sing,
And cast dull care behind us.

Love's the goddess I adore,
Source of gen'rous passion;
Nor will ever bow before
Those idols, wealth or fashion.
Fill the flask, &c.

Why the plague should we be sad,
While on earth we moulder?
Brisk or grave, or vex'd or glad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Fill the flask, &c.

HIGH-

HIGHLAND DONALD.

O Will you ha'e a tartan plait,
Or will you ha'e ta ring, mattam?
Or will you ha'e a kifs o' me?

And t'at's te pretty t'ing, mattam.
Had awa', bide awa',

Had awa' frae me, Donald;
I'll neither kifs, nor ha'e a ring,
Nae tartan plaids for me, Donald.

O' fee you not her ponny progues,
Her fecket-plait, plue, creen, mattam;
Her twa short hose, and her twa spiogs,
An' a shoulter pelt apeen, mattam?

Had awa', bide awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Nae shoulter-belts, nae trinkabouts,
Nae tartan hose for me, Donald.

Her can pe shaw a petter hough,
T'an him wha wears ta crown, mattam!

Hersell ha'e pistol and claymore,
Ta flee ta Lallant lown, mattam!

Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
For a' your houghs and warlike arms,
You're no a match for me, Donald.

Hersell ha'e a short cot pi pought,
No trail her feets at rin, mattam;

A cutty fark of cood harn-sheet,
My mitter he be spin, mattam.

Had awa', had awa',
Had awa' frae me, Donald;
Gae hame, and hap your naked houghs,
And fash nae mair wi' me, Donald.

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Ye's ne'er pe pidden work a turn,
 At ony kind o' spin, mattam;
 But shug your leno in a skull,
 And tiddel Highland sing, mattam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 Your jogging skulls and Highland fangs
 Will sound but harsh wi' me, Donald.

In ta morning, when him rise,
 Ye's get fresh whey for tea, mattam;
 Sweet milk and ream, as much you please,
 Far cheaper tan Pohea, mattam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 I winna quit my morning's tea,
 Your whey will ne'er agree, Donald.

Haper-Gallic ye's pe learn,
 And tat's ta ponny speak, mattam;
 Ye's get a sheese an' putter kirm,
 Come wi' me, gin ye-like, mattam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 Your Gallic, and your Highland cheer
 Will ne'er gang down wi' me, Donald.

Fait ye's be get a filler proch,
 Pe pigger as the moon, mattam;
 Ye's ride in currioch, stead of coach,
 An' wow put ye'll pe fine, madam.
 Had awa', had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald;
 For a' your Highland rarities,
 You're not a match for me, Donald.

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Is t'is ta way t'at ye'll pe guide
Pra' protty man like me, mattam?
Sae lang's claymore hing py my fite
I'll never marry t'ee, mattam.
O come awa', run awa',
O come awa' wi' me, Donald:
I wadna quit my Highland-man,—
Frac Lallands set me free, Donald.

BRITANNIA'S CALL.

Tune: Social Powers.

COME, ye lads who wish to shine
Bright in future story,
Haite to arms, and form the line
That leads to martial glory.

Chorus. Charge the musket, point the lance,
Brave the worst of dangers;
Tell the blust'ring sons of France,
That we to fear are strangers.

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,
And her flag is rearing,
Always finds her sons dispos'd
To drub the foe that's daring.
Charge the musket, &c.

Hearts of Oak with speed advance,
Pour your naval thunder
On the trembling shores of France,
And strike the world with wonder.
Charge the musket, &c.

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Honour for the brave to share,
Is the noblest booty;
Guard your coasts, protect the fair,
For that's a Briton's duty.
Charge the musket, &c.

What if Spain to take their parts
Has form'd a base alliance;
All unite, and English hearts
May bid the world defiance.

Chorus. Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
Manly and united;
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And see your country righted.

The JOVIAL HUNTSMEN.

A WAY to the field, see the morning looks grey,
And, sweetly bedappled, forbodes a fine day;
The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chase.

CHORUS.

Then hark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew;
While the season invites, and all its delights,
The health-giving chase to pursue.

How charming the sight when Aurora first dawns,
To see the swift beagles spread over the lawns;
To welcome the sun now returning from rest,
Their mattins they chant, as they merrily quest.
Then hark, &c.

But

But oh! how each bosom with transport it fills,
To start, just as Phœbus peeps over the hills;
While joyous, from valley to valley resounds,
The shout of the hunter, and cry of the hounds.

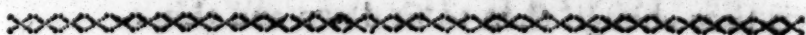
Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd-gate:
Borne by their bold coursers, no dangers they fear,
And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace, quit the joys of the town,
And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in down;
Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth,
Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.

Then hark, &c.



The DRUNKARD.

THE man that is drunk is void of all care,
He needs neither Parthian quiver or spear;
The Moor's poison'd dart he scorns e'er to wield,
His bottle alone is his weapon and shield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
Demolishes windows, and breaks open doors;
He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
And boldly defies both doctor and devil.

As late I rode out with my skin full of wine,
Incumbered neither with care nor with coin,
I boldly confronted a horrible dun;
Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.

No

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No monster could put you to half so much fear,
Should he in Apulia's forest appear:
In Africa's desert there never was seen
A monster so hated by Gods and by men.

Come, place me, ye deities, under the line,
Where grows not a tree nor a plant, but the vine;
O'er hot burning sands I'll swelter and sweat,
Barefooted, with nothing to keep off the heat.

Or, place me where sunshine is ne'er to be found,
Where the earth is with winter eternally bound;
Ev'n there I would nought but my bottle require,
My bottle should warm me, and fill me with fire.

My tutor may job me, and lay me down rules,
Who mind them but wild philosophical fools!
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis time enough then to sit down and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought Aristotle an ass for his pain:
His sorrow he us'd in full bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the world was his own.

This world is a tavern, with liquor well stor'd,
And into it I came to be drunk as a lord;
My life is the reck'ning, which freely I pay,
And when I'm dead drunk, then I'll stagger away.

I LOVE YOU FOR THAT!

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
I met with young Phoebe who lives at the mill:
My heart leap'd for joy at so pleasing a sight,
For Phoebe, I vow, is my only delight.



I told her my love, and sat down by her side,
And swore the next morning I'd make her my bride:
In anger she said, Get out of my sight,
And go to your Phillis you met here last night.

Surpriz'd, I reply'd, Pray explain what you mean,
I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen,
Nor can I conceive what my Phoebe is at:
O can't you? she cry'd; well, I love you for that.

Say, did you not meet her last night on this spot?
O Colin, O Colin! you can't have forgot;
I heard the whole story this morning from Mat:
You still may deny it,—I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dear Phoebe, believe,
For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive:
You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
And sure, my dear charmer must hate him for that.

Come, come, then she cry'd, if you mean to be kind,
I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your mind.
Transported, I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat;
I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

~~~~~

The BALSAM of BACCHUS.

**Y**E lads of true spirit, pay courtship to claret,  
Releas'd from the trouble of thinking;  
A fool long ago said we nothing could know,—  
The fellow knew nothing of drinking.  
To pore over Plato, and practise with Cato,  
Dispassionate dunces might make us;  
But men now, more wise, self-denial despise,  
And live by the lessons of Bacchus.

Big.

Big-wig'd, in fine coach, see the doctor approach,  
 And solemnly up the stairs paces;  
 Gravely smell to his cane, apply finger to vein,  
 And count the repeats with grimaces:  
 As he holds pen in hand, life and death's at a stand,  
 A toss-up which party will take us;  
 Away with this cant, no prescription we want,  
 But the flourishing nostrums of Bacchus.

We jollily join in the practice of wine,  
 While misers amidst millions are pining;  
 While ladies are scorning, and lovers are mourning,  
 We laugh at wealth, wenching, and whining:  
 Drink, drink, now 'tis prime, tois a bottle to Time,  
 He'll not make such haste to o'ertake us;  
 His threats we prevent, and his cracks we cement,  
 To the styptic Balsam of Bacchus.

What work here is made, by the news-paper trade,  
 Of this man and t'other man's station!  
 The Ins are all bad, and the Outs are all mad,  
 In and out is the cry of the nation:  
 The politic patter which both parties chatter,  
 From bump'ring freely shan't shake us;  
 With half-pints in hand, independent we'll stand,  
 To defend Magna Charta of Bacchus.

Be your motion well tim'd, you're recharged and prim'd,  
 Have a care!—right and left, and make steady!  
 Right-hand to glass join—at lips rest the wine—  
 But be in your exercise steady.  
 Our levels we boast, when our women we toast,  
 May graciously they undertake us;  
 No more we desire,—so drink and give fire,  
 And volley to Beauty and Bacchus.

The FELLOW SERVANTS.

**C**OME here, fellow-servants, and listen to me,  
I'll shew you how those of superior degree  
Are only dependants,—no better than we.

Both high and low in this agree,  
'Tis here fellow-servant, and there fellow-servant,  
We are all in a livery.

See yonder fine spark in embroidery dress,  
Who bows to the great, and if they smile is blest,  
What is he, i'faith, but a servant at best?

Both high and low, &c.

Nature made all alike,—no distinction she craves,  
Yet we laugh at the world, its fools and its knaves,  
For we are all servants, but they are all slaves.

Both high and low, &c.

The fat shining glutton looks up to the shelf,  
The wrinkled lean miser looks down to his pelf,  
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.

Both high and low, &c.

The gay sprightly belle who the whole town alarms,  
And with eyes, neck, and lips, sets the smarts all  
in arms,

She's a slave to herself, a mere drudge to her charms.

Both high and low, &c.

Then we'll drink like our betters,—we'll laugh, sing,  
and love,

And when sick of one place to another we'll move;  
For with little and great the best joy is to rove.

Both high and low, &c.



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### The OBSTINATE DAUGHTER.

**I**F a daughter you have, she's the plague of your  
life, [wife!  
No peace shall you know, tho' you've bury'd your  
At twenty she mocks at the duty you've taught her:  
O what a plague is an obstinate daughter!  
Sighing and whining,  
Dying and pining!  
O what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

When scarce in their teens, they have wit to perplex us,  
With letters and lovers for ever they vex us;  
While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought her;  
O what a plague is an obstinate daughter!  
Wrangling and jangling,  
Flouting and pouting!  
O what a plague is an obstinate daughter!

~~~~~

The A P O L O G Y.

I'M sorry, dear brethren, I'm forc'd to comply,
To sing—you might as well have bid me to fly;
'Tis true I've a voice, so has the town-cryer,
If I say mine's a better, I'm sure I'm a liar.

However, to please ye, altho' I be hoarse,
If you'll take it, like marriage, for better for worse.
Now you've heard—nay you've heard the best I can
do,
And I'm sure you're convinc'd what I told you was

The

The TOPER's WISH.

O Greedy Midas, I've been told,
That what you touch you turn to gold;
O had I but a pow'r like thine!
I'd turn whate'er I touch to wine.

Each purling stream should feel my force,
Each fish my fatal power mourn;
And wond'ring at the mighty change,
Should in their native regions burn.

Nor should there any dare t' approach
Unto my mantling sparkling vine,
But first should pay their rites to me,
And stile me only God of Wine.

The TEMPEST.

CEASE, rude Borcas, blust'ring railer,
Lift' ye landmen all to me;
Mets-mates, hear a brother sailer,
Sing the dangers of the sea.
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
When the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail sheets and hallyards stand;
Down top-gallants, quick, be hawling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The lee top-sail sheets let go;
Looff, boys, looff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

206 The POLITE SINGER.

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms.
Around us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fears our minds enthrall:
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain's call:

The topfail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Tho' the weather shou'd be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get.
Reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up, each preventure brace set,
Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
Peals on peals contending clash!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue light'nings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above but one black sky!
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us:
Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?

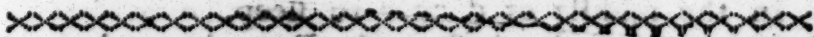
The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck;
A leak beneath the chestree's sprung out!
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, the laniards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
Four feet water's in the hold!

While

While o'er the ship the wild waves beating,
 We for wives and children mourn;
 Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas! to them there's no return!
 Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain pumps are choak'd below;
 Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
 Only HE can save us now.

On the lee-beam is the land, boys,
 Let the guns o'er-board be thrown;
 To the pumps come; ev'ry hand, boys,
 See! her mizen-mast is gone.
 The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
 We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
 Then up, and rig a jury foremast,
 She's tight, she's tight, boys, wear off shore.

Now, once more, on joys we're thinking,
 Since kind Fortune fav'd our lives;
 Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
 To our sweethearts, and our wives:
 Fill it up,—about ship wheel it;
 Close to lips the brimmer join.
 Where's the tempest now?—who feels it?
 None;—our danger's drown'd in wine.



The BRUTES.

COME cease all your pother about this or that,
 All discord and envy let pass;
 The Tatler who talks of he cannot tell what,
 May justly be reckon'd an Afs, an Afs,
 May justly be reckon'd an Afs.

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The beau who befrizzes and tortures his hair,
To heighten his delicate shape,
(While ever grimace is the end of his care)
Deserves to be reckon'd an Ape.

The cynical Churl who would fain be thought wise,
And doth constantly cavil and growl,
(Tho' this may be wisdom in some people's eyes)
Deserves to be reckon'd an Owl.

The Glutton, who, greedy, for ever would stuff
On all the fine dishes in vogue,
Who never content, would have more than enough,
Deserves to be reckon'd a Hog.

The Clown who tho' clumsy, wou'd active be thought,
Or wond'rous clever appear,
As the fable can shew,—put him into a boat,
And he'll prove nothing else but a Bear.

The Merchant who ventures o'er Afric' to roam,
In hazardous search after luck,—
Ne'er knows that his lady hath gallants at home,
Who dub the poor cuckold a Buck.

The innocent Fool, who believes he's secure,
In the middle of danger to sleep,
Who dreads no deceit from the Foxes in pow'r,
Deserves to be reckon'd a Sheep.

The Gossip brim-full of an ill-natur'd tale,
Runs over with aukward abuse;
Whilst this cackling humour doth ever prevail,
She deserves to be reckon'd a Goose.

The Rogue who, in plund'ring and filching replete,
Th' unwary draws into a gulf,
Who lives but to murder, to rob, and to cheat,
May justly be reckon'd a Wolf.

But he whom good sense and good nature inspire,
To do all the good that he can ;
While justice and virtue are all his desire,
May justly be reckon'd a Man, a Man,
May justly be reckon'd a Man.



The LASS with a LUMP of LAND.

G IVE me a lass with a lump of land,
And we for life shall gang the gither,
Though daft or wise I'll ne'er demand,
Or black or fair it maksna whether.
I'm aff wi' wit, and beauty will fade,
And bloom alane is na worth a shilling ;
But she that's rich, her market's made,
For ilka charm about her is killing.

Gi'e me a lass with a lump of land,
And in my bosom I'll hug my treasure ;
Gin I had ayes her gear in my hand,
Should love turn douff, it will find pleasure.
Laugh on wha likes, but there's my hand,
I hate with poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
Unless they bring cash, or a lump of land,
Theyse never get me to dance to their fiddle.

There's meikle good love in bands and bags,
And filler and gowd's a sweet complexion ;
But beauty, and wit, and virtue in rags,
Have tint the art of gaining affection :

210 The POLITE SINGER.

Love tips his arrows with woods and parks,
And castles, and rigs, and muirs, and meadows,
And naithing can catch our modern sparks,
But well-tocher'd lasses, or jointur'd widows.

CELIA's PRAYER.

WHAT sadness reigns over the plain,
How droop the sweet flowers around !
How pensive each nymph and each swain,
How silent each musical sound !
No more the soft lute in the bow'rs
Beguiles the cool ev'ning away ;
Sad sighs measure out the long hours,
Since Damon is wander'd away.

'Twas he was our village's pride,
(This change from his absence is seen)
'Twas he that our music supply'd,
When gaily we danc'd on the green :
At shearing, at wake, and at fair,
How jovial and frolic were we !
But now every feast in the year
Is joyless as joyless can be.

For now to America's land
He's gone, from those innocent plains,
Where nothing but slaughter and blood
Can be the reward of his pains ;
But those who betray'd him to go,
I wish they may fall for the same ;
They've made him a soldier, you know,
But us they have robb'd of a swain.

Oh !

THE POLITE SINGER. 211

Oh! why did he wander from home,
To mix among hostile alarms?
No justice oblig'd him to roam,
Or take up those terrible arms:
Let those who are cruel and rough,
Regardless of life and of limb,
The country has soldiers enough,
Nor need of one gentle like him.

Where'er the adventurer goes,
On land, or the dangerous main,
Kind heav'n protect him from woes,
And give him to Celia again:
O give him to Celia again!
My true-love in safety restore,
I'll cease on his breast to complain,
From my arms he shall wander no more.

Kind Heaven, bring things to an end,
And peace to Great-Britain restore;
With America join hand in hand,
And then I shall languish no more:
Then husbands will come to their wives,
And children their fathers will gain;
'Twill save many thousands of lives,
And I will enjoy my dear swain.

The OLD ENGLISH ROAST BEEF.

WHEN mighty roast-beef was the English-
man's food,
It ennobled our veins, and enriched our blood,
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were
good:

O the roast-beef of Old England!
And O the old English roast-beef!

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But since we have learnt from all-conquering France,
To eat their ragouts, as well as to dance,
We're fed up with nothing—but vain complaisance :
O the roast-beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
And kept open house with good cheer all day long ;
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song,
O the roast-beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name ?
A sneaking poor race, half-begotten and tame,
Who sully those honours that once shone in fame :
O the roast-beef, &c.

When good queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
'Ere coffee or tea, or such flip-flops were known,
The world was in terror, if e'er she did frown :
O the roast-beef, &c.

In those days, if fleets did presume on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back again ;
As witness, the vaunting armada of Spain.
O the roast-beef, &c.

Oh! then they had stomachs to eat and to fight,
And, when wrongs were a-cooking, to do them-
selves right ;
But now we're a pack of—I could—but good-night :
O the roast-beef of Old England!
And O the old English roast-beef!

HO-

HOLIDAY GOWN.

IN my holiday gown, and my new-fangled hat,
Last Monday I tript to the fair;
I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
Brisk Roger I guess'd would be there:
He woos me to marry, whenever we meet,
There's honey sure dwells on his tongue!
He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy,
(The vixen would fain be his bride)
Some token she claim'd, either ribbon or toy,
And swore that she'd not be deny'd:
A top-knot he bought her, and garters of green,
Pert Susan was cruelly stung;
I hate her so much, that to kill her with spleen,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in mine ear,
He flatter'd, he promis'd, and swore!
Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and geer,
That trust me,—my pockets ran o'er:
Some ballads he bought me, the best he could find,
And sweetly their burthen he sung;
Good faith, he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire,
(Our cottage was distant a mile)
I rose to be gone—Roger how'd like a squire,
And handed me over the stile:

214 The POLITE SINGER.

His arms he threw round me—love laugh'd in his
eye,

He led me the meadows among;
There press'd me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
To wed—for I was not too young.



A BACCHANALIAN SONG: By I. W. K.

Tune: Auld Sir Simon the King.

COME here's to the nymph that I love!

Away, ye vain sorrows, away:
Far, far from me, sorrows, begone,
All here shall be pleasant and gay.

Far hence be the sad and the penfive,
Come fill up the glasses around;
We'll drink till our faces be ruddy,
And all our vain sorrows are drown'd.

'Tis done, and my fancy's exulting,
With every gay blooming desert;
My blood with brisk ardour is glowing,
Soft pleasures my bosom inspire,
My soul now to love is dissolving,
O Fate! had I here my fair charmer,
I'd clasp her,—I'd clasp her so eager,
Of all her disdain I'd disarm her.

But hold,—what has Love to do here,
With his troop of vain cares in array?
Avaunt,—idle, penfive intruder;
He triumphs,—he will not away.

I'll drown him,—come, give me a bumper;
Young Cupid, here's to thy confusion:
Now, now he's departing, he's vanquish'd,—
Adieu to his anxious delusion.

Come, jolly God, Bacchus, here's to thee;
Huzza, boys—huzza, boys, huzza!
Sing lo—sing lo to Bacchus!
Hence all ye dull thinkers, withdraw.

Come, what should we do but be jovial?
Come tune up your voices and sing;
What soul is so dull to be heavy,
When wine sets our fancies on wing?

Come, Pegasus lies in this bottle,
He'll mount us, he'll mount us on high;
Each of us a gallant young Perseus,
Sublime, we'll ascend to the sky.

Come mount, or adieu;—I arise,
In seas of wide æther I'm drown'd;
The clouds far beneath me are sailing,
I see the spheres whirling around.

What darkness, what rattling is this?
Thro' Chaos' dark regions I'm hurl'd,
And now,—O my head it is knock'd
Upon some confounded new world.

Now, now these dark shades are retiring,
See yonder bright blazes a star;
Where am I!—behold the Empyreum,
With flaming light streaming from far.

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The INFALLIBLE BEAUTY.

IN the days of my youth, I was sensibly crazy,
I courted a lass that was willing but lazy;
Her teeth were as white—as a bog in November,
Her eyes were as black—as the snow in December.

Sing Larry hi ho! she's a sweet lovely creature,
The devil himself would be frighten'd to meet her.

Her neck is as smooth as the side of a griddle,
And sweet with her wrist she can play the Scotch
fiddle:

The shape of her legs is like two stacks of corn, fir,
Her teeth are as clear as a sow-gelder's horn, fir.

Sing Larry hi ho, &c.

Her eyes, I believe, are the eyes of a goat, fir,
And as for her mouth, it might be a ship's boat, fir;
No more than a tyger she eats at her victual,
And drinks no more flush than a grampus would
pickle.

Sing Larry hi ho, &c.

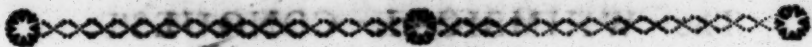
Whenever this maid has a mind to be lac'd, fir,
Her middle's as small as a gow in the waist, fir;
You'd glory to hear the jade sing in her pleasure,
As sweet as—an afs at the change of the weather.

Sing Larry hi ho, &c.

Now having once more shut my eyes to behold her,
Not speaking a word, my whole mind I have told her;
My dear I love you—as a thief loves a halter,
If you will consent your condition to alter.

Sing Larry hi ho, &c.





The B I R D.

THE bird, that hears her nestlings cry,
 And flies abroad for food,
 Returns impatient through the sky,
 To nurse the callow brood.
 The tender mother knows no joy,
 But bodes a thousand harms,
 And sickens for the darling boy,
 While absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd,
 My faithful bosom fires;
 Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
 The queen of my desires.
 The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
 All similes are vain,
 To shew how ardently I love,
 Or to relieve my pain.

The saint, with fervent zeal inspir'd
 For heav'n and joys divine,
 The saint is not with rapture fir'd,
 More pure, more warm than mine.
 I take what liberty I dare,
 'Twere impious to say more;
 Convey my longings to the fair,
 The goddess I adore.

The WHIMSICAL CONQUEST.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me;
 And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
 The pleasing plague stole on me.
 'Tis not her face that love creates,
 For there no graces revel;
 'Tis not her shape, for there the Fates
 Have rather been uncivil.
 'Tis not her air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common;
 'Tis not her sense, for that's but chat,
 Like any other woman.
 • Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm,
 'Tis both perhaps,—or neither;
 In short, 'tis that provoking charm
 Of Celia all together.

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU!

Tune: The Glancing of her Apron.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
 The live-lang summer-day,
 'Till we, amais't, were spoil'd,
 At making of the hay:
 Her curchy was of Holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bonny brow,
 I whisper'd something in her ear;
 But what's that to you?

Her

Her stockings were of kersey green,
 As tight as ony silk;
 O sic a leg was never seen,
 Her skin was white as milk;
 Her hair was black as aye could wish,
 And sweet, sweet was her mon;
 Oh! Jeany daintily can kiss,
 But what's that to you?

The rose and lily haith combine,
 To make my Jeany fair,
 There is nae benison like mine,
 I have amaisht nae care;
 Only I fear my Jeany's face
 May cause mae men to rue,
 And that may gar me say, Alas!
 But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties,—if thou can,
 Hide that sweet face of thine,
 That I may only be the man,
 Enjoys these looks divine:
 O do not prostitute, my dear,
 Wonders to common view,
 And I with faithful heart shall swear,
 For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enow,
 And mony a concubine;
 But I enjoy a bliss mair true,
 His joys were short of mine;
 And Jeany's happier than they,
 She seldom wants her due;
 All debts of love to her I pay,
 And what's that to you?

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HARVEST HOME.

COME Roger and Nell, come Simkin and Bell,
Each lad with his lass hither come;
With singing and dancing, in pleasure advancing,
To celebrate harvest home.

'Tis Ceres bids play, to keep holiday,
To celebrate harvest home, harvest home,
To celebrate harvest home.

Our labour is o'er, our barns, in full store,
Now swell with rich gifts of the land;
Let each man then take, for his prong and his rake,
His cann and his lass in his hand.

For Ceres, &c.

No courtier can be so happy as we,
In innocence, pastime, and mirth;
While thus we carouse with our sweetheart or spouse,
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.

When Ceres, &c.

JACK TAR'S SONG.

COME, bustle, bustle, drink about,
And let us merry be;
Our cahn is full, we'll pump it out,
And then all hands to sea.
And a-sailing we will go.

Fine Miss at dancing-school is taught,
The mannet to tread;
But we go better when we've brought
The fore-tack to cat-head.

The

The jockey's call'd to horse, to horse !
And swiftly rides the race ;
But swifter far we shape our course,
When we are giving chace.

When horns and shouts the forest rend,
His pack the huntsman cheers ;
As loud we hollow when we send
A broadside to Mounseers.

The What's-their names, at uproar squall,
With music fine and soft ;
But better sounds our boatswain's call,
All hands, all hands aloft !

With gold and silver streamers fine,
The ladies rigging shew ;
But English ships more grander shine,
When prizes home we tow.

What's got at sea we spend on shore,
With sweethearts or our wives ;
And then, my boys, hoist sail for more,
Thus pass the sailors' lives.

And a-sailing we will go.



FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

GIN ye meet a bonny lass,
Gie her a kiss, and let her gae ;
But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' strae.
Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafold o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blithe and heartsome time ;
 Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
 Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
 Before it wither and decay.
 Watch the fast minutes of delight,
 When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
 And kisses, laying 'a' the wyte
 On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill-bred, she'll smiling say,
 Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook,
 Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
 And hide hersel' in some dark nook:
 Her laugh will lead you to the place
 Where lyes the happiness ye want,
 And plainly tell you to your face,
 "Nineteen nay-says are half a grant."

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a kiss ;
 Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
 As taiken of a future bliss.
 These bennifons, I'm very sure,
 Are of the Gods indulgent grant ;
 Then, furly carles, whish't, forbear
 To plague us wi' your whining cant.

STELLA and FLAVIA.

STELLA and Flavia, every hour,
 Do various hearts surprize ;
 In Stella's soul lies all her power,
 And Flavia's in her eyes.

More *

More boundless Flavia's conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd:
All can discern a face that's fair,
But few a lovely mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch, reigns
O'er cultivated lands;
Like eastern tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren sands.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy face,
Thy beauty's only store:
Thy charms will every day decrease,
Each day gives Stella more.

MUTUAL LOVE.

From the Farce of EASTER MONDAY,
(Written by a Young GENTLEMAN of Newcastle)

Tune: O Betsey wilt thou gang with me.

JOCKEY.

O Jenny, wilt thou now comply,
To dissipate my racking pain;
The matrimonial noose to tie,
The joyous yoke and pleasant chain.
For thou, the pride of all thy sex,
My youthful bosom first didst move;
Delight not then my soul to vex,
But own a flame of mutual love.

JEN-

JENNY.

O Jockey, here I willing stand,
 Conforming to thy kind request,
 To make a tender of my hand,
 And own the passion in my breast:
 But when thy wishes do prevail,
 I fear thou wilt inconstant prove;
 Forget thy Jane, and quickly sail
 From her who burns with mutual love.

JOCKEY.

O Jenny, I must far away,
 To plow the dashing, foaming waves;
 My bleeding country chides my stay,
 My royal king stern vengeance craves.
 But when amidst war's dread alarms,
 Where thunders roar and slaughters rove,
 I'll think upon the beauteous charms
 Of her who burns with mutual love.

JENNY.

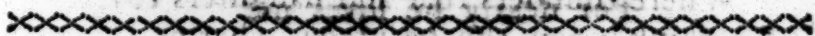
O Jockey, when the foaming sea,
 And dangerous foes shall thee surround,
 What gnawing cares will torture me,
 What torments in my breast be found.
 But hope shall bid me cease to mourn,
 That constancy thy wishes move;
 That crown'd with honour thou'll return,
 To her who burns with mutual love.

The

The S W E E P. — From the same.

SWEEP, sweep, for an Easter-Monday,
Sweep, sweep, and now I have one;
Yesterday was an Easter-Sunday,
Once I had it; but now 'tis gone.
Sweep, sweep, with my brush, I go trudging,
Sweep here, and every where;
For a scanty substance trudging,
Throughout the quick revolving year.

Sweep, sweep, is all my trouble,
Sweep, sweep, thro' the world I go;
'Tis acknowledg'd the world's a bubble,
In high life, as well as the low.
Sweep, goes my Lord, with all his gentry,
Sweep, goes my Lady and her train;
Whilst at their door old Gate stands centry,
Whispering sternly,—wealth is vain.



FM NOT IN THE MIND.

YOUNG Strephon address'd me politely one day,
And warmly desir'd I'd be kind;
I filily blush'd,—and had nothing to say,
But—Sir, I'm not in the mind.

Well, not quite discourag'd, he rally'd once more,
And hop'd a better wage to find;
He vow'd he'd be constant, and fight, and adore,
But then,—I was not in the mind.

The man having courage, assaulted again,
And begg'd I'd be better inclin'd;
I wonder, says he, at those impudent men,
I tell you,—I'm not in the mind.

There's

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There's fate in odd numbers, as gipsies report,
By fatal experience I find;
The youth went to seek him a mistress at court,
And soon found a girl in the mind.

How can I recal him, alas! 'tis in vain,
To ev'ry kind look he'll be blind;
Ye virgins, be wiso, nor when too late complain,
But take the good man in the mind.

BLITHE SANDY.

MY Sandy is the sweetest swain,
That ever pip'd on Taw;
He tends his sheep on verdant plain,
And cheers me all the day.
For oh! he is so blithe a lad,
A blither canna' be;
Whene'er he's nigh my heart is glad,
For dearly he loves me.

As on a mossy bank we sat,
Beneath a fragrant shade,
The youth he charm'd me with his chat,
And on his bagpipe play'd.
For oh! he is, &c.

He calls me his dear life and care,
And his own Moggy too;
He vows by all that's good and fair,
To me he will prove true.
For oh! he is, &c.

So I will prize my lovely swain,
And yield to be his wife;
Then bid adieu to care and pain,
And so be bless'd for life.
For oh! he is, &c.

THE CHANGE.

NIGHT and day the anxious lover
Is attentive to the fair,
Till the doubtful courtship's over,—
Is she then so much his care?

When like summer his addresses,
Hope and ardour in his eyes;
Cool as winter his caresses,
When she yields his captive prize.

Now the owner of her beauty
Sees no more an angel face;
Half is love,—the rest is duty,
Pleasure sure is in the chase!

HOPE.—*From Love in a Village.*

HOPE! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy;
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Temp'rate sweet that ne'er can cloy:

Hope! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind;
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find:

Kind deceiver, flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossess;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

228 The POLITE SINGER.

The CALLICO PRINTER.

COME, come to my aid, all ye lads of the trade,
Volunteers in one cause let us enter;
Sit round in a ring, join chorus and sing
In praise of a Callico Printer.

Tho' custom and law have shackled us so,
And bound us all fast by indenture;
Yet still we are free, while e'er we agree,
In the customs and laws of a Printer.

O'er hazardous seas, let those go that please,
At once life and property venture;
But ne'er will we roam;—long flourish at home,
The trade of a Callico Printer.

When censur'd as rude, by Miss Haughty, the prude,
In reason we ought to acquaint her,
That life would ill vex the pride of her sex,
Without e'er a Callico Printer.

But the sensible fair, with us will declare,
That Nature's no regular painter;
That nothing like art can finish each part
By the hands of a Callico Printer.

When a bluff roving blade surveys a fair maid,
Drest out in the charms we have lent her,
Enraptur'd he cries, (shot in at the eyes)
Ah! curse on the Callico Printer.

May commerce then smile on her favourite isle,
And let Fame with the voice of a stentor,
To North and to South, from her forty-tongu'd
mouth,
Proclaim the great deeds of the Printer.

The

The COUNTRY PARSON.

I Am a Country Parson,
And love a quiet life;
I therefore take my tithe in kind,
And shun all care and strife.
And a-tithing we will go.

With haughty sneers and learned scraps,
I keep the pest in awe;
And mould my parish to my will,
Without the plagues of law.

For those who to their pastor's care
Their consciences resign,
I quiet all their foolish fear,
And preach up right divine.

For right divine was once rever'd
By city and by court;
E'en honest harlots own'd its claims,
And paid their tithe of sport.

Some girls to composition,
To modus some inclin'd;
Some, as a surer bond of peace,
Would pay their tithe in kind.

But courtiers, cits, and harlots now,
Have left us in the lurch;
And country clowns are wiser grown,
And fain would bilk the church.

But thanks to good old Popish laws,
Which Englishmen controul;
We'll make them pay, but never pray
To save the donor's soul.

230 The POLITE SINGER.

We'll make them build their churches too,
And all their poor maintain ;
For tho' the tithe for this was given,
'Tis now the parson's gain.

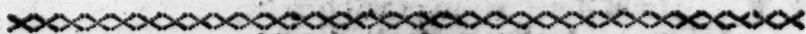
Of farmers' toils, and cares, and costs,
Some make a mighty fuss ;
If they may lose, we're sure to gain,
And what are they to us ?

Their boasted law of liberty
We make a nose of wax ;
We scourge the farmers round their fields,
And mount our patrons' backs.

E'en patriot-lords and patriot-squires,
Who swagger and look big,
Whene'er their sow is in the straw,
Submit, and send their pig.

Their lofty souls, for England's good,
Defy a monarch's frown ;
Yet crouch to laws that wisely set
The church above the crown.

God bless the King and Parliament,
Whose wisdom's so refin'd ;
They drive all slavery from the land,
And leave the tithes behind.



The DOUBTFUL LOVER.

Tune : Gramachree.

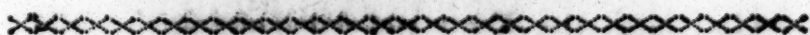
SAY, must I wing my distant flight,
And quit this fertile shore ?
Must I forsake my sole delight,
And never see her more ?

Ah!

Ah! rather let me here remain,
To doubt and fear a slave,
Than drag a hopelefs, length'ning chain
Beyond th' Atlantic wave!

Unless to me the splendid ore,
Or all that power can give;
Unless the maid whom I adore
With me would deign to live:
Unless with me she'd condescend
To tread the maze of life,—
My kind companion!—dearest friend!
My mistress and my wife!

If sordid int'rest warp my mind,
Or any thought but love!
May fickle Fortune ne'er be kind,
Nor Heav'n my suit approve!
But if my heart, by truth possest,
Her charms alone revere,
May gentle Pity fill her breast,
And Hope my bosom cheer!



WIT, WOMAN, and WINE.

WHEN Jove first resolv'd to create the round
earth,
He subpoena'd the virtues divine;
Young Bacchus he sat *presidentem* of mirth,
And the toast was—wit, woman, and wine.

The sentiment tick'd the ear of each God,
Apollo he wink'd to the Nine:
And Venus gave Mars too a sly wanton nod,
When she drank to wit, woman, and wine.

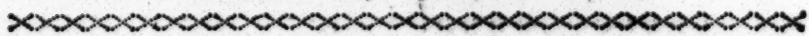
232 The POLITE SINGER.

Old Jove shook his fides, and the cup put around,
While Juno for once look'd divine :
These blessings, says he, on earth shall abound,
And the toast is—wit, woman, and wine.

These are joys worthy Gods, which to mortals are
giv'n,
Says Momus,—and all will repine ;
For what's worth our notice, pray tell me, in heav'n,
If men have wit, woman, and wine ?

This joke you'll repent, I'll lay fifty to seven,
Such attractions no power can decline ;
Old Jove, by yourself you'll soon keep house in heav'n,
For we'll follow wit, woman, and wine.

Thou'rt right, says the God, let us hence to the
earth,
Gods and men think variety fine ;
Who'd stay in the clouds, when good-nature and
mirth,
Are below with wit, woman, and wine.



TO CLARINDA.

Tune : I wish my love were in a mire.

“BLESS'D as th' immortal Gods is he,
“The youth who fondly sits by thee,
“And hears and sees thee all the while
“Softly speak, and sweetly smile.”
So spoke and smil'd the eastern maid ;
Like thine, seraphic were her charms,
That in Circassia's vineyards stray'd,
And bless'd the wisest monarch's arms.

A thousand fair of high desert,
 Strave to inchant the amorous king ;
 But the Circassian gain'd his heart,
 And taught the royal bard to sing.
 Clarinda thus our sang inspires,
 And claims the smooth and highest lays ;
 But while each charm our bosom fires,
 Words seem too few to sound her praise.

Her mind in every grace complete,
 To paint surpasses human skill ;
 Her majesty, mix'd with the sweet,
 Let seraphs sing her, if they will.
 Whilst wond'ring with a ravish'd eye,
 We all that's perfect in her view,
 Viewing a sister of the sky,
 To whom an adoration's due.

JOHN of BADENYON.

By the Author of Tullochgorum.

WHEN first I came to be a man
 Of twenty years or so,
 I thought myself a handsome youth,
 And fain the world would know :
 In best attire I stept abroad,
 With spirits brisk and gay,
 And here, and there, and every where,
 Was like a morn in May.
 No care I had, nor fear of want,
 But rambled up and down ;
 And for a Beau I might have pass'd
 In country or in town :

234 The POLITE SINGER.

I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
 And when I was alone,
 I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
 With John of Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
 A mistress I must find;
 For love, they say, gives one an air,
 And ev'n improves the mind:
 On Phillis fair, above the rest,
 Kind Fortune fix'd my eyes,
 Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
 And she became my choice:
 To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r,
 I offer'd many a vow,
 And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
 As other lovers do:
 But when at last I breath'd my flame,
 I found her cold as stone;
 I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
 To John of Badenyon.

When Love had thus my heart beguil'd,
 With foolish hopes and vain,
 To Friendship's port I steer'd my course,
 And laugh'd at lovers' pain;
 A friend I got, by lucky chance,
 'Twas something like divine;
 An honest friend's a precious gift,
 And such a gift was mine:
 And now, whatever might betide,
 A happy man was I,—
 In any strait I knew to whom
 I freely might apply;
 A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,
 He laugh'd and spurn'd my moan;

The POLITE SINGER. 235

I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.

I thought I should be wiser next,
And would a patriot turn;
Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
And cry up Parson Horne;
Their noble spirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their manly zeal,
Who had, with flaming tongue and pen,
Maintain'd the public weal;
But 'ere a month or two was past,
I found myself betray'd;
'Twas Self and Party after all,
For all the stir they made.
At last I saw these factious knaves
Insult the very throne;
I curs'd them all, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do, I mus'd a while,
Still hoping to succeed,
I pitch'd on books for company
And gravely try'd to read:
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
And study'd night and day;
Nor miss'd what Dean or Doctor wrote,
That happen'd in my way;
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully, thro' many a page,
I hunted after truth;
A thousand various schemes I try'd,
And yet was pleas'd with none;
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

And

236 The POLITE SINGER.

And now, ye youngsters ev'ry where,
 Who want to make a show,
 Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
 For happiness below;
 What you may fancy pleasure here,
 Is but an empty name;
 For girls, and friends, and books, and so,
 You'll find them all the same.
 Then be advis'd, and warning take,
 From such a man as me,
 I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
 Nor one of high degree,
 You'll find displeasure ev'ry where:
 Then do as I have done,
 E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
 With John of Badenyon.



NO! INDEED, NOT I!

A Favourite New SONG, sung by Mrs Wrighten,
 at VAUXHALL.

WHEN May-day buds on fields were green,
 And flow'rets deck'd the ground;
 When my last birth-day told eighteen,
 And time came smiling round,
 Young Jockey met me here and there,
 With kiss, and song, and smile;
 At mill or meadow, wake and fair,
 And at the milking-stile.
 By chance as 'twere, at night or noon,
 To find him I would try;
 Yet if he ask'd the smallest boon,
 'Twas—"No, indeed, not I!"

Poor Jockey, urg'd to be so teaz'd,
 Resolv'd my love to prove;
 No more the struggling kifs he seiz'd,
 Nor fought me in the grove:
 He toy'd with Jenny of the Green,
 He gave her kisses three:
 By Bridget of the Brook 'twas seen,
 'Twas Bridget told it me.
 They fleer'd, and call'd me fusty maid,
 Who now alone might lie;
 I, pettish, flounc'd away, and said,—
 "Pshaw! No, indeed, not I!"

At length, he ask'd of me to wed,
 With many a tender vow;
 I smil'd, I simper'd,—hung my head,
 And look'd—I can't tell how:
 I wish'd, and fear'd—I can't tell what;
 I blush'd. He begg'd and sigh'd;
 Then pressing, said, "You'll surely not
 Refuse to be my bride;"
 Lord bless me! how could I refrain?
 'Twere sinful too to lie;
 So, when he ask'd me that again,
 'Twas—"No! indeed, not I!"



SONG:—Addressed to Miss E— M—.

By I. M. of Kendal.

SWEET E. M, forbear to chide!
 Alas! I can no longer hide
 What long my heart would have disclos'd,
 Had modest fear not interpos'd.

When—

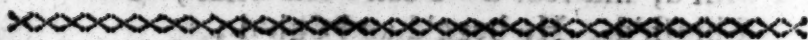
238 The POLITE SINGER.

Whene'er I view thy heavenly face,
My wand'ring eyes new beauty trace;
My gladd'ning soul with rapture burns,
And love to adoration turns.

Thy ever-blooming cheeks disclose
The lily blended with the rose;
And Cupid wantons, while he sips
The flowing fragrance on thy lips.

Those ringlets that so neatly deck
Thy comely face and graceful neck;
With those proportion'd limbs combine
To form the fair-one all divine.

Who can resist thy matchless charms?
O take and clasp me in those arms!
Regale me on thy spicy breast,
And lull my ravish'd soul to rest!



The COURTSHIP.

Tune: Moderation and Alteration.

I'LL sing you a song of a modern date,
Concerning a damsel who had a good estate;
Rich, young, and beautiful, whose name it was Kate;
She was mightily teaz'd with admirers of late.

Admiration! Admiration!

O the wonderful admiration!

The first was a Beau, much resembling an ape,
That had broken its chain, and made its escape;
He came into her presence with many a scrape,
Cock sure of the maid from his delicate shape.

Affectation, &c.

The next was a Sot, who came staggering drunk,
Just as he had quitted his bottle and punk;

The POLITE SINGER. 239

But his half-rotten carcase so dev'lishly stunk,
That his hopes were all blasted, and projects were
funk. Intoxication, &c.

The next was a Youth with a sorrowful air,
Who had fallen a victim to love and despair ;
He'd not the least prospect of gaining the fair,
So just came to die, and to end all his care.
Desperation, &c.

A Bully came next, with a glove in his hat,
A string of new oaths he had learnt quite pat ;
He brag'd of his courage with impudent chat,
But to tell you the truth, he'd have started at that.*
Elevation, &c.

Then in came a Quaker, friend Elijah Prim,
Hid under the shade of a thirteen inch brim ;
Whatever he did, 'twas the spirit mov'd him,
But I'm sure he had none, for he mov'd not a limb.
Inspiration, &c.

A Rake, who had been of her fortune appriz'd,
In a conjurer's habit his person disguis'd ;
Her fortune to tell was the scheme he devis'd ;
But his beard was pull'd off, and his cunning sur-
priz'd. Conjuratation, &c.

An Irish dear Shoy was the next that came in,
Tho' bare were his buttocks, yet rough was his chin,
A blundering story he strove to begin,
But Kate by such eloquence he could not win.
Botheration, &c.

At length a young Captain, directed by Fame,
Repair'd to the damsel, and put in a claim ;
His offers were ta'en and he carry'd the dame,
So if they're not happy, themselves are to blame.
Consummation, &c.

* *A snap of the fingers.*

240 The POLITE SINGER.

The H U M.

Tune : Ye medley of mortals.

THE sages of old, and the learn'd of this day,
About life, and so forth, have said and will say,
Yet in spite of their maxims, as things turn about,
Some hum themselves in, and some hum themselves
out.

Sing tantara-rara, a hum, a hum,
Sing tantara-rara, a hum.

This nation has often been humbug'd and hip'd,
We didn't sail steady, our helm was unshipp'd ;
But now to an end of our jars we are come,
And the French find our fighting's no longer a hum.

With passions and fashions, and this thing and that,
We would be, we should be,—but who can tell what ?
This world's a large hive, where to labour we're come,
But like bees, enjoy nothing, excepting our hum.

With ladies when Jemmys and Jessamys mix,
They talk and they walk just like things of no sex ;
Yet even these things sometimes husbands become ;
No, no, they're not husbands, for there lies the hum.

Some men all their youth will live single through
spite ;
But maggots of marriage old batchelors bite ;
Then they cunningly chuse their own servants—
but mum !

Instead of a maid,—they may meet with a hum.

We all in our turns meet with pleasures and pains,
To be hum'd and to hum, are our losses and gains ;
When bit we complain, but when biting we're mum,
And—but our bottle is out, boys,—and that's the
worst hum.

The

THE POLITE SINGER. 241

THE BRITISH OAK.

BEHOLD! my brave Britons, the fair-springing
gale,
Fill a bumper, and tofs off your glasses;
Buffs and part with your frolicksome lassies,
Then a-board and unfurl the wide-flowing sail.

CHORUS.

While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
To crown our toils, the Fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

Our canvas and cares to the winds we display,
Life and fortune we chearfully venture;
And we laugh, and we quaff, and we banter;
Nor think of to-morrow while sure of to-day.

Chorus. While British oak, &c.

The streamers of France at a distance appear!
We must mind other music than catches,
Man our quarters, and handle our matches;
Our cannon produce, and for battle prepare.

Chorus. While British oak, &c.

Engender'd in smoke and deliver'd in flame,
British vengeance rolls loud as the thunder!
Let the vault of the sky burst asunder,
So victory follows with riches and fame.

Chorus. While British oak beneath us rolls,
And English courage fires our souls;
'To crown our toils, the Fates decree
The wealth and empire of the sea.

242 The POLITE SINGER.

The GENERAL TOAST.

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
And here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty:
Let the toast pass,—drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden, whose dimples we prize,
And likewise to her that has none, Sir;
And here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
And here's to her that's but one, Sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom as snow,
And to her that is brown as a berry;
And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that's merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be neat,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
But fill the pint-bumper up to the brim,
And let us e'en toast them together.
Let the toast pass, &c.



SCORNFUL NANSY.

NANSY's to the green-wood gane,
To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring;
And Willie he has follow'd her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he could say or do,
She geck'd and scorned at him;
And ay when he began to woo,
She bid him mind wha gat him.

What

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
 My minny or my aunty?
 With crowdy-snowdy they fed me,
 Lang-kail and ranty-tanty:
 With bannocks of good barley-meal,
 Of thae there was right plenty;
 With chapped stocks fu' butter'd well,
 And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my father was nae laird,
 ('Tis daffin to be vaunty)
 He keepit ay a good kail-yard,
 A ha' house and a pantry:
 A good blew bonnet on his head,
 An ourlay 'bout his craggy;
 And ay until the day he dy'd,
 He rade on good thanks raggy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,
 Wad ye ha'e bonny Nanfy?
 Wad ye compare yoursell to me,
 A docken tull a tanfy?
 I have a wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple Sandy;
 And well I wat his bonny mou'
 Is sweet as fugar-candy.

Wow, Nanfy, what needs a' this din,
 Do I not ken this Sandy?
 I'm sure the chief of a' his kin
 Was Rob the beggar-randy:
 His minny Meg, upo' her back
 Bare baith him and his billy;
 Will ye compare a nasty pack
 To me, your winsome Willy?

244 The POLITE SINGER.

My gutcher leav'd a good braid sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak' it on my word,
 It is baith stout and trusty:
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasy,
 I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nanfy turn'd her round about,
 And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a clout,—
 I ken he disna fear ye:
 Sae had your tongue, and say nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy;
 For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
 Ye never shall get Nanfy.



CHEATING DISPLAYED.

Tune : There was a jovial Beggar.

BY sage philosophers of old
 We're told there was a stone,
 That all things turn'd to gold;—but gold
 To Cheats turns every one.

So a-cheating we will go, we'll go, we'll go;
 So a-cheating we will go.

The Merchant thinks the squire is triek'd,
 When on his goods he lays
 Too high a price,—but ah! he's nick'd;
 A squire but rarely pays.
 So a-cheating, &c.

The

The POLITE SINGER. 245

The Tradesman too, by art most nice,
Your furniture restores
To taste polite,—till in a trice
You're tasted out of doors.

The Lawyer, with a face demure,
Hangs him who steals your pelf;
Because the good man can endure
No robber but himself.

The Quack and Highwayman both kill,—
What difference can there be?
Save this with pistol,—that with pill,—
Your gold's the common plea.

The Soldier, bold in bloody fights,
Maintains his country's cause;
But, soon as things are set to rights,
He tramples on its laws.

The Governor, by liberal arts,
Rude Indians doth reduce;
But 'ere he half reforms their hearts,
He leaves them ne'er a fouse.

The Courtier, for his country dear,
His care doth ne'er relax;
But 'ere he long the helm doth steer,
He robs it by a tax.

The Patriot, with a flaming zeal,
Will swear his country's lost;
But, once let Fortune turn the wheel,
He'll sell it for a post.

246 The POLITE SINGER.

His Majesty's fair character
To touch, I would be loth;
Nor need I,—for his Minister
Can cheat enough for both.

The Husband cheats his loving wife,
And to a mistress goes;
While she again, to ease her life,
Carouses with the beaux.

The Tenant doth the steward nick,
(So low this art we find)
The Steward doth his lordship trick,
And he tricks all mankind.

One class there is, to whose fair lot,
No cheating art should fall;
They're Clergy call'd;—but when they do't,
They cheat us worst of all.

Thus all the world a-cheating goes,
For pleasure or for pelf;
But, in the end, experience shows,
The Cheater cheats himself.
So a cheating, &c.

JAMIE GAY.

AS Jamie gay gang'd blithe his way,
Along the river Tweed,
A bonny lass as ever was
Came tripping o'er the mead:
The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
The lovely nymph survey'd;
And full of glee as lad could be,
Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear

Dear lassie tell, why by thyself
 Thou lonely wand'rest here?
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide,
 Canst' tell me, laddy, where?
 To town I'll hie, he made reply,
 Some muckle sport to see;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim, so neat,
 I'll seek thy ewes with thee.

She gae'm her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
 Right merrily they went:
 The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
 And flowers bloom'd around;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 The zenith of his power,
 When to the shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour.
 The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
 The lass, who scorn'd to frown;
 She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
 And he to gang to town.



DAMON and CELIA.

AS Celia near a fountain lay,
 Her eye-lids clos'd with sleep;
 The shepherd Damon chanc'd that way
 To drive his flock of sheep.

With

248 The POLITE SINGER.

With awful step h' approach'd the fair,
To view her charming face,
Where ev'ry feature wore an air,
And ev'ry part a grace.

His heart inflam'd with am'rous pain,
He wish'd the nymph would wake,
Tho' ne'er before was any swain
So unprepar'd to speak.

While flumb'ring thus poor Celia lay,
Soft wishes fill'd her mind;
She cry'd, "Come, Thyrsis, come away,
For now I will be kind."

Damon embrac'd the lucky hit,
And flew into her arms;
He took her in the yielding fit,
And rifled all her charms.



FILL YOUR GLASSES!

FILL your glasses, banish grief,
Laugh, and wordly cares despise;
Sorrow ne'er can bring relief,
Joy from drinking will arise:
Why should we, with wrinkled care,
Change what Nature made so fair?
Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some, to honour do aspire;
Give me freedom, give me health,
There's the sum of my desire;
What the world can more present,
Will not add to my content:
Drink and set your mind at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.

Busy brains, we know, alas!
 With imaginations run,
 Like the sand in th' hour-glass,
 Turn'd and turn'd, and still runs on;
 Never knowing where to stay,
 But uneasy every way.
 Drink and set your hearts at rest,
 Peace of mind is always best.

Mirth when mingled with our wine,
 Makes the heart alert and free;
 Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
 Still the same thing 'tis to me:
 There's no fence against our fate,
 Changes daily on us wait:
 Drink and set your hearts at rest,
 Of a bad bargain make the best.

~~~~~  
 The MIDNIGHT HARK-AWAY.

**T**HE card invites, in crowds we fly  
 To join the jovial rout, full cry:  
 What joy from cares and plagues all day,  
 To hie to the midnight hark-away!

Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,  
 Nor drowsy husbands enter there:  
 The brisk, the bold, the young and gay,  
 All hie to the midnight hark-away!

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,  
 And drowsy watchmen idly knock;  
 Till day-light peeps, we sport and play,  
 And roar to the jolly hark-away!

When tir'd with sport, to bed we creep,  
 And kill the tedious day with sleep;  
 To-morrow's welcome call obey,  
 And again to the midnight hark-away!

250 The POLITE SINGER.

WAS NOT THAT PROVOKING?

Written and sung by Mrs Wrighten, at Vauxhall.

**F**OR twice twelve moons had Harry su'd,  
With downcast looks and sighing;  
Yet never caught me in the mood

For softness or complying:  
Till told by Phillis of the grove,  
(And she, I hop'd, was joking)  
Her sister Susan heard his love,  
Now was not that provoking?

Next ev'ning, 'ere the sun was down,  
'To Susan's cot I hy'd me;

A little after came the clown,

He simper'd, when he spy'd me.

Convinc'd what Phillis said was true,

With passion almost choaking,

I bit my lips,—he smil'd on Sue;

Now was not that provoking?

When whisper'd in the ear by pride,

To see me vex'd would please him;

My anger I resolv'd to hide,

To flirt, be gay, and tease him:

To laugh as well as he, I try'd,

(While Sue his cheek was stroaking)

But somehow 'twas, I believe I cry'd;

Now was not that provoking?

Since when I've found out to my cost,

At home I'd best have tarry'd;

Poor Harry's love I've surely lost,

For he and Sue are marry'd.

Lead apes!—No,—that will not do;

But I must end my croaking,

Lest I should lose your patience too,

And that would be provoking.

BONNY WILLY.

**F**RAGRANT bloom of yellow broom,  
Delights our lads and lassies;  
O'er yellow broom in beauty's bloom,  
My Will all lads surpasses:

Wi' Willy, then, I'll o'er the braes,  
I'll o'er the braes wi' Willy;  
From morn to eve I'll sing the praise  
Of buxom, bonny Willy.

Reclin'd by Tay at noon-tide day,  
We'll pu' the daisy pretty;  
The live-lang day we'll kiss and play,  
Or sing some loving ditty.  
Wi' Willy, then, &c.

Now blithe and gay, at setting day,  
My mither dinna hinder;  
I'll sing and play wi' Willy gay,  
For we twa ne'er shall finder.  
Wi' Willy, then, &c.



RALPH of the MILL.

**A**S Hebe was tending her sheep t'other day,  
Where the warblers whistle and sing,  
A rural young swain came tripping that way,  
As brisk and as blithe as a king.  
The youth was a stranger to trouble and care,  
Contentment e'er guided his will;  
Yet ever regarded the smiles of the fair,  
Though always bred up in a mill,

Love



## 252 The POLITE SINGER.

Love stole in his breast at the sight of the maid,  
 For he could not her charms but adore ;  
 " And if thou art cruel, dear Hebe," he said,  
 " I surely shall love you the more."  
 Such tenderness melted her into surprize,  
 (For Hebe was never unkind)  
 And all in a sudden love glow'd in her eyes,  
 Which spoke the dictates of her mind.

They sat themselves down at the foot of a hill,  
 And chatted together so free ;—  
 Till Ralph, the young swain, made signs to the mill,  
 Whilst clasping the nymph on his knee :  
 And thus in a transport the miller reply'd,  
 " Thy charms, dearest girl, are divine :"  
 Then press'd her sweet lips, and with rapture he  
 cry'd,  
 " O Hebe! consent to be mine!"

She listen'd attentive to all his request,  
 And freely comply'd to his will ;  
 And now, to her solace, she's marry'd and blest,  
 With honest young Ralph of the Mill,  
 Peace follows their footsteps wherever they go,  
 In bliss all their hours are spent ;  
 But, leaders of fashion, I'd have you to know,  
 Their " happiness flows from content."



The TIMES.

*Tune : Once on a-time, 'twas long ago.*

GOOD people all, both great and small,  
And eke, and aye, and also;  
Pray lend an ear, and you shall hear,  
And then I need not bawl so.  
There was a time, when times were good,  
The ancient Bard in rhyme sings;  
So use time well,—'tis time we should,—  
We should so, did we time things.

But out of time, and out of tune,  
We helter-skelter go forth;  
Sometimes too late, sometimes too soon,  
Good lack-a-day, and so forth.  
We give great folks the greatest crimes,  
They can afford to father 'em,  
But so impartial are the times,  
We're guilty—*omnium gatherum*.

Fox-hunting, boldly bucks embrace,  
But sportsmen of discernment,  
Abroad will chuse a Nabob's chace,  
Or hunt at home preferment.  
To hunt the statesman, who's in play,  
When patriots cast-about, Sir,  
A pension stops the hark-away,  
And so the field's flung out, Sir.

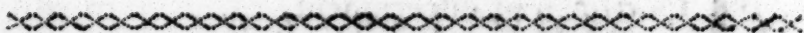
In such place-tempting times as these,  
Upright be our intentions;  
Ill fare the loon who first took fees,  
And him who first paid pensions,

## 254 The POLITE SINGER.

Yet fine-cures we'll not abuse,  
Nor their illustrious givers,  
We quarrel now, 'cause we can't chuse  
Who should be the receivers.

Dear Englishmen and country-folks,  
Don't give yourselves uneas'ness,  
Nor mind the flouts, the shouts, the jokes,  
But only mind your business  
Would one mind one, the kingdom thro',  
And work within his station;  
At home he'll find enough to do,  
And not undo the nation.

So to conclude, and make an end,  
Of this nice-diction'd ditty;  
Indeed 'tis time the times should mend,  
In country, court, and city.  
For our good queen our song we'll sing,  
May she ne'er wake nor sleep ill;  
And next, my lads,—God bless the king,  
And all his faithful people.



### 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE.

**Y**E belles and beaus, attend my song,  
I'll tell you something new;  
Perhaps you'll smile, and think me wrong,  
Though strange, you'll find it true:  
In days of yore, historians say,  
'Twas wisdom bore the prize;  
But modern times have chang'd the lay,  
'Tis folly to be wise.

Let no grave Cynic take offence,  
 And think me too unkind;  
 All boast of wisdom's but pretence,  
 Our passions make us blind;  
 Observe, at church, the learned priest,  
 He bids you temp'rance prize;  
 Yet o'er his bottle, at a feast,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

No more those musty rules pursue,  
 Once taught in heathen schools;  
 Believe me, (for I tell you true)  
 The ancients were but fools.  
 As through life's stream we glide along,  
 We different passions prize;  
 But be the burthen of my song,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

The BRAES of YARROW.

*By the Rev. Mr LOGAN.*

**T**HY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!  
 When first I met my lover;  
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!  
 When now thy waves his body cover!  
 For ever now, O Yarrow stream!  
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;  
 For never on thy banks shall I  
 Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

He promis'd me a milk-white steed,  
 To bear me to his father's bowers;  
 He promis'd me a little page,  
 To squire me to his father's towers;



## 256 The POLITE SINGER.

He promis'd me a wedding-ring,—  
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;  
Now he is wedded to his grave,  
Alas, his wat'ry grave in Yarrow!

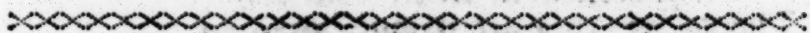
Sweet were his words when last we met;  
My passion I as freely told him!  
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought  
That I should never more behold him!  
Scarce was he gone,—I saw his ghost,  
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;  
Thrice did the watery wrath ascend,  
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd,  
With all the longing of a mother;  
His little sister weeping walk'd  
The greenwood path to meet her brother:  
They sought him east, they sought him west,  
They sought him all the forest thorough;  
They only saw the cloud of night,  
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from thy window look,  
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!  
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!  
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!  
No longer seek him east or west,  
And search no more the forest thorough;  
For, wand'ring in the night so dark,  
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow!

The tear shall never leave my cheek,  
No other youth shall be my marrow;

I'll seek thy body in the stream,  
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow."  
The tear did never leave her cheek,  
! No other youth became her marrow;  
She found his body in the stream,  
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.



The H I N T.

*Taken from Spencer, and sung by Mrs Kennedy.*

F I R S T   A I R.

**Y**ON gently-opening rose survey,  
That scant peeps forth with infant sweets,  
So coy it meets the eye of day,  
It almost from the world retreats:  
Anon,—behold, more bold and free,  
Its beauties wide it doth display;—  
But 'ere the day well closed be,  
It fades, it drops, it dies away.

S E C O N D   A I R.

Then, lovers, seize the present hour,  
Take instructions from the flow'r;  
Gather the rose of love time,  
Gather the rose while yet in prime.

Beauty's reign is but a day,  
Be lov'd, and love, while yet ye may;  
Gather the rose while yet in prime,  
Gather the rose of love in time.

## HOW STANDS THE GLASS?

**H**OW stands the glass around?  
 For shame! you take no care, my boys!  
 How stands the glass around?  
 Let wine and mirth abound;  
 The trumpets sound,  
 The colours they are flying, boys,  
 To fight, kill, or wound;  
 And may we be found,  
 Content with our hard fate, my boys,  
 On this cold ground.

Why, Soldiers,—why  
 Should we be melancholy, boys?  
 Why, Soldiers, why?  
 Whose business 'tis to die;  
 Hang fighting,—fiel  
 Drink on, drown fear,—be jolly, boys;  
 'Tis he, you, or I,—  
 Cold, hot,—wet, or dry;  
 We're always bound to follow, boys,  
 And scorn to fly.

Oh! 'tis in vain,—  
 I mean not to upbraid you, boys!  
 Oh! 'tis in vain,  
 For soldiers to complain;  
 Should the next campaign  
 Send us to HIM who made us, boys,  
 We're freed from pain;  
 But should we remain,  
 A bottle and kind landlady  
 Cures all again.

SUSPICION:—An ODE.

**H**OW long shall mean Suspicion's pow'r  
 Each gen'rous thought destroy;  
 And to the warm and social hour  
 Impart its base alloy?  
 In prudence' specious garb array'd,  
 By folly led,—by int'rest sway'd,  
 The fury onward glides;  
 Whilst blushing hides her gloomy face,  
 And friendship shuns the dire embrace,  
 Where secret hate resides.

When soft benevolence inspires,  
 And gratitude impels;  
 When every gentle passion fires  
 The breast where honour dwells;  
 And to no slavish rules confin'd,  
 We would on some congenial mind  
 The tender flame impress:  
 Shall then distrust, with envious arm,  
 Arrest the fond, transporting charm  
 Resulting from success?

Let folly's children own her reign,  
 Let vice each art pursue,  
 Which gives to life's unhappy scene  
 A more unpleasing hue:  
 Impure ideas ever glare,  
 (Like Phœbus thro' the dusky air)  
 With false and troubled gleams;  
 For fancied terrors haunt the breast  
 Where conscience rears her snaky crest,  
 Impatient to condemn.

But



# 260 The POLITE SINGER

But shall we thro' the chequer'd way  
 Of life unfeeling rove;  
 Nor snatch from care one blissful day  
 To give to social love?  
 Debasing thought! the soul that bows  
 At virtue's shrine,—and nobly glows,  
 Disdains the sordid fear  
 That mutual confidence destroys,  
 And blasts the little sum of joys  
 Which Heav'n allows us here.  
 M—— H——.

## INTRODUCTORY to the CELESTIAL BED.

SUNG by Mr DOYLE,

*At SADLER'S WELLS, in the Character of the  
 DOCTOR'S PORTER.*

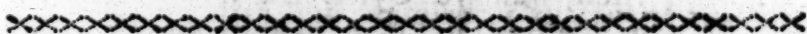
**Y**E strangers and natives, to our exhibition,  
 Air, magnets, and harmony, quickly repair;  
 Five shillings alone is the price of admission  
 To our apparatus so brilliant and rare.  
 Come, come to the Temple,  
 And try but the sample,  
 The Doctor himself has the honour to shew;  
 Come see,  
 Where electricity  
 Tickles ye all from the top to the toe.

The art of enjoying health, spirit, and vigour,  
 A precious oration will fully display;  
 You'll soon become wiser, and taller, and bigger,  
 If you'll but believe all the Doctor can say:  
 Each lass shall find honour,  
 And bliss pour'd upon her,  
 And all by a means which his wisdom can shew.  
 Come see, &c. A

## The POLITE SINGER. 261

A Bed that's celestial to bodies terrestrial,  
Will warmly inculcate its wonderful use!  
Bring children like giants, that set at defiance  
The pigmies that Nature alone can produce:  
Your feelings are such,  
From its delicate touch,  
With pleasure and charms universal ye glow.  
Come see, &c.

Health, honour, and happiness, all are the produce  
Of Beds so celestial,—it plainly appears;  
They strengthen your minds full as well as your  
bodies,  
And make you exist for an hundred of years:  
Then come to the Temple,  
And try but the sample,  
The Doctor himself has the honour to shew.  
Come see,  
Where electricity  
Tickles you all from the top to the toe.



### IMITATION.

*Dulcius quam sit putat esse mollis Virgo quod nescit.*

**W**HEN Love, and genial Nature fires,  
With hidden flames the Virgin burns;  
Whilst trembling hope and fierce desires  
Invade her gentle breast by turns.

By Fancy's bright delusive ray,  
She views the realm of joys unknown;  
The wanton dream,—the sigh by day,  
And melting smiles the impulse own.

Should

## 262 The POLITE SINGER.

Should then the favour'd youth assail,  
 What maxim taught by aged lore,—  
 What rigid precept would avail,  
 Or lure her from the blissful shore?

Diffolv'd in pleasure's purest trance,  
 With quivering limbs she lies supine;  
 The murmur soft,—the dying glance,  
 To bliss the yielding Fair consign.

While thro' each pulse new rapture glides  
 And swims before her dazzled sight,  
 The nymph, from sweet conviction, chides  
 The virgin's dull, unsocial night.

Why blame the maid, whose eager hand  
 Has seiz'd the golden stores of love?  
 Why should her tender soul withstand  
 What hoary matrons still approve?

Away, then,—all ye Cynic train,  
 Whom age has chill'd, or vigour fled!  
 Or own your labour'd rules are vain,  
 To curb the heart—by Nature led.

M—H—

### The H A P P Y M A N.

*The Words by Mr POPE.*

**H**APPY the man whose wish and care  
 A few paternal acres bound,  
 Content to breathe his native air  
 In his own ground.

Whose

## THE POLITE SINGER. 263

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,

Whose flocks supply him with attire;

Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find

Hours, days, and years slide soft away,

In health of body, peace of mind,

Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night, study and ease

Together mix'd, sweet recreation,

And innocence, which most doth please,

With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;

Thus unlamented let me die,

Steal from the world, and not a stone

Tell where I lie.

---

### WAR'S ALARMS.

WHEN war's alarms entic'd my Willy from me,  
My poor heart with grief did sigh:

Each fond remembrance brought fresh sorrow on me,

I woke ere yet the morn was nigh;

No other could delight him,

Ah! why did I e'er slight him,

Coldly answering his fond tale,

Which drove him far,

Amidst the rage of war,

And left silly me thus to bewail.

But



## 264 The POLITE SINGER.

But I no longer thus a maid forsaken,  
Thus will mourn like yonder dove;  
For 'ere the lark to-morrow shall be waken,  
I'll rise and seek my absent love:  
The hostile country over  
I'll fly to seek my lover,  
Scorning every threat'ning fear;  
Nor distant shore,  
Nor cannon's roar,  
Shall longer keep me from my dear.

Now, cruel Mars, thou mighty God of battle,  
Cease war's alarms, and peace proclaim,  
That every maid may enjoy her true lover,  
And I embrace my handsome swain:  
I never more would slight him,  
But fondly will delight him,  
Kindly list'ning to his love tale;  
He never more  
Should quit his native shore,  
To leave silly me thus to bewail.

Then at his return, the bells shall be ringing,  
And in flowing bumpers his health shall go round,  
Drinking success to his majesty,  
And that long he may live to wear the crown.  
The table shall be spread,  
With ale, wine, meat, and bread,  
Whilst I'm saluting my love with a kiss;  
Each sailor, sure,  
Wou'd wish himself on shore,  
Could he but enjoy such pleasure as this.

The

THE GENERAL HUNT.

**T**O horse, ye jolly sportsmen,  
And greet the new-born day :  
Incessant, lo! thro' Nature's field,  
Each creature hunts his prey.  
And a-hunting, &c.

Dame Nature teaches Reynard craft  
T' o'er-reach the feather'd flocks ;  
And we pursue the chiding dogs,  
While they run down the fox.

Mankind hunt one another,  
Your great men hunt the small :  
Some hunt for heav'n, and some for hell,—  
Old Satan hunts us all.

Some fain would hunt for honour,  
A game that's hard to find ;  
The needy hunt for charity,  
And may go hunt the wind.

Our patriots loudly bellow  
The nation's desp'rate case ;  
While all their stir and bustle's made  
In hunting out a place.

Full cry the tories hunt the whigs,  
Who in their turn pursue ;  
And running one another down,  
Run down their country too.

The lawyer hunts out quibbles,  
Your title to maintain ;  
He'll hunt the right till it be wrong,  
Then hunt it back again.

## 266 The POLITE SINGER.

The toper daily hunts his pot,  
Both care and sense to drown :  
Whilst gamesters hunt another's purse,  
And lose sight of their own.

The lasses hunt their lovers,  
Each lover hunts his lass ;  
The fop in chace of his dear face,  
Hunts out his looking-glass.

O'er hill and dale, with hound and horn,  
Let's hunt, boys, while 'tis light ;  
Then joyous we'll o'er flowing bowls,  
Revive the chace at night.  
And a-hunting, &c.

---

### The SONG of SIMILIES.

**M**Y passion is as mustard strong,  
I fit all sober sad ;  
Drunk as a piper all day long,  
Or as a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow,  
I drink, yet can't forget her ;  
For tho' as drunk as David's fow,  
I love her still the better.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,  
And eye her o'er and o'er ;  
Lean as a rake with sighs and care,  
Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge I was known,  
And soft as silk my skin,  
My cheeks as fat as butter grown,  
But as a goat now thin.

Hard

## The POLITE SINGER. 267

Hard is her heart, as flint or stone,  
She laughs to see me pale;  
And merry as a grig is grown,  
Or brisk as bottled ale.

Ah me! as thick as hops or hail,  
The fine men crowd about her,  
But soon as dead as a door nail,  
Shall I be, if without her.

Straight as my leg her shape appears,  
O were we join'd together,  
My heart would soon be free from cares,  
And lighter than a feather.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,  
Her pretty hand invites;  
Sharp as a needle are her words,  
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body louse she trips,  
Clean as a penny drest;  
Sweet as a rose her face and lips,  
Round as a globe her breast.

If I and Molly could agree,  
Let who will take Peru;  
Great as an Emperor I should be,  
And rich as any Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,  
I'm dull as any post;  
Let us like burrs together stick,  
As warm as any toast.



## 268 The POLITE SINGER.

You'll know me truer than a dye,  
And wish me better sped,  
Flat as a flounder when I lie,  
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun she'll drop a tear,  
And sigh perhaps and wish,  
When I'm as rotten as a pear,  
And mute as any fish.

### TOM and SALL.

**A**S Tom and Sall, in am'rous chat,  
Within a shady arbour sat,  
Where jessamine was wove in,  
Where jessamine was wove in.  
They kiss'd and toy'd, and this and that,  
'Twas vastly loving.

Says he, thou sweet'ner of my life,  
To lay aside all further strife;  
I like thee more than Betty:  
And then he beg'd she'd be his wife:  
'Twas vastly pretty.

But Sarah, fir'd at Betty's name,  
'Told Thomas how it was a shame  
To quit his former jewel;  
She quite abash'd his tim'rous flame:  
'Twas vastly cruel.

Ungrateful Sally! Thomas cry'd,  
And will you never be my bride,  
For all my faithful loving?  
And then he wish'd 'ere born he'd dy'd:  
'Twas vastly moving.

But

## The POLITE SINGER. 269

But she, regardless of his smart,  
Exclaim'd with true, coquettish art,  
I'm not for you, at all, you fool!  
These words had well nigh broke his heart;  
'Twas vastly doleful.

With that a sharp-edg'd knife he drew,  
His bursting heart to sever through,  
And swore he was not joking;  
Then bid the cruel fair adieu:  
'Twas vastly shocking.

Deep fear now shone in Sally's eye;  
Says she, as you're resolv'd to die,  
One kiss—and then—dear honey:  
Then stole the knife so very sly;  
'Twas vastly funny.

Why wilt thou, Thomas, die for me?  
Thou know'st I would not die for thee;  
Murder besides is sinning:  
This said, she clasp'd him eagerly:  
'Twas vastly winning.

What do I see? exclaim'd the swain,  
Am I then quit of all my pain,  
For love the most endearing?  
'Tis so! he then leap'd up amain:  
'Twas vastly chearing.

To marry me, wilt thou consent?  
Why, a—y, the cry'd, I am content;  
Time flies, then let us seize on't:  
Tom for a pair of licence went:  
'Twas vastly pleasant.

ADVICE to YOUNG MEN.

FROM sweet bewitching tricks of love,  
 Young men your hearts secure,  
 Lest from the paths of sense you rove  
 In dotage premature.  
 Look at each lass thro' wisdom's glass,  
 Nor trust the naked eye.  
 Gallants, beware, look sharp, take care,  
 The blind eat many a fly.

There's ne'er a spinster in the realm  
 But knows mankind to cheat,  
 Down to the cottage from the helm,  
 The learn'd, the brave, and great:  
 With lovely looks, and golden hooks,  
 T'entangle us they try.  
 Gallants beware, &c.

Not only on their hands and necks  
 The borrow'd white you'll find,  
 Some belles, when interest directs,  
 Can even paint the mind:  
 Joy in distress they can express,  
 Their very tears can lie.  
 Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,  
 Was earth of parchment made,  
 Was every fingle stick a quill,  
 Each man a scribe by trade,  
 To write the tricks of half the sex,  
 Would suck that ocean dry.  
 Gallants beware, &c.

# The POLITE SINGER. 271

## MESSMATE TOM and BROTHER JACK.

*Tune : Why how now, madam Flirt ?*

Tom. **H**OW goes it, brother Jack ?  
You're grown so much a beau now,  
Had I seen but your back,  
D——n me if I had known you,  
Brother Jack.

Jack. What chear, old messmate Tom ?  
You look as if you'd cry now,  
But I have news from home,  
Will make you jump mast high now,  
Messmate Tom.

Since our brave tow'ring Hawke  
Has shewn the French his talons,  
'Twill soon be peace, they talk,  
If so we'll drink off gallons,  
To brave Hawke.

Tom. Huzza! my hearty cock!  
For this news d——n all sorrow;  
I'll pawn my shirt and frock,  
But I'll get drunk to-morrow.  
Hearty cock!

Jack. When all the ships are paid,  
We'll lead a merry life, boy;  
Blood! then how we'll parade,  
With ev'ry one his wife, boy,  
When we're paid!

Tom.



## 272 The POLITE SINGER.

*Tom.* Nay some will have their pairs,  
 They'll be so open-hearted ;  
 And brimstones will have chairs,  
 That rather should be carted,  
 All in pairs.

*Jack.* The bawds, their d——'d mammas,  
 From Plymouth up to Wapping,  
 Will deck their clumsy paws,  
 With rings and gaudy trapping,  
 Rot their maws.

*Tom.* But then the highest fun,  
 Will be when all is spent, Sir,  
 To see some ragged run,  
 And some keep always Lent, Sir,  
 For past fun.

*Jack.* Our proud lieutenants then,  
 Those empty flashing sporters,  
 May pimps turn to great men,  
 Companions to their porters.  
 Not proud then.

*Tom.* Our midshipmen, now beaux,—  
 It makes me laugh to think, boys,  
 Will cry about old cloaths,  
 And corporals turn link boys,  
 To those beaux.

*Jack.* Amongst the d——'d odd scenes,  
 You'll see in jails and cages,  
 Lieutenants of marines,  
 And doctors mates on stages ;  
 D——'d odd scenes !

## The POLITE SINGER. 273

*Tom.* The steward, dirty slave!  
That us'd to cheat us daily,  
Will still remain a knave;  
And follow some bum-bailey;  
Dirty slave!

*Jack.* Then while we range about,  
Just come perhaps from Guinea,  
The whores, with scarce a clout,  
We'll see shipt for Virginia,  
All turn'd out.

*Both.* That day then jolly buck,  
We'll set the taps a-flowing;  
And drink "rest and great luck,"  
To Pitt, Hawke, and Boscawen,  
Jolly Buck!

---

### O THE DAYS WHEN I WAS YOUNG!

O The days when I was young!  
When I laugh'd in fortune's spight,  
Talk'd of love the whole day long,  
And with nee far crown'd the night:  
Then it was, old father Care,  
Little reck'd I of thy frown;  
Half thy malice youth could bear,  
And the rest a bumper drown.  
O the days, &c.

Truth, they say, lies in a well,  
Why I vow I ne'er could see;  
Let the water-drinkers tell,  
There it always lay for me.

## 274 The POLITE SINGER.

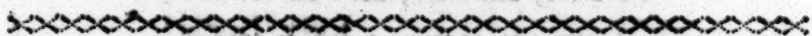
For when sparkling wine went round,  
 Never saw I falshood's mask ;  
 But still the honest truth I found  
 In the bottom of each flask.

O the days, &c.

True,—at length my vigour's flown,  
 I have years to bring decay ;  
 Few the locks that now I own,  
 And the few I have are grey.

Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,  
 While thy spirits do not tire,  
 Still beneath thy age's frost  
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

O the days, &c.



### From the MAID of the MILL.

**W**HEN you meet a tender creature,  
 Neat in limb, and fair in feature,  
 Full of kindness and good-nature;  
 Prove as kind again to she.  
 Happy mortal! to possess her,  
 In your bosom warm and press her,  
 Morning, noon, and night, caress her,  
 And be fond as fond can be.

But if one you meet that's frow-ard,  
 Saucy, jilting, and untow-ard,  
 Should you act the whining coward,  
 'Tis to mend her ne'er the whit.  
 Nothing's tough enough to bind her;  
 Then agog when once you find her,  
 Let her go, and never mind her;  
 Heart alive, you're fairly quit.

The

THE PLAIN TRUTH.

**W**E may boldly assert what no mortal denies,  
We are not all rich, we're not all of a size,  
In power not equal, nor equally wise.

Which nobody can deny.

We can't expect sense from all those who can  
speak,  
Those are not all wise who know Latin and Greek,  
Nor they're not all pious who preach once a week.  
This nobody can deny.

'Tis not ev'ry positive coxcomb that's right,  
'Tis not ev'ry Captain Cockade that will fight,  
'Tis not ev'ry wife we dare trust out of sight.  
This nobody can deny.

Gay cloathing oft covers a belly unfed,  
A tye-wig oft covers a weak empty head,  
A cloak often covers—ay all that is bad.  
This nobody can deny.

He must be a soul who loves whet after whet,  
He must be a cuckold that loves a coquette,  
And he vies with the nation that's always in debt.  
This nobody can deny.

An officer's honour is fix'd in the mind,  
To his coat on the left my Lord's honour's con-  
fin'd,  
And many brave Lords wear their honour behind.  
This nobody can deny.

Both fidler and bawd live on dupe's recreation,  
Both statesman and centinel live on the nation,  
'Tom turdman and doctor live both by purgation.  
This nobody can deny.

ENG.



## 276 THE POLITE SINGER

### ENGLISH ALE

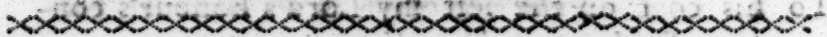
**T**HE truths that I sing none deny me,  
They're truths that must ever prevail;  
Ye poor dogs of France, we defy ye,  
By the force of our English good Ale.

The tricks ye attempt, but in vain are,  
They are what we expected, and stale;  
Your troops, and your fleets, our disdain are,  
By the force of our English good Ale.

When Bels, that brave queen, ruin'd the nation,  
'Twas Spain's great Armada did fail;  
She dealt to the Dons tribulation,  
By the force of our English good Ale.

And thus we will serve them for ever,  
Tho' their loads on our necks they'd entail;  
There's none like our people, so clever,  
By the force of our English good Ale.

Free-born, we support our defender,  
To our sons we hand down the detail;  
Defie the de'il, pope, and pretender,  
By the force of our English good Ale.



### SOMETHING NEW.

**I**N all mankind's promiscuous race,  
The sons of error urge their chase,  
The wondrous to pursue;  
And, both in country and in town,  
The curious courtier, cit, and clown,  
Solicit Something New.

The

The poets still from nature take,  
And what is ready-made they make;

Historians must be true:

How therefore shall we find a road,  
Thro' dissertation, song, or ode,  
To give you Something New?

They say virginity is scarce  
As any thing in prose or verse,  
And so is honour too:

The papers of the day imply  
No more than that we live and die,  
And pay for Something New.

We see alike the woeful dearth  
In melancholy, or in mirth;  
What then shall ladies do?  
Seek virtue as th' immortal prize;  
In fine, be honest, and be wise,  
For that is Something New.

AMORET and PHILLIS.

H E.

SWEET Phillis, well met, the sun is just set,  
To yon myrtle grove let's repair;  
All Nature's at rest, there's none to molest,  
I have something to say to my fair.

S H E.

No, no, subtle swain, intreaties are vain,  
Persuade me to go you ne'er shall;  
Night draws on apace, I must leave this place,  
For the dew is beginning to fall.

278 The POLITE SINGER.

H E.

Believe me, fair maid, by honour I'm sway'd,  
No fear need your bosom alarm ;  
For the oak and the pine their leaves sweetly join,  
To shelter love's vot'ries from harm.

S H E.

Your arts I despise, my virtue I prize ;  
Tho' poor, I am richer than those  
Who lost to all shame, do barter their fame,  
For purchase of gold or fine cloaths.

H E.

You do me much wrong, such thoughts don't be-  
long  
To a noble and gen'rous breast ;  
I mean but to know, if Phillis would go,  
And with Hymen our amour be blest.

S H E.

If what you do say, my heart don't betray,  
It gives me much pleasure to find ;  
My amour is still a stranger to ill,  
And to wedlock's soft bondage inclin'd.

B O T H.

Then with joy I comply, that blessing to try,  
To-morrow both hearts shall unite ;  
So you lovers true, let virtue and you  
This noble example excite.

On

# The POLITE SINGER. 279

On RODNEY's Defeating the SPANISH FLEET  
commanded by LANGARA.

By PASTORELLUS, of SUNDERLAND.

*Tune : Rule Britannia.*

**E**ACH Briton join with chearful heart,  
Brave Rodney's praise with rapture sing :  
Brave Rodney's, &c.

In Britain's wrongs, he takes, he takes a part,  
A song of tribute why not bring ?

C H O R U S.

Crown brave Rodney, brave Rodney crown  
with bays !

Sing sweet elogiums of his praise !

Fame's trumpet shrill around the world  
Sounds loud the conqu'ring hero's name ;  
Sounds loud, &c.

And British flags, gay flags which are unfurl'd,  
His conquests o'er our foes proclaim.

Crown brave Rodney, &c.

As o'er the briny-bosom'd deep,  
Thro' Biscay's bay his course he bore,  
Thro' Biscay's, &c.

He met Langara, he fought Langara's fleet,  
Nor minds dark night, rough sea, lee shore.

Crown brave Rodney, &c.

The Spaniards star'd with rueful look,  
Whilst Britain's thunder dreadful rung ;  
Whilst Britain's, &c.

But as the Spanish, the Spanish colours struck,  
Old England's tars thus chearful sung :

Crown brave Rodney, &c.

A a 2

When



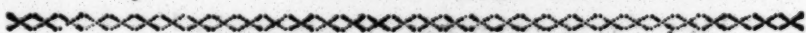
## 280 The POLITE SINGER.

When thund'ring guns their roarings cease,  
Terrific clang of war all done,  
Terrific, &c.

May Rodney amid, amid the joys of peace,  
Shine forth conspic'ous like the sun!  
Crown brave Rodney, &c.

Then heav'n propitious on him smile,  
And guard from seas that stormy foam;  
And guard, &c.

Waft him to Britain's, to Britain's blissful Isle,  
To leave no more his peaceful home.  
Crown brave Rodney, &c.



The THORN,——By the same.

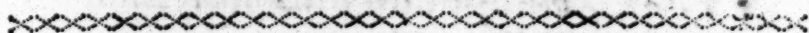
*Tune: O the days when I was young.*

**W**HEN bright Sol the plains had fir'd,  
With his scorching, sultry beam,  
Strephon's flock and he retir'd  
To the flow'ry-margin'd stream;  
There, beneath a shady rock,  
Stretch'd on moss, at rest secure,  
Strephon left his tender flock,  
Through the grove to range obscure.

There he pull'd the full-blown rose,  
Blushing like the vernal morn;  
There he gather'd brambles, flos,  
But in's finger stuck a Thorn:  
Just by chance came Flora by,  
(Long for whom he'd sigh'd in vain)  
Soon to her he did apply,  
Who subdu'd the prickles pain.

O sweet Flora! lovely maid!  
 Queen of beauties on our plains!  
 You have kindly lent me aid,  
 But a Thorn still worse remains:  
 'T' ease him, Flora, kind and free,  
 Said she'd try her utmost skill;  
 "Then to-morrow go with me,  
 " To the church upon yon hill:

" There alone you'll cure the pain  
 " Which so racks my anxious breast;  
 " There alone you'll ease the swain  
 " Which for you can take no rest."  
 Balmy kisses, sighs, and tears,  
 Won at last the maid's consent:  
 Now gay pleasures, with their years,  
 Circle round in sweet content.



The CHACE of the HARE.

**H**ARK! hark! the joy-inspiring horn;  
 Salutes the rosy rising morn,  
 And echoes thro' the dale;  
 With clam'rous peals the hills resound,  
 The hounds, quick-scented, scour the ground,  
 And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede  
 The brisk, high-mettled, starting steed,  
 The jovial pack pursue:  
 Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,  
 The distant hills with speed he gains,  
 And sees the game in view.

## 282 The POLITE SINGER.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,  
And to the copse for shelter makes,  
There pants a while for breath :  
When now the noise alarms her ear,  
Her haunt's descry'd,—her fate is near,  
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well-known breeze,  
The hounds their trembling victim seize ;  
She faints,—she falls,—she dies :  
The distant coursers now come in,  
And join the loud triumphant din,  
Till Echo rends the skies.

### I WONDER'D WHAT HE MEANT.

**W**HEN Damon first my eyes beheld,  
My heart with secret transport thrill'd,  
And pit-a-pat it went :  
Young, artless, innocent, and shy,  
So unexperienc'd was I,  
I wonder'd what it meant.

Whene'er I met him on the plain,  
He'd kiss me, sigh, and kiss again,  
And sweetest tales invent :  
And then he'd tell me he must die ;  
But, as I saw no danger nigh,  
I wonder'd what he meant.

To nymphs, whom years had wiser made,  
I told the tender things he said,  
And of his sad complaint :  
Full well the tender things they knew,  
For they, like me, had heard them too,  
Nor wonder'd what they meant.

They

## The POLITE SINGER. 283

They answer'd, Love had touch'd my heart,  
That Damon, by his sex's art,  
Might cause me to repent ;  
And that I should desire the swain,  
To tell me, when we met again,  
If he to wed me meant.

Rejoic'd, such good advice to find,  
I tripp'd,—to let him know my mind,  
Across the mead intent :  
I told him, did he not design  
With me in Hymen's bands to join ?  
I wonder'd what he meant !

The youth, whose love was aw'd by fear,  
Grew raptur'd such sweet sounds to hear ;  
Straight to the church we went.  
How wise we all by marriage grow !  
'Tho' foolish once,—yet now I know—  
I know what Damon meant.



### NO and YES.

**G**AY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,  
The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on  
the plain ;  
I'd hear his soft tale, then declar'd 'twas amiss,  
And I'd often say No,—often say No,  
And I'd often say No, when I long'd to say Yes.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,  
And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame ;  
Oh! take these, he cry'd, thou more fair than their  
fleece !  
I could hardly say No, tho' ashamed to say Yes.

Soon



## 284 The POLITE SINGER.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove,  
He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd his  
love;

Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a kiss?  
I design'd to say No, but mistook and said Yes.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his  
breast,  
Ye Gods! he cry'd, Chloe will now make me blest!  
Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal bliss;  
To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say Yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life,  
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife:  
Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,  
You must all die Old Maids, if you will not say  
Yes.



### The GODS and the GODDESSES.

**T**HE Gods and the Goddeses lately did feast,  
Where ambrosia with exquisite sauces were  
drest;

Their eatables did with their Deities suit,  
But what they should drink did occasion dispute:  
'Twas time that old nectar was grown out of fashion,  
Being what they did drink long before the creation.  
When the sky-colour'd cloth was mov'd from the  
board,

For making the bowl great Jove gave the word;  
The bowl it was large,—of a heavenly size,  
Wherein they did use infant Gods to baptize.

Quoth

Quoth Jove, I'm inform'd they drink punch up-  
on earth,

Whereby the mortal wits far exceed us in mirth ;  
Therefore our wise Godheads together let's lay,  
And endeavour to make it much stronger than they.  
'Twas spoke like a God, fill the bowl up to the top,  
He is cashier'd from the heav'ns that leaves the least  
drop.

Then Apollo sent away two of his lasses  
With pitchers to fill at the well of Parnassus ;  
To Poets new born this liquor it was brought,  
And they suck'd it in for their morning's first  
draught.

Juno for lemons stepp'd into her closet,  
Which when she was sick she infus'd into posset ;  
For Goddesses may be as squeamish as gypsies,  
The sun and the moon you know have their eclipses :  
These lemons were call'd the Hesperian fruit,  
Where a vigilant dragon was said to look to it ;  
'Twelve dozen of these were well squeeze'd in water,  
The rest of ingredients in order come after :  
Venus, admirer of all things that were sweet,  
Without her infusion there had been no treat,—

Commanded her sugar-loaves, white as her doves,  
To be brought to the table by a pair of young loves ;  
So wonderful curious these Deities were,  
The sugar it was strain'd thro' a piece of fine air.  
Jolly Bacchus gave notice, by dangling his bunch,  
'That without his assistance there could be no good  
punch ;

What he meant, by the sequel is very well known,  
They threw in ten gallons of trusty lagoon.  
Mars, tho' a blunt God, and chief of the biskers,  
Was set at a table a-curling his whiskers :

Quoth

## 286 The POLITE SINGER.

Quoth he, fellow Gods, and celestial gallants,  
I would not give a fig for the punch without Nantz;  
Therefore, my Ganymede, I do command ye,  
To throw in ten gallons of the best Nantz brandy.  
Saturn of all the Gods there he was the oldest,  
And we may imagine his stomach was the coldest,  
He out of his pouch did some nutmegs produce,  
Which being well grated, were put in the juice;  
Neptune this Ocean of good liquor did crown,  
With a sea-biscuit bak'd hard in the sun.

The bowl being finish'd,—a health then began,  
Quoth Jove, let it be to that creature call'd Man;  
'Tis to him alone our great pleasure we owe,  
For heaven it was never true heaven till now.  
The Gods being pleas'd,—the health it went about,  
Till gorrel-belly'd Bacchus' great guts nigh burst out.  
The other brave Gods did oceans of punch swallow,  
Actæon with hounds and with huntsman did hollow;  
The punch was delightful, they plenty did bring,  
And all the world over their fame it did ring.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

### The HUSBAND's PRAYER.

**O** Lead me to some peaceful room,  
Where none but honest fellows come;  
Where wives' loud clappers never sound,  
But an eternal laugh goes round!

There let me drown in wine my pain,  
And never think of home again!  
What comfort can a husband have,  
To rule the house where he's a slave?

The

The MEN will ROMANCE.

**W**HEN I enter'd my teens, and threw play-  
things aside,  
I conceiv'd myself woman, and sit for a bride :  
By the men I was flatter'd, my pride to enhance,  
For the maids will believe, and the men will romance.

They swore that my eyes the bright diamond ex-  
cell'd,  
Such a face and such tresses, sure ne'er were behold !  
That to gaze on my neck was all rapture and trance !  
O the maids will believe, and the men will romance !

Young Polydore saw me one night at the ball,  
And swore to my charms he a conquest must fall ;  
On his knees he intreated my hand for a dance !  
Ah the maids will believe, and the men will romance !

He conducted me home when the pastime was o'er,  
And declar'd he ne'er saw so much beauty before ;  
He ogled and sigh'd, as he saw me advance :  
Ah the maids will believe, and the men will romance !

Then day after day I his company had :  
At length he declar'd all his flame to my dad ;  
But my father lov'd money, and would not advance,  
And reply'd to my lover, Young men will romance !

But tho' my papa would not give us a shilling,  
My Polydore swore he to wed me was willing ;  
So to church we both went, and at night had a dance,  
And, believe me, my Polydore did not romance !



## 288 The POLITE SINGER.

### The FOX CHACE

**H**ARK the huntsman begins to sound the shrill  
horn!

Come quickly unkennel your hounds ;  
'Tis a beautiful, glittering, golden-ey'd morn,  
We'll chace the fox over the grounds.

See, yonder's old reynard, so crafty and sly,  
Come saddle your courfers apace ;  
For the hounds have a scent, and they're all in full  
cry,  
'They long to be giving him chace.

The huntsmen are mounted, their steeds feel the  
spur,  
And swiftly they scour it along ;  
Rapid after the fox runs each musical cur ;  
Follow, follow, my boys, is the song !

Over hills, over mountains, they skim it away,  
Now reynard's almost out of sight ;  
But rather than lose him we'll spend all the day,  
For hunting is all our delight.

By eager pursuing, we'll have him at last,  
He's tir'd, poor rogue, down he lies ;  
He starts up afresh, but young Snap has him fast,  
He trembles, kicks, struggles, and dies.



JACKY BULL.—*An Irish Tune.*

*From The AGREEABLE SURPRISE, a new Musical Piece, performed at the Haymarket.*

**I**N Jacky Bull, when bound for France,  
The golling you discover;  
But taught to ride, to fence, and dance,  
A finish'd goose comes over.  
With his tierce and carte, fa! fa!  
And his cotillon so smart, ha! ha!  
He charms each female heart, oh, la!  
As Jacky returns from Dover.

For cocks and dogs, see Squire at home,  
The prince of country tonies!  
Return'd from Paris, Spa, or Rome,  
Our Squire a nice Adonis.  
With his tierce and carte, fa! fa!  
And his cotillon so smart, ha! ha!  
He charms the female heart, oh, la!  
The pink of macaronies.

The CHARMING FELLOW.—*From the same.*

*Tune: Corn Rigs are bonny*

**L**ORD, what care I for Mam or Dad?  
Why let 'em scold and bellow!  
For, while I live, I'll love my Lad,  
He's such a charming Bellow.

# 290 The POLITE SINGER.

The last fair-day on Gander-green,  
The youth he danc'd so well-O;  
So spruce a Lad was never seen,  
As my sweet charming Fellow.

The Fair was over, night was come,  
The Lad was somewhat mellow;  
Says he, my dear, I'll see you home,  
I thank'd the charming Fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,  
Says he, if you'll not tell-O,  
I'll kiss you here by this good light,—  
Lord, what a charming Fellow!

You rogue, says I, you've stop't my breath,  
Ye bells ring out my knell-O!  
Again I'd die so sweet a death;  
With such a charming Fellow!



T O M and N A N C Y.

*From 'The Silver Tankard, a new Musical Farce.*

N A N C Y.

**W**HEN first you took me on your knee,  
And told the wonders of the sea;  
How waves on waves for ever roll,  
And toss the ship from pole to pole,  
How winds from ev'ry corner blow,  
Now raise her high, now sink her low;  
My heart kept beating at the tale,  
And with my sighs I swell'd your sail.

— But

But when, with all a Sailor's pride,  
You spoke of fleets drawn side by side;  
Of French and English ten to one,  
Deck threat'ning deck, gun fir'd at gun!  
My heart admir'd the gallant strife,  
But throbb'd and trembled for your life;  
And 'midst the fancied cannon's roar,  
I wish'd Tom Splicem safe on shore.

T O M.

WHAT Sailor is anxious great treasures to hoard?  
No losses he minds while there's courage on board;  
What tho' I am stranded, my fortune a wreck!  
While two planks hold together, I'll still keep the  
deck.

My heart's splic'd with many and many a rope,  
And still do I rest on the anchor of Hope;  
Again I'm a float, should a fair wind befriend,—  
Or I go to the bottom, and so there's an end.

The AULD MAN'S MEAR'S DEAD.

**T**HE auld man's mear's dead,  
The poor man's mear's dead,  
The silly man's mear's dead,  
A mile aboon Dundee.

She had the hooks they ca'd the crooks,  
The japish and the wanton looks;  
On every lug she had the brooks,  
And the hooks aboon her eye.

And the auld man's mear's dead, &c.



## 292 THE POLITE SINGER.

She was cut-fingit, pinch-lippit,  
Steel-wamed, stanchel-fitet,  
Chanler-chafet, and lang-necket,  
And yet the brute did die.  
And the auld man's mear's dead, &c.

When first my master came to town,  
He ty'd me to a stanchel round,  
He took a chapen to himsel,  
But sint a drap gae me.

And the auld man's mear's dead,  
The poor man's mear's dead;  
The peats and tures and a's to lead,  
And yet the bitch did die.

### The YOUNG LAIRD.

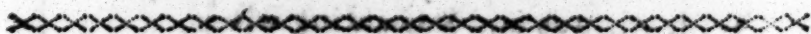
**N**OW wat ye wha I met yestreen,  
Coming down the street, my Jo?  
My mistress in her tartan screen,  
Fu' bonny, braw, and sweet, my Jo:  
My dear, quoth I, thanks to the night,  
That never wish'd a lover ill,  
Since ye're out of your mither's sight,  
Let's tak' a walk up to the hill.

O Katy, will ye gang wi' me,  
And leave the daisie town a while?  
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,  
And a' the summer's gaw'n to smile:  
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,  
The bleating lambs, and whistling hind,  
In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,  
Will nourish health, and glad your mind.

Soon

Soon as the clear goodman of day  
 Bends his morning draught of dew,  
 We'll gae to some burn-side and play,  
 And gather flow'rs to buik your brow;  
 We'll pu' the daisies on the green,  
 The lucken gowans frae the bog;  
 Between hands now and then we'll lean,  
 And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,  
 A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,  
 A canny, fast, and flow'ry den,  
 Which circling birks have form'd a bow'r;  
 Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,  
 We'll to the cauler shade remove,  
 There will I lock thee in mine arm,  
 And love and kifs, and kifs and love.



KATY'S ANSWER.

**M**Y mither's ay glowran o'er me,  
 Tho' she did the same before me;  
 I canna get leave  
 To look to my love,  
 Or else she'll be like to devour me.  
 Right fain wad I tak your offer,  
 Sweet Sir, but I'll tane my tocher;  
 Then, Sandy, ye'll fret,  
 And wyte your poor Kate,  
 Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.  
 For tho' my father has plenty  
 Of filler and plenishing dainty,  
 Yet he's unco sweer,  
 To twin wi' his gear,  
 And sae we had need to be tenty.

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Tutor my parents wi' caution,  
Be wylie in ilka motion;  
Brag well o' your land,  
And there's my leal hand,  
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

### CARPE DIEM.—An IMITATION.

*Tune: Willy was a wanton Wag.*

**W**ILLY, ne'er enquire what end  
The Gods for thee or me intend;  
How vain the search, that but bestows  
The knowledge of our future woes!  
Happier the man that ne'er repines,  
Whatever lot his Fate assigns,  
Than they that idly vex their lives,  
With wizards and enchanting wives.

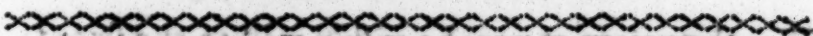
Thy present years in mirth employ,  
And consecrate thy youth to joy;  
Whether the Fates to thy old score  
Shall bounteous add a winter more,  
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth  
That rages o'er the Pentland Firth,  
No more with Home the dance to lead;  
Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blithe intent the goblet pour,  
That's sacred to the genial hour;  
In flowing wine still warm thy soul,  
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl:  
Behold, the flying hour is lost,  
For time rides ever on the post,  
Ev'n while we speak, ev'n while we think,  
And waits not for the standing drink.

Col-

Collect thy joys each present day,  
And live in youth, while best you may;  
Have all your pleasures at command,  
Nor trust one day in Fortune's hand.

Then, Wally, be a wanton wag,  
If ye wad please the lasses brag;  
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,  
And carry ay the gree awa'.



ARISTIPPUS, the FRIEND of MANKIND.

As sung by Mr CRANESON,

At the THEATRE in NEWCASTLE.

**L**ET care be a stranger to each jovial soul,  
Who, *Aristippus* like, can his passions controul;  
Of wiser philosophers wisest was he,  
Who, attentive to ease, let his mind still be free:  
The prince, peer, or peasant, to him were the same,  
For, pleas'd, he was pleasing to all where he came:  
But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,  
Resolving to live all the days of his life,  
All the days of his life, all the days of his life, &c.

A friend to mankind, all mankind was his friend,  
And the peace of his mind was his ultimate end;  
He found fault with none, if none found fault with  
him,—

If a friend had a humour, he humour'd his whim:  
If wine was the word,—why he bumper'd his glass;  
If love was the topic, he toasted his lass;  
But still turn'd his back on contention and strife,  
Resolving to live all the days of his life, &c.



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If councils disputed, if councils agreed,  
He meddled with neither, — for this was his creed,  
“That let them be guided by folly or sense,  
”Twou’d be *semper eadem* an hundred years hence.”  
He thought it unsocial to be mal-content,  
If the tide it went with him, with the stream then  
he went:

But still turn’d his back on contention and strife,  
Resolving to live all the days of his life, &c.

Was the nation at war, he wish’d well to the sword;  
If a peace was concluded, a peace was his word:  
Disquietude, either of body or mind,  
Was the longitude only he never could find:  
The philosopher’s stone was but gravel and pain,  
And all who had sought it, had sought it in vain.  
He still turn’d his back on contention and strife,  
Resolving to live all the days of his life, &c.

Then let’s follow wise *Arrippus*’s rules,  
And deem his opponents both asses and fools;  
May those not content or to lead or to drive,  
By the bees of the left be drove out of the hive;  
Exil’d from the mansions of quiet and ease,  
May they never find out the best art how to please;  
While ourselves and our friends, not forgetting our  
wives,  
By these maxims may live all the days of our lives,  
All the days of our lives, — not forgetting our  
wives, &c.



The JOKE. Tune, *Masks all.*

**Y**E well-chosen choice spirits who blazon this  
throng,  
Offended be not at this joke of a song;

No

No party, profession, nor sex I provoke;  
No satire I sing, for I sing but in joke;  
Sing tantararas joke all, &c.

Let stoics pretend to set jests at defiance,  
Let schoolmen pedantical preach up for science,  
Let self-thinking wise-ones a sapience call,  
What's all that they know? why a joke's worth  
it all.

That life's like a song, preach the sages of old;  
Poets make it a tale by a poor ideot told;  
Gay calls it a jest,—but 'tis proper each man  
Of this song, tale, or joke, to make all that he can.

The lady observe, when the lover grows pressing,  
How faint she forbids his attempts at possessing;  
With a frown by love soften'd, she cries, 'tis pro-  
voking!

O dear Sir, be quiet;—yet she is but joking:

When the tithe-taking priest would a bishopric  
chuse,  
The first time 'tis offer'd, in jest he'll refuse;  
He gravely cries No;—but tho' gravely he spoke,  
When you see him a bishop, you see 'twas a joke.

When the bait of electors, in English a bribe,  
Is offer'd, or thrust on the vote-selling tribe,  
They cry, O dear G—d!—why, my Lord!—nay,  
I've sworn!

Yet they pocket the pelf, and are mad 'twas no  
more.

Tho'

# 298 THE POLITE SINGER.

'Tho' the wife may admit, in her dull husband's  
room,  
The white stocking footman, or stable-bred groom,  
She don't think that her vow at the altar is broke,  
For she meant by her marriage no more than a joke.

We are all made a joke of, by one or another,  
This drolls on his father, and that on his brother;  
By ev'ry day's practice our wits have confess'd,  
That they sooner would forfeit their friend than  
their jest.

The joke thus goes on from our cradle to coffin,  
The time fill'd between is fit only for laughing:  
The last joke I mention, I'm sure you'll attest,  
For you all must allow that my singing's a jest.

YEA and NAY. By J. OGLE.

ON the summer's eve, as I walk'd in the grove,  
I was wond'ring why Phillis resist'd my love;  
Espy'd the dear nymph from her cottage to stray,  
With her knitting and work-bag, amongst the new  
May.

With her knitting, &c.—  
With my heart at my lips, I advanc'd to the stile,  
To salute the dear nymph, and to chat a while;  
I renew'd all my vows, but still all she would say,  
'Tis too soon to be marry'd by Yea and by Nay.  
'Tis too soon, &c.

Pow'd and I swore that my very existence  
Could never be borne, if she yet made resistance;  
I lov'd her as life, but still all she would say,  
'Tis too soon to be marry'd by Yea and by Nay.  
'Tis too soon, &c.



My pride took the hint, and I alter'd my plan,  
Since Phillis refus'd still to make me her man;  
For a whole week together I from her did stay  
'Till in haste she sent for me, by Yea and by Nay  
'Till in haste, &c.

With a blush, like Aurora bespangling the East,  
And a sigh from her bosom that thrill'd thro' my  
breast,  
She gently first chided, then ask'd me to stay,  
And she'd make me her husband by Yea and by Nay.  
And she'd make me, &c.

The farce I kept up, tho' I Phillis ador'd,  
And I swore that no mortal would now take her  
word;  
'Till a tear from her cheek inadvertent did stray,  
Then, ye Gods, how I lov'd her, by Yea and by Nay!  
Then, ye Gods, &c.

In my arms then I folded the nymph of my heart,  
Resolved no more from my Phillis to part:  
Together that moment to church we did stray,  
And we both are made happy, by Yea and by Nay.  
And we both are made happy, &c.

DRINK WHILE YE CAN.

LET's drink, my friends, while here we live,  
The fleeting moments as they pass  
This silent admonition give,  
"T' improve our time, and push the glass."

When once we've enter'd Charon's boat,  
Farewell to drinking, joys divine!  
There's not a drop to wet our throat,  
The grave's a cellar void of wine.

The



## 300 THE POLITE SINGER.

### The AMBITIOUS SHEPHERDESS.

**M**Y sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep's  
crook,  
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forlook ;  
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,  
For Ambition I find would soon cure me of love.  
Ah! what had my youth with Ambition to do?  
Why left I Amynta? why broke I my vow?  
Ah! give me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,  
I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Thro' regions remote in vain do I rove,  
And bid the wide ocean secure me from love ;  
Ah fool! to imagine that ought could subdue  
A love so well-founded, — a passion so true.  
Ah! what had my youth, &c.

Alas! 'tis too late that I seek to repine,  
Poor shepherd Amynta no more can be mine!  
These fears are all fruitless, these wishes are vain,  
For a moment neglected returns not again.  
Ah! what had my youth, &c.

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### The USQUEBÆ.

#### A Favourite HIGHLAND SONG.

**D**ONALD's a shentleman, and evermore shall,  
She's porn in the Highlands, the pack of  
Dunkel';  
Put the king an' his cadgers ha'e made her a prey,  
And ta'en paith her pot, an' her tear Usquebæ.



Nain-

## THE POLITE SINGER. 301

Nainsell now has naething of auld Highland hue,  
Put her turk, her claymore, and her ponnet o' blue,  
Her plait an' her kilt, ohon! mair wae!  
She's reaved of them, an' her tear Usquebæ.

I was not a ribel, tho' I faught for my Chief,  
Nor am I rogue, who was never a thief:  
Nainsell was a sodger, and got t'e King's pay,  
An' yet she's depriv'd o' her tear Usquebæ.

On t'e morning our Shanet he wad gi'e me a tram,  
Then I'd fight like a Turk, and work like a man:  
If ye see t'e King, tell her it's no t'e right way,  
To tak' frae poor Donald her tear Usquebæ.

When her Shanet was sick, an' pearing t'e pairn,  
A trink of goot whisky did sberish his prain;  
It open'd her nersè, and the loon flew away;  
This was the fruits o' her goot Usquebæ.

The whisky's t'e life o' t'e Highlands besure,  
Now t'e King's ain tear sodgers may die in t'e muir;  
When her feets will be fair, in a cault winter-tay,  
She'll miss Donald's kebbucks, an' goot Usquebæ.

My curse on t'e cadger t'at e'er he was porn!  
Poor Highlandman now maun pe Lallandman scorn;  
Nainsell tho' pe hopes to see petter tay,  
An' t'e te'il get the cadger, and her Usquebæ.



### THE LOVE SEIGE.

**W**HEN first I laid siege to my Chloris,  
Cannon oaths I brought down,  
To batter the town,  
And I storm'd her with amorous stories.

## 302 The POLITE SINGER.

Billet-doux, like small shot, did so ply her,  
And sometimes a song  
Went whistling along,  
But still I was never the nigher.

At length, she sent word by a trumpet,  
If I liked that life,  
She would be my wife,  
But she would not be any man's strumpet.

I told her that Mars could not marry;  
And swore by my scars,  
Got in combat and wars,  
That I'd rather dig stones in a quarry.

At length, she granted the favour,  
Without the sad curse,  
For better for worse,  
And fav'd the dull parson the labour.



### A FORECASTLE SONG.

By GEORGE ALEXANDER STEVENS.

*Tune: How happy could I be with either.*

**D**O you see, as a Sailor, I'll heave off  
A bit of a song in my way;  
But if you don't like it, I'll leave off,  
I soon can my bawling belay.  
Odd lingos musicianers write in,  
Concerning flats, sharps, and all that;  
We seamen are sharp in our fighting,  
And as to the Frenchmen they're flat.

Out.

Outlandish folks tickle your ears  
With solos, and such sort of stuff,  
We Tars have no more than three cheers,  
Which French folks think music enough.  
Through Canada loudly 'twas rung,  
Then echo'd on Senegal's shore,  
At Gaudaloupe merrily sung,  
And Martinique chorus'd Encore.

At Havre we play'd well our parts,  
'Tho' our game they pretended to scoff;  
For trumps we turn'd up English hearts,  
They threw down their cards and sheer'd off:  
They have met with their match now they feel,  
Their shuffling and cutting we check;  
They were lurch'd at Crown Point, and lost Deal,  
And faith they got flamm'd at Quebec.

Our music gave French folks the vapours,  
It took an odd turn on Conflans;  
We knew they were all fond of capers,  
So set up an old English dance:  
'Twas 'Britons strike home' that we founded,  
By the strength of that tune they were trounc'd,  
The Tididols looking confounded,  
While Hawke faith their feather-heads pounc'd.

Our instruments always do wonders,  
From round-tops we give serenades;  
Our organs are twenty-four pounders,  
Our concerts are brisk carronades:  
For cooks, thof the French folks are neater,  
Our messes they never can beat,  
Our dishes have so much salt-petre,  
And as to our balls they're forc'd-meat.



## 304 The POLITE SINGER.

God bless our King George, with three cheers, Sirs,  
And God bless his consort, Amen :  
In past times we've drubb'd the Mounseers, Sirs,  
For pastime we'll drub them again.  
There's one thing I have more to say, tho'—  
Beyond seas, my boys, we'll o'ercome,  
If you'll give Old England fair play, tho',  
And keep yourselves quiet at home.

~~~~~

The NEW SPINNING WHEEL.

ONE summer eve, as Nancy fair
Sat spinning in the shade,
While soaring sky-larks shook the air,
In warbling o'er her head :
In tender cooes the pigeons woo'd ;
(Love's impulse all must feel)
She sung, but still her work pursu'd,
And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

“ While thus I work with rock and reel,
“ So life by time is spun ;
“ And as runs round my spinning-wheel,
“ The world runs up and down ;
“ Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
“ While I no changes feel,
“ But get my bread by sweat of brow,
“ And turn my spinning-wheel.

“ From me let men and women too
“ This home-spun lesson learn,
“ Not mind what other people do,
“ But eat the bread they earn :

“ It

"If none we're fed (were that to be)

"But what deserv'd a meal,

"Some ladies then, as well as me,

"Must turn the spinning-wheel."

The rural toast, with sweetest note,

Thus sung her wileless strain,—

When o'er the lawn limp'd gammer Joan,

And brought home Nancy's swain :

"Come, (cries the dame) Nancy here's thy
spouse,

"Away throw rock and reel :"

Blyth Nancy, with the bonny news,

O'erset her spinning-wheel.



The FAIR MONITOR.

YOU'VE sure forgot, dear mother mine,

When you was once as blithe as me ;

When vows were offer'd at your shrine,

And lovers dropt on bended knee :

When you could sing and dance and play,

Alas! December treads on May.

Behold dame Nature's fav'rite blow,

The rich jonquil, the blushing rose ;

How short a date their beauties know,

Surrounded by a thousand foes :

'Till time decrees their full decay,

And harsh December treads on May.

The whole creation owns this truth ;

Then why should wrinkled brows exact

The mode (severe on blooming youth)

By which themselves could never act?

306 The POLITE SINGER.

The blood that's warm will have its way,
'Too soon December treads on May.

Then, swains, with tabor, pipe, and glee,
Let's, whilst we're here, grim Care deride ;
Come sport and frolic free with me,
In spite of age and prudish pride :
The laws of Love—all should obey,
Before December treads on May.

HANG ME IF I MARRY!

DECLARE, my pretty maid,
Must my fond suit miscarry ?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss, and play,
But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry :
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss, and play,
But hang me if I marry.

Then speak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry ;
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss, and play,
But hang me if I marry.
With you, &c.

Tho' charms and wit assail,
The stroke I well can parry :
I love to toy, to kiss, and play,
But do not chuse to marry.
I love &c.

Young Molly of the Dale
Makes a mere slave of Harry ;
Because when they had toy'd and kiss'd,
The foolish swain would marry.
Because, &c. These

These fix'd resolves, my dear,
 I to the grave will carry:
 With you I'll toy, and kiss, and play,
 But hang me if I marry, hang me if I marry:
 With you I'll toy, and kiss, and play,
 But hang me if I marry.

RORUM CORUM.—From the Agreeable Surprise.

AMO, amas,
 I love a lass,
 As a cedar tall and slender;
 Sweet Cowslip's grace
 Is her nom'tive case,
 And she's of the feminine gender.

*Rorum corum,
 Sunt divorum,
 Harum scarum!*

Divo!
 Tag rag, merry derry, perriwig, and hathand,
 Hic, hoc borum genitivo!

Can I decline
 A nymph divine?
 Her voice as a flute is dulcis;
 Her colour's bright,
 Her manus white,
 And soft, when I tacto, her pulse is.

Rorum corum, &c.

Oh! how bella
 My puella!
 I'll kiss secula seculorum;
 If I've luck, Sir,
 She's my uxor,
 O dies benedictorum!

Rorum corum, &c.

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NO: I WILL NE'ER CONFESS.

ONE eve, for recreation, SAL
Trode Heaton's tufted grove;
Her graceful steps and gestures, all
Shew'd she was form'd for love;

Intreating, I besought the Fair

Would deign my arms to bless;

She But ~~with~~ with most bewitching air,
Cry'd, "No: I'll ne'er confess."

Still I continu'd to implore,

She'd ease my am'rous pain,—

And told how much I did adore;

But ah! I told in vain:

For when I beg'd the beauteous maid

Wou'd make my troubles less;

She heard my plaint, and careless said,

"No, Sir: I'll ne'er confess."

Impatient, I her form survey'd,

And all her charms admir'd;

Tho' thus she did my suit evade,

My ravish'd heart was fir'd:

Her beauties all my soul did fill;

(Such beauties few possess)

But she, unmov'd, made answer still,

"No: I will ne'er confess."

Oh! would some Pow'r, unseen, but thrill

Sweet pity thro' her breast,

And teach how cruel 'tis to kill

The swain who'd make her blest!

Grant this, ye Gods! (once hear my pray'r,

And let me taste your bliss)

That Sarah ne'er rest minute more,

'Till she learn to confess.

The THING.

THO' Songsters apologies oftentimes use,—
When call'd on, I'm ready to sing;
With hems or with haws I ne'er mean to refuse,
And egad, Sirs, I'll give you the thing, the thing,
And egad, Sirs, I'll give you the thing!

Conceited, our beaux arm in arm walk the street,
In idleness taking full swing;
Each levels his glass, when a lady they meet—

'There's a fine girl, faith'—'Only so so, Tom'
'—But look what a shape'—'Oh monstrous!'
'—Damme, there's a handsome foot'—'Aye,
'and a leg at the end of it'—'Yes, she goes
'well on her hind feet'—'Oh! rat me if she
'is not the thing, the thing'—
And if handsome, they swear she's the thing.

The sportsman with joy views the hare in full speed;
In extasy hears the sky ring,
With the cry of the hounds, and of each neighing
steed;
And in transport he cries—

'Hoicks! hoicks! my lads!—hark forward
'there!—hevoe, hevoe, hevoe!—hark, hark,
'hark! touch him, Rover, see ho!—and hark
'forward, my lads, 'tis the thing, the thing'—

Thus in transport he cries 'tis the thing.

See Jwoney and Jwoseph to the playhouse repair,
Leonora to hear sweetly sing;
Pretenders to music, they praise every air,
With—

'Jwoney

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'Jwoney—Jwoney—dus'ta bear that?'—
 'Sno-o-rè,—aye, Jwoseph—what is't about?'
 '—Wa' man! wacken tha, it's about robin
 'reed-breast'—'Eh, aye—we'll ha' th' ballat
 'on't or 'at we ga' yame—
 'For cfackins lad, this is the thing, the thing,
 'Aye, depend, but she's gien us the thing.'

At Smithfield the Jockey his nag will commend;
 'What a shape!—why he's fit for the king:
 He's found wind and limb, on the word of a friend,
 'And—

'There's a neck like a rainbow, and a fore-end
 'like a fortification; he was got by Pluto, and
 'bred by Lord Whistlejacket; his dam by
 'Hedge's Barbarian, his grandam by Coney
 'Skins, his great grandam by Jack Ketch, his
 'great great grandam by Corporal Trim, his
 'great great great grandam by Potatoes, whose
 'own dam's dam was the dam of Denmark—
 'And for spirits, he's really the thing,—hec, hec!
 'See, for spirits he's really the thing.'

The cock-fighters too, when they match, win, and
 draw,

Their flags and their blenkards they bring;
 And when on the sod these fierce combatants crow,
 'Tis—

'I'll lay five to four the black red'—'the black
 'red a guinea'—'piley's mine'—'ten to four
 'the black red;' 'my cock a guinea, by G—'
 'My lad Tom'—
 For black-reds, Sir, are really the thing, the thing,
 Aye, Coulson's black-reds are the thing.

Jack

THE POLITE SINGER. 311

Jack Tar, full of glee, to the Garden will stroll,
In fancy as great as a king;
There lights on Moll Jenkins, and swears by his
foul——

• Why Moll, thou'rt as fine as the Admiral's
• yawl at a review; with thy broad pendant
• flying, and thy phiz shining like the captain's
• cabbin windows after a storm: But Moll,
• shall we haul up the main-sheet, and lie too,
• under bare poles,—eh?—
• For thou art rigg'd fore and aft, quite the thing, the
thing,
• Yes, rigg'd fore and aft, quite the thing."

The CHARMER.

Tune, Derry down.

LET him fond of fibbing, invoke whom he
chuses,

Fine golden-lock'd Phœbus, or misses the muses;
Or some name in the classical kingdom of letters,
Poets often are apt to make free with their betters.

Derry down, &c.

But I scorn to say aught save the thing that is true,
No beauties I'll plunder, yet give mine her due;
She has charms upon charms, such as few people
may view,
She has charms—for the tooth-ach, and eke for the
ague.

Derry down, &c.

Her

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Her lips, she has two, and her teeth they are white,
And what she puts into her mouth she can bite;
Black and all black her eyes are, and sprightly they
spark,
Yet they're shut when she sleeps, and she's blind in
the dark.

Derry down, &c.

Her waist is so so—I'll not waste words about it,
Her heart is within it, her stays are without it;
Her breasts are so pair'd, two such breasts when you
see,

You'll swear that no woman yet born e'er had three.

Derry down, &c.

Her ears from her cheeks equal distance are bearing,
'Cause each side her head should go partners in
hearing;

The fall of her neck's the downfall of beholders,
Love tumbles them in by the head the shoulders.

Derry down, &c.

Her legs are proportion'd to bear what they've
carry'd,

And equally pair'd as if happily marry'd;
Yet wedlock will sometimes the best friends divide,
By her spouse thus they're serv'd when he throws
them aside.

Derry down, &c.

Not too short, nor too tall, but I'll venture to say,
She's a very good size in the middling way;

She's—aye that she is, she is all—but I'm wrong,
Her all I can't say, for I've sung all my song.

Derry down, &c.

The

THE POLITE SINGER! 313

The DEPLORING DAMSEL.

The Words by Mr GAY. New set by Mr Jackson.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd;
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wishful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

AIR.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days,
Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion,
To that within my breast?

The merchant, robb'd of treasure,
Views tempests with despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To the losing of my dear?
Should you, some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

314 The POLITE SINGER.

How can they say that Nature
 Has nothing made in vain?
 Why then, beneath the water,
 Do hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes those rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wail'd she for her dear,
 Repaid each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear:
 When o'er the white waves stooping,
 His floating corpse she 'spy'd;
 Then, like a lily drooping,
 She bow'd her head—and dy'd!



MUIRLAND WILLY.

HARKEN, and I will tell you how
 Young Muirland Willy came to woo,
 Though he could neither say nor do,
 The truth I tell to you.

But ay he cries, Whate'er beride,
 Maggy I'll ha'e to be my bride.

With a fal, dal, &c.

On his gray yade as he did ride,
 With durk and pistol by his side,
 He prick'd her on wi' mickle pride,
 Wi' meikle mirth and glee:

Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
 Till he came to her dady's door.

With a fal, dal, &c.

Good-

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within?
 I'm come your doughter's love to win,
 I care na for making meikle din,
 What answer gi'e ye me?
 Now wooer, quoth he, wad ye light down,
 I'll gi'e ye my doughter's love to win.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

Now wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
 Where do you win, or in what town?
 I think my doughter winna gloom
 On sic a lad as ye.
 The wooer he stept up the house,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owfen in a plengh,
 'Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
 The place they ca' it Cadeneugh,
 I scorn to tell a lie:
 Besides, I ha'e frae the great laird,
 A peat-pat, and a lang-kail yard.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the town;
 I wat on him she did na gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.
 The lover he stended up in haste,
 And gript her hard about the waist.
 With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here;
 I'm young, and ha'e enough o' gear;
 And for mysell you need na fear,
 Troth try me when ye like.

316 The POLITE SINGER.

He took aff his bonnet, and spat out his chow,
He dighted his gab and he pri'd her mou',
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blush'd, and bing'd fu' law,
She had na will to say him na,
But to her dady she left it a',
As they twa could agree.

The lover he gae her the tither kifs,
Syn e ran to her dady and tell'd him this.
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doughter wad na say me na,
But to yoursell she's left it a',
As we cou'd 'gree between us twa;
Say, what'll ye gi'e me wi' her?
Now wooer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
But sic as I ha'e ye's get a pickle.
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu' of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three souns of sheep, twa good milk ky,
Ye's ha'e the wadding-dinner free,
Troth I dow do na mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't.
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal day, it came to pals,
With mony a blithesome lad and lads;
But sicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mef's John ty'd up the marriage bands.
With a fal, dal, &c.

And

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were braw new.

And blinkit bonnilie;
'Their toys and mutches were fae clean,
They glanced in our lads's eyn.

With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic dm,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him,
The minstrels they did never blin,

Wi' meikle mirth and glee.

And ay they bobbit, and ay they beckt,
And ay their wames together met.

With a fal, dal, &c.

FALSE COLIN.

YOUNG Colin was the bonniest swain,
That ever pip'd on flow'ry plain,
Or danced on the lee;
The wanton kid, in game some bound,
That frolics o'er the tufted ground,
Was not so blithe as he.

Beneath the oak, in yonder dale,
You'd think you heard the nightingale,
Whene'er he rais'd his voice;
But ah! the youth was all deceit,
His vows, his oaths, were all a cheat,
And choice succeeded choice.

318 The POLITE SINGER

The maidens sung in willow grove,
Of Colin's false and perjur'd love,
Here Jenny told her woes :
And Peggy's tears encreas'd the brook,
Whose cheeks like dying lilies look,
That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy Fair ! my words believe,
So shall no swain your hopes deceive,
Nor leave you in despair ;
'Ere man disclose his fickle mind,
Change first yourselves,—for ah ! you'll find
False Colins ev'ry where.



BACCHUS and ARIADNE,

Set by Mr Schetky, and performed in St Cecilia's Hall.

RECITATIVE.

THE faithless Theseus scarce had got on board,
When Ariadne wak'd, and miss'd her Lord :
Sudden she rose, and to the beach she flew,
And saw his vessel lessening to her view ;
She smote her breast, she rav'd, and tore her hair,
Then in soft plaints she vented her despair.

AIR.—Ariadne.

Ah ! Theseus, Theseus, stay !
Cease, cease, ye winds to blow,
Kind Neptune, cease to flow,
Nor waft my love away :
Ah ! whither wilt thou go ?
Could I have serv'd thee so ?
Ah ! Theseus, faithless Theseus, tell me why
You fly ? from here who gave thee pow'r to fly ?

Re.

RECITATIVE.

The jolly God who rules the jovial bowl,
Bacchus, whose gifts re-animate the soul,
Heard and beheld poor Ariadne's grief,
And gently thus administer'd relief:

AIR.—*Bacchus.*

Cease, lovely nymph, to weep,—
Wipe off that falling tear;
Tho' Theseus plow the deep,
You've still a lover here.

I am Bacchus, God of wine,
God of revelry and joy;
If Ariadne will be mine,
Mirth shall ev'ry hour employ.

Come, Silenus, fill a cup
Of my choicest cordial draught;
Fill it, man,—why fill it up,
'Twill banish ev'ry gloomy thought;
Fill it higher,—to the brink,
Come, my lovely mourner, drink.

RECITATIVE.

With soft reluctance she at last comply'd,
And to her lips the nectar'd cup apply'd;
The potent draught with more than magic art,
Flew thro' her veins, and seiz'd her yielding heart.

DUETTO.—*Bacchus.*

Come, Ariadne, come and see,
What pleasures are in store for thee;
The flowers in all their sweets appear,
The fields their gayest liveries wear.

Ariadne.

O jolly God! I come and see,
 What pleasures are in store for me;
 The flowers in all their sweets appear,
 The fields their gayest liveries wear.

Bacchus.

The joyful birds in ev'ry grove,
 Now warble out their songs of love;
 For thee they sing, and roses bloom,
 And Bacchus thee invites to come.

Ariadne.

I hear the warbling songs of love,
 From joyful birds in ev'ry grove;
 For me they sing, and roses bloom,
 When Bacchus me invites to come.

Bac. Come, tender maid, and Bacchus join.

Ar. The jolly God I willing join.

Bac. My sweetest grapes, and all is thine.

Ar. His sweetest grapes, and all be mine.

Bac. If wine and Ariadne's here,
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.

Ar. If Bacchus, love, and wine are here,
 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.

CHORUS

Let all, — let all be gay,
 And join in sportive play;
 Let mirth, — let mirth and joy
 Each happy hour employ.

Du.

THE POLITE SINGER. 321

DUETTO.—*Bacchus.*

O the raptures of possessing,
Melting into beauty's arms;

Ariadne.

O the joy, the lasting blessing,
Which from honour takes its charms.

B. Love's soft flame shall gently warm thee.

A. Love and honour both shall charm thee.

Both.

O the raptures of possessing,
Melting into beauty's arms;
O the joy, the lasting blessing,
Which from honour takes its charms.

CHORUS.

Let all,—let all be gay,
And join in sportive play;
Let mirth,—let mirth and joy
Each happy hour employ.

KATY and COLIN.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
Since how can I speak without pain;
My eyes have oft told you my wishes,
Oh! can't you their meaning explain?
My passion would lose by expression,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a confession
Of what is too tender to name.

Since

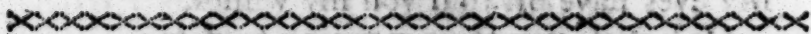
Since yours is the province of speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me?
 Our wishes should be in our keeping,
 'Till you tell us what they should be:
 Then quickly why don't you discover?
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine,
 I need not tell over and over,
 What I in my bosom confine.



COLIN'S ANSWER.

DEAR Katy, when ladies are willing,
 A man must needs look like a fool;
 For me, I wou'd not give a shilling,
 For one that can love out of rule:
 At least you should wait for our offers,
 Nor snatch like old maids in despair;
 If you've liv'd to these years without proffers,
 Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at your meaning,
 And not speak the matter too plain;
 'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
 And yours to affect a disdain:
 That you're in a terrible taking,
 By all your fond oglings I see;
 The fruit that will fall without shaking,
 Indeed, is too mellow for me.



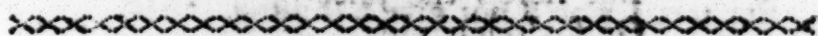
COME, LOVELY JOCKEY.

ERE Love did first my thoughts employ,
 Returning day still saw me blest;
 Each happy hour came wing'd with joy,
 Each night was crown'd with balmy rest:

But

But now alas! no longer gay,
 I rise to hail the cheerful light,
 But sit and sigh the live-long day,
 And pass in tears the sleepless night.

Come, lovely Jockey, hither haste,
 Since thou hast long perceiv'd my mind;
 I fear my words I vainly waste,—
 That thou art cruel and unkind:
 Or if some maid of happier fate
 More favour'd lives, more lov'd than I,
 Oh! free me of this anxious state,
 Pronounce my doom, and let me die!



CRUEL CREATURE.

Tune: Tell me, tell me, charming creature.

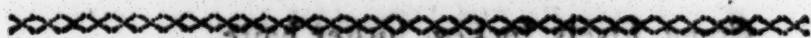
CRUEL creature, can you leave me,
 Can you then ungrateful prove?
 Did you court me to deceive me,
 And to slight my constant love?

False! ungrateful! thus to woo me,
 Thus to make my heart a prize;
 First to ruin and undo me,
 Then to scorn and tyrannize.

Shall I send to heav'n my pray'r?
 Shall I all my wrongs relate?
 Shall I curse the dear betrayer?
 No, alas! it is too late.

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Cupid, pity my condition, —
Pierce this unrelenting swain;
Hear a tender maid's petition,
And restore my love again.



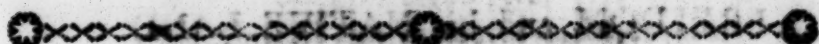
The DOSE of CLARET.

THE doctor is feed for a dangerous draught,
Which cures half a dozen, and kills half a score;
Of all the best drugs the dispensaries taught,
'Twere well could each cure one disease, and no
more :

But here's the juice
Of sov'reign use,
'Twill cure your distempers, whatever they be ;
In body or spirit,
Wherever you bear it,
Take of this a large dose, and it soon sets you free.

By cunning directors, if trick'd of your pelf,
Your losses a dose of good claret can heal ;
Or if you have been a director yourself,
'Twill teach you no loss of your honour to feel :
Stocks fall or rise,
Tell truth or lies,
Your fame and your fortune here remedy find ;
If Silvia be cruel,
Take this water-gruel,
'Twill soon cure the fever that burns up your mind.





The WHIMSICAL CHOICE.

I Love you for your squinting eyes,
They'll breed no jealousy;
When you perhaps on others look,
They'll think you look on me.

I love you for your sparrow-mouth,
For in an am'rous close,
There's room on either side to kiss,
And ne'er offend the nose.

I love you for your pudding waist;
If you a taylor lack,
We need not send to France for him,
We'll fit you with a lack.

I love you for your copper nose,
The feature's ne'er the worse;
I find the metal in the face,
You wanted in the purse.

I love you for your rotten teeth,
A fine new-fancy'd grace,
You wear black patches in the mouth,
'Tis common on the face.

I love you for your blubber lips,
In them I thrift propose,
Fit dripping pans they're for your eyes,
And save-alls for your nose.

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FREEDOM and his NATIVE LAND.
SUNG by Mrs KENNEDY, at VAUXHALL.

Written by Mr HULL.

MUST peace, and pleasure's melting strain,
For ever in this circle reign?
Awhile the Mule with ardour glows,
To pay the debt that Britain owes:
O wave awhile your soft delights,
To praise each valiant Son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For Freedom and his native Land.

The Soldier seeks a distant plain,
The Sailor plows the boist'rous main;
Their toil domestic ease secures,
The labour theirs,—the pleasure yours:
Then change awhile your soft delights,
To praise each valiant Son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For Freedom and his native Land.

Ye wealthy, who domestic sweets
Enjoy within your gay retreats,
Think, think on those who guard the shore,
Whence, unmolested, springs your store;
And change awhile your soft delights,
To praise each valiant Son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For Freedom and his native Land.

Ye swains who haunt the shady grove,
And tranquil breathe your vows of love,
Who hear not war's tremendous voice,
But in the arms of peace rejoice:

Change,

Change, change awhile your soft delights,
To praise each valiant Son that fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For Freedom and his native Land.

And ye, who in this frolic train,
Inspir'd with music's sprightly strain,
And wild with pleasure's airy round,
Bid flowing bowls with love be crown'd :
Amid your social, dear delights,
Remember him who boldly fights,
And braves abroad each hostile band,
For Freedom and his native Land.

XX

I WINNA GANG WI' THEE.

Set by Mr. HOOK, and sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN,
at VAUXHALL.

MY ladies, do you Jockey ken,
The pride of Aberdeen?
His golden locks hang o'er his brow,
Love wantons in his pen;
His teeth with snow-drops may compare,
His breath with new-mown hay,
He's bonniest where the bonny come,
And can bauld sing and say :
Gang down the burn, my Meg, he cry'd,
Gang down the burn wi' me;
I ken'd what he'd be at, and said,
I winna gang wi' thee.

If to the wimpling burnie I,
 I the morn to wash my claihs,
 The bonny lad his winsome flute
 Tunes o'er the neighb'ring braes;
 At e'en as hame I do return,
 Frae milking mither's ky,
 He'll lack my laglen o'er the bent,
 And lilt sae blythsomly:—
 Gang down the burn, my Meg, he cry'd,
 Gang down the burn wi' me;
 I ken'd what he'd be at, and said,
 I winna gang wi' thee.

If ewes shou'd stray, he'll hound his dog,
 And fetch them frae the glen;
 He'll tent the wathers to the trowe,
 And bring my lambs hame;
 He'll buy me ribbon knots sae fine,
 And prin them to my break,
 He'll kifs sae sweet, and sighing vow,
 I'm bonnier than the rest;
 Gang down the burn, my Meg, he cry'd,
 Gang down the burn with me;
 Hout lad! gang first before the priest,
 And then I'll gang wi' thee.

WHO CAN DESCRIBE MY WOE?

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

THE sun, his gladsome beams withdrawn,
 The hills all white with snow,
 Leave me dejected and forlorn,
 Who can describe my woe?

But

But not the sun's warm beams could cheer,
Nor hills tho' e'er so green;
Unless my Damon should appear,
To beautify the scene.

The frozen brooks, and pathless vales,
Disjoin my love and me;
The pining bird his fate bewails,
On yonder leafless tree!
But, what to me are birds or brooks,
Or any joy that's near?
Heavy the lute, and dull the books,
While Damon is not here.

The Laplander, who half the year,
Is wrapt in shades of night,
Mourns not, like me, his winter drear,
Nor wishes more for light:
But what were light, without my love,
Or objects e'er so fine?
The flow'ry meadow, field, or grove,
If Damon be not mine?

Each moment, from my dear away,
Is a long age of pain;
Fly swift, ye hours! be calm the day
That brings my love again!
O haste, and bring him to my arms,
Nor let us ever part!
My breast shall beat no more alarms,
When I secure his heart.

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TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

A Favorite Scots Song.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts fac bauld,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:
 Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up, goodman, save Cromie's life,
 And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn,
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin;
 It is so bare and overworn,
 A cricke he thereon cannot rin:
 Then I'll nae langer borrow nor lend,
 For ance I'll new-apparell'd be;
 To-morrow I'll to town and spend,
 For I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
 And she is come of a good kine;
 Aft has she wet the hairns's mou',
 And I am laith that she should rine.
 Get up, goodman, it is for time,
 The sun shines in the lift fac, hie;
 Sloth never made a gracious end,
 Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
 When it was fitting for my wear;
 But now it's scanty worth a groat,
 For I ha'e worn't this threty year:

Let's

Let's spend the gear that we ha'e won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, since I ha'e sworn
To ha'e a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost him half-a-crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lown;
He was the King that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.

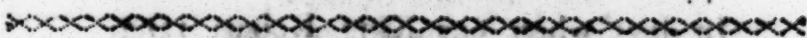
Ev'ry land has its ain lough,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do you not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hunklen in the afe?
I'll ha'e a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis threety years,
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we ha'e had between us twa,
O' lads and bonny lassies ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife,
But she wad guide me if she can;
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman:
Nought's

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Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
 Unless ye g'e her a' the plea;
 Then I'll leave aff where I began,
 And tak' my auld cloak about me.



COLIN and DOLLY.

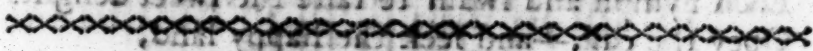
SUNG at the THEATRE in NEWCASTLE,
 by Mr JEFFREYS.

THE lark proclaim'd return of morn,
 When Dolly tripp'd across the lawn;
 Young Colin follow'd with his flail,
 She went to fill her milking pail:
 He lov'd,—and begg'd she'd hear him now,
 She answer'd—she must milk her cow,
 Milk her cow,—milk her cow,
 She answer'd, she must milk her cow.

He sighing, vow'd he lov'd her more,
 Than ever youth did nymph before;
 With rapture prais'd her blooming charms,
 And clasp'd the fair one in his arms:
 She bade him keep his distance now,
 Nor hinder her to milk her cow,
 Milk her cow,—milk her cow,
 Nor hinder her to milk her cow.

Fair maid, he cry'd, could you approve
 An artless shepherd's honest love;
 Yon little farm, yon flocks are mine,
 All, with their master's heart, is thine:
 Then begg'd she would his flame allow,
 She answer'd, she must milk her cow,
 Milk her cow,—milk her cow,
 She answer'd, she must milk her cow.

Not so repuls'd the comely youth,
 With kisses, prayers, and vows of truth,
 So pleas'd the nymph, she smil'd consent,
 And to the church they instant went :
 His flame she did not disallow,
 But quite forgot to milk her cow,
 Milk her cow,—milk her cow,
 But quite forgot to milk her cow.



The ARTFUL WOMAN.
 SUNG by Mrs WRIGHTEN, at VAUXHALL,
 Set to Music by Mr. HOOK.

MY pride is to hold all mankind in my chain,
 The conquest I prize, tho' the slaves I disdain,
 I'll tease them and vex them,
 I'll plague and perplex them;
 Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,
 I'll shew them a Woman's as artful as they.

Young Damon pursu'd me, and Strephon vain youth,
 They meant to deceive, yet they boasted of truth,
 They knelt and they trembled,
 I smil'd and dissembled.

I saw all their arts were but meant to betray;
 And prov'd there were Women as artful as they.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my council believe,
 Resist all their wiles,—the deceivers deceive;
 Their canting and whining,
 Their sighing and pining.

Are all meant as baits our weak sex to betray,
 Then prove there are Women as artful as they.

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CUPID'S RECRUITING SERJEANT,
SUNG by Mr JEFFREYS, at NEWCASTLE.

RECITATIVE.

FROM Paphos' Isle, so fam'd of old, I come,
To raise Recruits, with merry fife and drum;
The Queen of Beauty here, by me, invites
Each nymph and swain to taste the sweet delights:
Obey the call,—and seek the happy land,
Where Captain Cupid bears the sole command.

A. R.

Ye nymphs and ye swains, who are youthful and
gay,

Attend to the call, and be blest while you may;

Lads and lasses hither come,

To the sound of the drum,

I have treasure in store which you never have seen,

Then haste, let us rove

To the Island of Love,

Where Cupid is Captain, and Venus the Queen.

Each nymph of sixteen, who would fain be a wife,

Shall soon have a partner to bless her for life;

Then lasses hither come,

To the sound of the drum,

I have sweethearts in store, such as never were seen:

Haste, haste, let us rove

To the Island of Love,

Where Cupid is Captain, and Venus the Queen.

Wou'd a swain but be blest with a nymph to his mind,

Let him enter my list, and his wish he shall find;

I can bless him for life,

With a kind, loving wife,

More

More beautiful far than was nymph ever seen;

Then haste, let us rove, 150

To the Island of Love,

Where Cupid is Captain, and Venus the Queen.

In Paphos we know not of discord or strife.

Each nymph and each swain may be happy for life;

In transport and joy.

We each moment employ,

And taste such delight as never yet was seen ;

Then haste, let us rove,

To the Island of Love.

Where Cupid is Captain, and Venus the Queen.

JOCKEY to the FAIR.

'T WAS in the morn of sweet May-day,

When Nature painted all things gay,

Taught birds to sing, and lambs to play.

'To hail the meadows fair ;

Young Jockey, early in the morn,

Arose and tript out o'er the lawn;

His Sunday's coat the youth put on,

For Jenny vow'd away she'd run,

With Jockey to the Fair.

The chearful parish-bells had rung,

With eager steps he trudg'd along,

A flow'ry garland round him hung,

Which shepherds us'd to wear:

He tapt the window, Haste, my dear ;

Jenny impatient, cry'd Who's there?

'Tis I, my love, and no one near.

Step gently down, you've nought to fear,

With Jockey to the Fair.

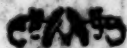
My

336 The POLITE SINGER.

My dad and mammy's fast asleep,
 My brother's gone to tend the sheep;
 But will you still your promise keep,
 Which I have heard you swear?
 And will you ever constant prove?
 I will, by all the Pow'rs above!
 And ne'er deceive my charming dove;
 Dispel those doubts, and haste, my love,
 With Jockey to the Fair.

Behold the ring! the shepherd cry'd,
 Will Jenny be my charming bride?
 May Cupid be our happy guide,
 And Hymen meet us there!
 Then Jockey did his vows renew,
 He would be constant, kind, and true;
 The bird was ta'en, — away she flew,
 O'er cowslips dipt in mellow dew,
 With Jockey to the Fair.

With joy they met the jocund throng,
 Their gay companions, blithe and young;
 Each join'd the dance, and each the song,
 To hail the happy pair:
 None there return'd so blithe as they,
 They bless'd the kind, propitious day,
 The smiling morn of sweet May-day,
 When lovely Jenny ran away
 With Jockey to the Fair.



The JOYS of WINE.

LET soldiers fight for prey or praise,
And money be the miser's wish;
Poor scholars study all their days,
And gluttons glory in their dish:
'Tis wine, pure wine, revives the soul,
Therefore give us the charming bowl.

Let minions marshal ev'ry hair,
Who in a lover's look delight,
And artificial colours wear;
Pure wine is native red and white.
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

The backward spirit it makes brave;
That lively which before was dull;
Opens the heart that loves to save,
And kindness flows from cup brimful.
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

Some men want youth, and others health,
Some want a wife, and some a punk;
Some men want wit, and others wealth,
But they want nothing who are drunk.
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

~~~~~  
The EWE with the CROOKED HORN.

**O** Were I able to rehearse  
My Ewey's praise in proper verse!  
I'd sound it out as loud and fierce,  
As ever piper's drone cou'd blaw.

# 338 The POLITE SINGER.

The Ewey with the Crooked Horn,  
Wha had kent her wou'd have sworn,  
Sic a ewe was never born,  
Here about nor far awa'.

She neither needed tar nor keel,  
To mark her neither hip nor heel,  
Her crooked horn did as weel,  
To ken her by amang them a'.

She neither threaten'd scab nor rot,  
But keepit ay her ain jog-trot,  
Baith to the fauld and to the cot;  
Was neither swere to lead nor ca'.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,  
Wind nor weet cou'd never wrang her,  
Ance she lay an owk and langer,  
Forth aneath a wreath of snaw.

When other ewies lap the dyke,  
And eat the kail fra' a' the tyke,  
My Ewey never play'd the like,  
But ting'd about the barn wa'.

A better nor a thriftier beast,  
Nae honest man cou'd well ha' wist;  
For, silly thing, she never mist,  
Still ilka year a lamb or twa.

The first she had I ga'e to Jock,  
To be to him a kind of stock;  
And now my laddy has a flock  
Of mare than thraty head and twa.

I looked ay at even for her,  
Lest mischanter should come o'er her,

Or

Or the founnart shou'd tievour her,  
If the beasty bid awa'.

But yet last owk, for a' my keeping,  
(Wha can speak it without greeting!)  
A villain cam' when I was sleeping,  
And stole my Ewey's horn awa'.

I fought her far up' the morn,  
And down beneath the bush of thorn;  
I fand my Ewey's crooked horn,  
But my Ewey was awa'.

But gin I had the loon that did it,  
I ha' sworn as well as said it,  
'Tho' a' the world shou'd forbid it,  
I shou'd gi'e his craig a thrav.

O had the deed of crook or cauld,  
As ewies do when they grow auld,  
It wou'd not been sae mony a fauld,  
Sae fair a heart to nane of us a'.

For a' the clait that we have worn,  
Fra her and her's fae aften thorn;  
The los' of her we cou'd have borne,  
Had fair-stray death ta'en her awa'.

But, silly thing, to lose her life  
Beneath the greedy villain's knife!  
I'm really fear'd that our good wife  
Will never win aboon't ava.

O all ye bards beneath Kinghorn,  
Ca' your mune up and mourn!  
Our Ewey with the crooked horn,  
Is stol'n fra us, and fell'd, and a'!



# 340 The POLITE SINGER

From the GENTLE SHEPHERD.—Sung by Patie.

**M**Y Peggy is a young thing,  
Just enter'd in her teens,  
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,  
Fair as the day, and always gay:

My Peggy is a young thing,  
And I'm not very auld,  
Yet well I like to meet her at  
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
Whene'er we meet alane,

I wish nae mair to lay my care,  
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare:

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,  
'To a' the lave I'm cauld;  
But she gars a' my spirits glow,  
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
Whene'er I whisper love;

That I look down on a' the town,  
That I look down upon a crown,

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,  
It makes me blyth and bauld,  
And naething gies me sic delight,  
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae fastly,  
When on my pipe I play;

By a' the rest it is confest,  
By a' the rest, that she sings best:

My Peggy sings sae fastly,  
And in her sangs are tald,  
With innocence the wale of seple,  
At wauking of the fauld.

FROM

FROM the SAME. — *Sung by Peggy.*

**M**Y Patie is a lover gay,  
His mind is never muddy,  
His breath is sweeter than new hay,  
His face is fair and ruddy,  
His shape is handsome, middle size;  
He's stately in his wa'king;  
The shining of his ren surprise;  
'Tis heav'n to hear him ta'king.

Last night I met him on a bawlk,  
Where yellow corn was growing,  
There many a kindly word he spak',  
That set my heart a-glowing.  
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,  
And loo'd me best of any;  
That gars me like to sing tinsyne,  
O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind  
Refuse what maist they're wanting,  
Since we for yielding are design'd,  
We chastele mould be granting:  
Then I'll comply and marry Pate,  
And syne my cockernony  
He's free to touzle air or late,  
Where corn rigs are bonny.

FROM the SAME. — *Sung by Bauldy.*

**J**OCKY said to Jenny, — Jenny, wilt thou do't?  
Ne'er a fit, quo' Jenny, for my tocher good,  
For my tocher good, I winna marry thee;  
E'en's ye like, quo' Jocky, ye may let it be.

# 342 THE POLITE SINGER.

I ha'e gowd and gear, I ha'e land enough,  
I ha'e seven good owsen ganging in a pleugh,  
Ganging in a pleugh, and linking o'er the lee,  
And gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

I ha'e a good ha' house, a barn, and a byer,  
A stack afore the door, I'll make a ranting fire;  
I'll make a ranting fire, and merry shall we be,  
And gin ye winna tak' me, I can let ye be.

Jenny said to Jocky,—gin ye winna tell,  
Ye shall be the tad, I'll be the lass mysell;  
Ye're a bonny tad, and I'm a lass free,  
Ye're welcomer to tak' me than to let me be.

FROM the SAME, as converted into a FARCE.

SUNG by BAULDY.

**W**HEN last the wind unroof'd the barn,  
When last the fire burnt up the yarn;  
When Wattie last was sore affright,  
And wander'd in the snow a' night,

You, Goody, you,

I tell you true,

You got the blame of a' fell out,

And ilk ane dreads you a' about.

If farmers' kine a' milk refuse,

If shepherd lads their lasses lose;

If chairs are smash'd,—if stools fa' down,

To bump my dame, or crack her crown;

You, Goody, you,

I tell you true,

You get the blame of a' falls out,

And ilk ane dreads you a' about.

'Tis

## THE POLITE SINGER. 343

'Tis ye they dread when ravens croak,  
'Tis ye they curse when chimnies smoke,  
A' ills, a' crosses that betide;—  
Auld Maufe, they say, is mischief's guide:  
    You, Goody, you,  
    I tell you true,  
You get the blame o' a' falls but,  
And ilk ane dreads you a' about.

---

### AULD ROBIN GRAY.

*A Favourite Scotch Song,*

Sung at the THEATRE in NORTH-SHIELDS,  
by Miss BAILY.

**Y**OUNG Jamie lik'd me weel, he woo'd me for  
his bride,  
But saving a crown, he had naithing else beside;  
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie went to  
sea,  
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had na been game but a year and a day,  
My father brake his leg, and our cow was stown  
away;  
My mother she fell sick, and Jamie at the sea,  
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting to me.

My father cou'd na work, nor my mither cou'd  
na spin,  
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'd na  
win;  
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in  
his eye,  
Said, Jenny, for their sakes will you marry me?

My



## 344 THE POLITE SINGER.

My heart it said na :—I look'd for Jamie back;  
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a  
wreck ; —  
The ship was a wreck !—why did na Jenny die ?  
And why do I live to say wae's me !

My father urg'd me fair, but my mither did na  
speak,  
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break :  
So they gave to him my hand, but my heart was at  
the sea,  
And Auld Robin Gray is a gude man to me.

I had na been a wife but weeks only four,  
When sitting sae mournfully at our ain door,  
I saw my Jamie's wreath, but I cou'd na think it he,  
Till he said, I am come back to marry thee.

Oh fair did we greet, and meikle did we say !  
We took ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away :  
I wish I was dead !—but I'm no like to die ;  
And why do I live to say wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I care na to spin ;  
I dare na think on Jamie, for that would be a sin :  
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,  
For Auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

---

### FATE'S DECREE.

**I**N ancient times, when England's fame  
Throughout the world was spread ;  
Proud Gallia trembled at our name,  
And hid her humbled head.

The

# THE POLITE SINGER 345

The British Lion greatly frown'd,  
And shook his horrid mein;  
While those who fear'd him skulk'd around,  
And dreaded to be seen.

But now behold what Fate ordain'd!  
Nations our influence mock;  
The British Lion sleeps enchain'd,  
While crows the Bourbon Cock!

## THE BRITISH TARS.

**T**HUS, thus, my boys, our anchors weigh'd;  
See Britain's glorious flag display'd!  
Unfurl the swelling sail!

Sound, sound your shells, ye Tritons' sound!  
Let every heart with joy rebound!  
We fend before the gale.

See Neptune quits his wat'ry car,

Depos'd by Jove's decree,

Who hails a free-born British Tar

The sov'reign of the sea!

Now, now we leave the land behind,

Our loving wives and sweethearts' kind,

Perhaps to meet no more!

Great George commands; it must be so;

And glory calls; then let us go!

Nor fight a wish for shore,

For Neptune, &c.

A sail a-head, our decks we clear,

Our canvas croud; the chase we near;

In vain the Frenchman flies!

# 346 THE POLITE SINGERS

A broadside pour'd through clouds of smoke,  
Our Captain roars—My hearts of oak,  
Now draw, and board your prize  
For Neptune, &c.

The scuppers run with Gallic gore;  
The white rag struck, Monsieur no more  
Disputes the British sway.  
A prize! we tow her into port,  
And hark! salutes from every fort,  
Huzza, my souls, huzza!  
For Neptune, &c.

## MERRY and WISE.

**T**O be merry and wise is a Proverb of old,  
But a maxim so good can't too often be told;  
Then attend to my song, nor my council despise,  
For I mean to be merry,—but merry and wise.

Ye bucks, who when toping such rapture express,  
And yet find the next day dismal proofs of excess,  
Avoid all extremes, and mark well my advice,  
'Tis to drink and be merry—but merry and wise.

In women, all lovely, I enter'd each bliss,  
But let prudence give sanction, I will sweeten the kiss,  
If not beauty, or folly your senses surprise,  
You may kiss and be merry—but merry and wise.

Then ye toppers and rakes who wou'd lead happy  
lives,  
All excesses avoid and chuse modest wives;  
While prudence presides, it is thus I advise,  
Love and drink and be merry—but merry and wise.

The FEMALE CAPTAIN.  
SUNG by Mrs. WRIGHTEN, at VAUXHALL,  
Set to Music by Mr. HOOK.

SOUND the fife, beat the drum,—to my stand-  
and repair,

All ye lads who will conquer or die ;  
At request of my lex, as a Captain I'm here,  
The men's courage and valour to try :  
'Tis your king and your country now call for your  
aid,

And the ladies command you to go ;  
By me they announce it,—and you who're afraid,  
Or refuse,—our vengeance shall know.

Then first,—to the single these things I declare,  
(So each maiden most firmly decrees)

Not a kiss will be granted, by black, brown, or fair ;  
Not an ogle, a sigh, or a squeeze.

To the marry'd—if they but look glum, or say No ;  
Should the monster dare bluster or huff,

We're determin'd, *nem. con.* that their foreheads  
shall shew—

But a word to the wife is enough.

These punishments we've in *terrorem* proclaim'd ;

But still should your courage be lacking,  
As our dernier resort, this resolve shall be nam'd,  
Which, egad! will soon send you all packing,—  
We'll the breeches assume,—'pon my honour, 'tis  
true!—

So determine,—maids, widows, and wives ;  
First we'll march,—beat or foes,—then back and  
beat you—

Aye, and wear 'em the rest of our lives.

FRIEND-



FRIENDSHIP: A Favourite Song:

**T**HE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,  
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom do meet;  
 How strange does it seem, that, in searching around,  
 This source of content is so rare to be found!  
 O friendship! thou balm and rich sweet'ner of life,  
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife!  
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,  
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour?  
 But empty, &c.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,  
 On whom we may always with safety depend!  
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase,  
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.  
 When fortune is smiling, what crowds will appear,  
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere!  
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,  
 No longer to court you they'll eagerly press.  
 No longer, &c.

How different from this, doth true friendship  
 appear?  
 In all change or state, he will equally share:  
 If you're pleas'd, he is happy,—if not, he's distress'd;  
 For no joy can enter his generous breast:  
 His treasures he'll lavish, to purchase you peace,  
 For what is't to him, if his friend's not at ease?  
 Then don't my dear Myra, all friendship disdain,  
 For friendship's a jewel, wealth cannot obtain.  
 For friendship's, &c.

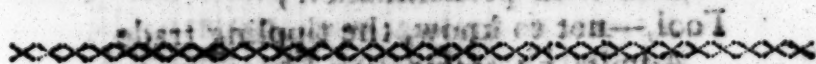


THE WIDOW'S CHOICE.

**I**N choice of a husband us widows are nice,  
I'd not have a man wou'd grow old in a trice ;  
Not a bear, nor a monkey, a clown, or a fop,  
But one that could bustle and stir in my shop.

A log I'll avoid, when I'm mauling my lad,  
And a stork, that might gobble up all that I had ;  
Such suitors I've had, Sir—but off they might hop,  
I want one that can bustle and stir in my shop.

The lad in my eye is the man to my mind,  
So handsome, so young, so polite, and so kind !  
With such a good soul to the altar I'd pop,  
He's the man that can bustle and stir in my shop.



The DRUNKEN VICAR of BRAY.

**I**N Charles the Second's merry days,  
For wanton frolics noted,  
A lover of cabals I was,  
With wine like Bacchus bloated ;  
I preach'd unto my crowded pews,  
Wine was by God's command, sir,  
And damn'd was he, who did refuse  
To drink while he could stand, sir.

And this is law, I will maintain,  
For ever and for ay, sir,  
That whatsoever king shall reign,  
I'll drink a gallon a day, sir.

Nº X.

G g

When

# 350 The POLITE SINGER.

When James the sot assum'd the throne,  
 He strove to stand alone, fir;  
 But quickly got so drunk, that down  
 He tumbled from the throne, fir:  
 One morning crop-sick, pale, and queer,  
 By sitting up with gay men,  
 He reel'd to Rome, where priests severe  
 Deny the cup to laymen.

And this is law, &c.

Then Will, the tippling Dutchmen, sav'd  
 Our liberties from sinking;  
 We crown'd him king of cups, and crav'd  
 The privilege of drinking;  
 He drank your Holland's gin, 'tis said,  
 And held predestination;  
 Fool,—not to know, the tippling trade  
 Admits no trepidation!

And this is law, &c.

When brandy Nan became our queen,  
 'Twas all a drunken story;  
 I sat and drank from morn till e'en,  
 And so was thought a tory:  
 Brimful of wine, all sober folks  
 We damn'd, and moderation;  
 Till for right Nantz, we pawn'd to France  
 Our dearest reputation.

And this is law, &c.

King George the First then fill'd the throne,  
 And took the resolution,  
 To drink all sorts of liquors known,  
 To save the constitution:

He

He drank success in rare old rum,  
Unto the state and church, fir;  
Till, with a dose of Brunfwick mum,  
He dropt from off the perch, fir.  
And this is law, &c.

King George the Second then arose,  
A wife and valiant soul, fir;  
He lov'd his people, beat his foes,  
And push'd about the bowl, fir;  
He drank his fill to Chatham Will,  
To heroes, for he chose them;  
With us true Whigs he drank until  
He slept in Abraham's bosom.

And this is law, &c.  
His present Majesty then came,  
Whom heaven long preserve, fir;  
He gloried in a Briton's name,  
And swore he'd never swerve, fir;  
Tho' evil counsellors may think  
His love from us to sever;  
Yet let us loyal Britons drink,  
King George the Third for ever.  
And this is law, I will maintain,  
Until my dying day, fir;  
I'll be, whatever king should reign,  
The drunken Vicar of Bray, fir!

~~~~~  
BESSY BELL and MARY GRAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They war two bonny lassies,
They bigg'd a bow'r on yon burn brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes.

552 THE POLITE SINGER

Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter;
But Mary Gray's twa pawky aun,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap;
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phoebus starts foot Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning;
White is her neck, fast is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' gentyl;
With ilka grace she can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty:

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay sae clean, reds up and brow,
She kills whene'er she dances:
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair opposites;
Our families lie between you twa,
Ye are in every way
Waps me! for both I canna get,

To ane by law we're sent;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
And be with aune contented.

O
TOSS

TOSS THE CAN ABOUT!

HOW little do the landmen know
Of what we sailors feel,
When waves do mount, and winds do blow!
But we have hearts of steel,
No danger can affright us;
No enemy shall fright us:
We'll make the *Monsieurs* right us;
So toss the can about.

Stick stout to orders, mates;
We'll plunder, burn, and sink:
Then, France, have at your first-rates;
For Britons never shrink:
We runnage all we fancy;
We'll bring them in by scores;
And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
Shall roll in louis-d'ors.

While here at Deal we're lying
With our noble commodore,
We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
And then to sea for more.
In peace we'll drink and sing, boys;
In war we'll never fly:
Here's a health to George our king, boys,
And the royal family.

THE LASS OF PATY'S MILL.

THE Lass of Paty's mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.

354 The POLITE SINGER.

When tedding of the hay,
Bare headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her hair.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their down,
To age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his hand,
Through all my spirits ran
An extasy of bliss.

When I such sweetness found
Wrest in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
When'er she spoke or smil'd,
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,

She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my Bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hopton's high magnificence,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasures at my will,
I'd promise and fulfil,

That none but beauty she
The Lass of Patsy's mill
Should share the same with me.

Sung

THE POLITE SINGER. 355

Sung in the Face of BRITONS STRIKE HOME.

COME, my lads, with souls besitting,
Let us never be dismay'd;
Let's avenge the wrongs of Britain,
And support her injur'd trade:
The true spirit of the nation
In our honest hearts we bring,
True, tho' in an humble station,
To our country and our king.

On our naval strength depending,
Let us steer Old England's course;
When affronted vengeance lending,
Shew the world Old England's force:
Then loud peals of British thunder
Rattling on each hostile shore,
Shall make haughty France knock under,
Nor shall dare insult us more.

Then through all the mighty ocean
England's cross shall honour find,
Far as wave can feel a motion,
Far as flag can move with wind:
Then insulting monarchs, shewing
More regard, shall humbler be:
This old truth of Britons knowing,
As they're brave, they still be free.

May all English lads like you, boys,
Prove on more true hearts of gold,
To their King and Country true, boys,
And be neither bought or sold.
Let the lawless without party
Act like swarms of the flood,
To our cause alone be hearty,
And that cause for Britain's good.

LOVE

356 THE POLITE SINGER.

MOH LOVE in CUMBERLAND

When I woun, what'n manfuliment's t'
At t'ou's gawn to dee fer a hit
Aw hard o' this torable firs,
An' aw's cum't to adyile this, at iz ee.

Mun thou'll nobbet wote t'ee yad name,
Wa' gowien an' whinniged t'ee mickle,
Cockswunters! min boys wote ayeam,
An' let 'er e'en gea to Oald Nickle.

Thee plew geer's o' t'eech now now,
An' somebody's now in the couter,
Oh facks! t'eech doon leytle at bow,
To fann t'eech t'eech about er.

Your Seymy's broken t'eech t'eech,
An' mendit it wid a clog t'eech,
Pump-tree's gean o' whert wrang,
An' t'eech've fann for oad Tom Stalker.

'Young filly's dunn ower in lang t'eech,
An' t'eech've peer t'eech in t'eech;
Thee mather wid t'eech t'eech,
An' aw hacht hapen't to deek er.

Thou's t'eech son o' mather t'eech,
Thou nobbet firs peighan an' pleenan;
Odfwack! dunn, don that t'eech t'eech,
And t'eech t'eech t'eech t'eech t'eech.

An' than gow to t'eech t'eech t'eech,
Let 'er gow to t'eech t'eech t'eech t'eech;
Seck clack t'eech t'eech t'eech t'eech,
A'll up oad t'eech t'eech t'eech t'eech.

THE POLITE SINGER 357

LA PELEISE MOQUE DU FOURGON:

THE POT CALLS THE KETTLE BLACK A—SE.
Tune: Which Nobody can deny.

But, you proud English, take care vat you do,
Cease, cease your joke on the mince parlez
vous;

Vor dat I could speak a' have bid you adieu.

La Pele se moque du Fourgon.

Vor why you make mock of de people of France,
Ven you do profess de French complaisance;
De semblances, de minces, de drefs, and de dance?

La Pele se moque du Fourgon.

Pray vat is become of dat mighty Jean Bull,
(De terrible Englishman wid de rick skull)
Tis now Monsieur Anglon de maladif fool.

La Pele se moque du Fourgon.

Tho' de rum and de whisky, de claret, de Jack,
Is good for de stomach, and good for de back,
You drink de Champagne, Calypso, Frontinac.

La Pele se moque du Fourgon.

Dat we have fine attire, all Europe agree,
But de English you mince, by gar, is call Tea,
Vich make piff a de breeches and knock a de knee.

La Pele se moque du Fourgon.

Vere now is dat boast of your old English chear,
De comfort of de beer and strong beer,
Begat in exchange for the air of Monsieur.

La Pele se moque du Fourgon.

But France did soon prove de most notable rogue,
He steal your goat & beef, and he give words de frog.
La Pele se moque du Bourgon.

Wid his own contrie servant, my Lord take te
pet
And de poor gentilhomme, dat no Frenchman can
get
Call ugly John Footman "De jon Valet."

La Pele se moque du Fourgon.

De people of France would show, as you say,
 Regard, den deir remarkable dey fest and shoye.
 Vich is more dan your lubbers do in 'Merica.

La Pele se moque du Fourgon.

Ah! dormez-vous Anglois, pourquoi vous mettez-vous
Quit de son chikcaghtog, and how should he

Or begar you are trash—by Monsieur Washington.
 And so, to the Police, to the Police, to the Police.

Ab la Palace royale de Rouen, Fouron,

And there our quiver-phalions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And

And if she deigns to hear,
 And if she praise thy matin song;
 Tell her the sounds that sooth her ear,
 To Damon's native plains belong.
 Tell her, in fresher plains array'd,
 The bird from Indian groves may sing;
 But ask the lovely, partial maid,
 What are his notes, compar'd to thine?
 Then bid her treat yon witless beau,
 And all his flattering grace, with scorn,
 And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
 Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

XX

LOUISA and ANTHONIO.
HOW oft Louis, hast thou said,
 (Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
 Thou wouldst not lose Anthonio's love,
 To raise the palace of a throne;
 And by whose lips I press'd to mine,
 And by this hand I press'd to mine,
 To gain a subject nation's love,
 I swear I would not part with thine.
 Then how, my love, can we be poor,
 Who own what kingdoms could not buy?
 Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
 And, serving thee, a monarch I
 Thus unconfronted in mutual bliss,
 And rich in love's exhaustless mine,
 Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
 And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!

566 THE POLITE SINGER.

SWEET PRETTY MOGG—*An Irish Song.*

MY sweet pretty Mogg, you're as soft as a bog,
'And wild as a kitten, and wild as a kitten:
Those eyes on your face—(O pity my case!)

Poor Dermot hath smitten,—poor Dermot hath
smitten.

Far softer than silk, and as fair as new milk,
Your lily-white hand is, your lily-white hand is:
Your shape's like a pail;—from your head to your
tail,

You're strait as a wand is, you're strait as a wand is.

Your lips are like cherries,—and your curling
hair is

As black as the devil, as black as the devil:

Your breath is as sweet too as any potatoe,
Or orange from Seville, or orange from Seville.

When dress'd in your bodices, I you kiss like

Gods.

So nimble, so frisky, so nimble, so frisky,

A kiss on your cheek (tis so soft and so sleek)

Would warm me like whiskey, would warm me like
whiskey.

I grunt and I pine, and I sob like a swine,

Because you're so cruel, because you're so cruel:

No rest I can take,—and asleep or awake,

I dream of my jewel, I dream of my jewel.

Your hate then give over,—nor Dermot your lover

So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle.

Or Dermot must die, like a pig in a sty.

Or the snuff of a candle, the snuff of a candle.

THOMAS the BLACKSMITH:—A SONG in the
Cumberland Dialect.

Tune:—Corn Rigs are bonny.

OUR Thomas is a Blacksmith douse,
His temper ne'er was muddy;
He has a breath like Spanish juice,—
A feace as hard's his study:
He's able-shoulder'd, middle size,
And louches in his walking,
Like fizzing sparks are his twee eyes,
Whene'er to me he's talking.

Last neet I sat on his shop hearth,
Whore yarking fires were glowing,
While he, top-full of luive and mirth,
Stude by,—the bellows blowing:
He laugh'd, and talk'd, and swore by jing,
He lik'd me best of onny;
Which makes me oft' delight to sing,
“The bleezing fires are bonny.”

Let lasses of a prouder kind,
Refuse their sweetheart's kisses,
But o' my song, I have no mind
To be like haughty misses:
Then marry let him kiss and hug;
Right welcome is my Tommy,
To grime my feace frae lug to lug,
“Whore bleezing fires are bonny.”

362 The POLITE SINGER.

The CONSTANT MAID.

SWEET are the charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the damask rose,
 Soft as the down of turtle-dove,
 Gentle as winds when Zephyr blows,
 Refreshing, as descending rains
 To sun-burnt climes and thirsty plains.

True as the needle to the pole,
 Or as the dial to the sun;
 Constant as gliding waters roll,
 Whose swelling tides obey the moon;
 From every other charmer free,
 My life and love shall follow thee.

The lamb the flow'ry thyme devours,
 The dam the tender kid pursues;
 Sweet Philomel, in shady bow'rs
 Of verdant spring, her note renews:
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my soul's desire.

Nature must change her beauteous face,
 And vary as the Seasons rise;
 As Winter to the Spring gives place,
 Summer th' approach of Autumn flies:
 No change on Love the Seasons bring;
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.

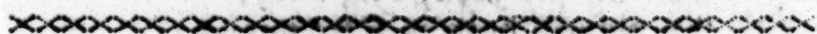
Devouring Time, with stealing pace,
 Makes lofty oaks and cedars bow;
 And marble towers and walls of brass
 In his rude march he levels low:
 But Time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the soul can ne'er divide.

Death

The POLITE SINGER. 363

Death only with his cruel dart,
The gentle Godhead can remove,
And drive him from the bleeding heart,
To mingle with the blest above ;
Where known to all his kindred train,
He finds a lasting rest from pain.

Love and his sister-fair the Soul,
'Twin-born from heaven together came ;
Love will the universe controul,
When dying Seasons lose their name ;
Divine abodes shall own his pow'r,
When Time and Death shall be no more.



S W E E T A N N I E.

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beach came,
Where Jocky speel'd the vessel's side ;
Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,
When Jocky's toft aboon the tyde.
Far aff to distant realms he gangs,
Yet I'll be true as he has been ;
And when ilk' lass about him thrangs,
He'll think on me, his faithfu' ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me ;
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag o' what he'd gi'e.
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Toft up and down the awsome main,
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may return again.

364 The POLITE SINGER.

Nae mair, false Jamie! sing nae mair,
 And fairly cast your pipe away;
 My Jocky wad be troubled fair,
 To see his friend his love betray;
 For a' your sangs and verse are vain,
 While Jocky's notes do faithful flow;
 My heart to him shall true remain,
 I'll keep it for my constant Jo.

Blaw fast, ye gales! round Jocky's head,
 And gar your waves be ca'm and still:
 His hameward sail with breezes speed,
 And dinna a' my pleasure spill:
 What tho' my Jocky's far away,
 Yet he will braw in filler shine;
 I'll keep my heart anither day,
 Since Jockey may again be mine.

BY LORD BYTLETON.

THE heavy hours are almost past,
 That part my love and me;
 My longing eyes may hope at last,
 Their only wish to see;
 But how, my Delia, will you meet
 The man you've lost so long?
 Will love in all your pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue?
 Will you in every look declare
 Your heart is still the same?
 And heal each wildly anxious care,
 Our fears in absence frame?

Thus,

Thus, Della, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains, between,
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But, if the dream that soothes my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love;
All I of Venus ask is this,—
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring blifs,
'To DIF,—and think you mine.



The CONTRAST.

I Like the Man whose soaring soul
Is gen'rous and refin'd;
Whose passions act beneath controul,
With love and honor join'd.
The oak, by woodbines on the plain
Encompas'd and caress'd,
Is not more stedfast in its reign,
Nor is more sweetly dress'd.

The frothy sons of vice and show,
Like shadows and like noise,
Have nothing in themselves, we know,
'That sober sense enjoys:
But pure and constant love endears,
And feasts both ear and sight;
While ev'ry thing that virtue fears,
Can give no true delight.

566 The POLITE SINGER.

AMPHITRION and ALCMENA.

RECITATIVE.

AMPHITRION and his bride, a godlike pair!
 He brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair;
 On thrones of gold; in purple triumph plac'd,
 With matchless splendor held the nuptial feast:
 Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung,
 Enraptur'd, thus the happy Hero sung:

AIR. Was mighty Jove descending,
 In all his wrath divine,
 Enrag'd at my pretending,
 To call this charmer mine:
 His shafts of bolted thunder
 With boldness I'd deride;
 Not Heav'n itself can sunder
 The hearts that Love has ty'd.

RECITATIVE.

The Thund'rer heard,—he look'd with ven-
 geance down,
 'Till beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown:
 The magic impulse of Alcmena's eyes
 Compell'd the conquer'd God to quit his skies;
 He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her charms,
 And punish'd HIS presumption in HER arms.

AIR. He deserves sublimest pleasure,
 Who reveals it not, when won:
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure;
 Boast it—and the fool's undone!
 Learn by this, unguarded lover,
 When your secret sighs prevail,
 Not to let your tongue discover
 Raptures that you should conceal.

The

The SYCAMORE SHADE.

TOTHER day as I sat in the Sycamore shade,
 Young Damon came whistling along,
 I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue:
 Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! What a flutter is here!
 Young Damon designs you no ill;
 The shepherd's so civil, you've nothing to fear,
 Then prythee, fond urchin, lie still.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
 One kiss he demanded—No more!
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a score:
 My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no change ever found,
 Many times as we play'd on the hill;
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the Sycamore shade
 For shelter, I'm sure to repair;
 And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,
 Altho' the dear shepherd be there:
 At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,
 My heart may rebound if it will;
 There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,
 I'll die 'ere I bid it lie still.

SWEET NAN, of the VALE.

IN a small pleasant village, by nature compleat,
 Of a few honest shepherds the quiet retreat,
 There liv'd a young lass of so lovely a mien,
 As seldom at balls or at courts can be seen:

The

368 The POLITE SINGER.

The sweet damask rose was full blown on her
cheek,
The lily display'd all its white on her neck;
The lads of the village all strove to assail,
And call'd her in raptures sweet Nan of the Vale.

First young Hodge spoke his passion 'till quite out
of breath,
Crying, wounds! he cou'd hug her and kiss her to
death;
And Dick with her beauty was so much possess'd,
That he loathed his food and abandon'd his rest:
But she cou'd find nothing in them to endear,
So sent them away with a flea in their ear,
And said no such boobies cou'd tell a love tale,
Or bring to compliance sweet Nan of the Vale:

Till young Roger the smartest of all the gay green,
Who lately at London on a frolick had been,
Came home much improv'd in his air and address,
And boldly attack'd her, not fearing success:
He said heav'n form'd such ripe lips to be kiss'd,
And press'd her so closely, she cou'd not resist,
And shew'd the dull clowns the right way to assail,
And brought to his wishes sweet Nan of the Vale.



BEAUTY'S FAIR QUEEN.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare
The merits of wine with the charms of the fair;
I appeal to the men to determine between
A tun-belly'd Bacchus, and Beauty's fair Queen.

The

THE POLITE SINGER. 369

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign,
For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine;
Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile,
'Tis the mention of Chloë that makes the glass smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
And the more I behold her, the more I admire;
But the charms of her temper and mind I adore;
These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no more.

How happy our days when with love we engage!
'Tis the transport of youth, 'tis the comfort of age!
But what are the joys of the bottle or bowl?

Wine tickles the taste, — love enraptures the soul.

A fop, as he riots in liquor, will cry,

"The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I!"

From this fair confession, 'tis plain, my good friend,
You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,

But how foolish you look when your bottle is dry!

From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasures must
spring.

Nay, the Stoics must own it, — she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford,

For a time it will make one as great as a lord;

But woman, for ever, gives transport to man,

And I'll love the dear sex — aye, as long as I can.

JOHN

370 The POLITE SINGER.

J O V E's D E C R E E.

WHEN Freedom was banish'd from Greece
and from Rome,
And wander'd neglected in search of a home;
Jove, willing to fix her where long she might stand,
Turn'd the globe round about to examine each land.
Derry down, &c.

With nice circumspection he view'd the whole ball,
And weigh'd in his balance the merits of all;
Then quickly determin'd—that England alone
Was the spot well adapted for Liberty's throne.

So instant convening the Deities round,
He told them a dwelling for Freedom he'd found;
And beg'd that each God would some bounty im-
part,
To a land from whence Liberty ne'er should depart.

Then Mars boldly stept from his mistress's side,
And swore that the Britons in war should preside;
While Bacchus declar'd that each heart-cheering
juice
For the use of true Englishmen he would produce.

Merry Momus then rose, and begg'd they would
admit,
He might give them a spice of the true Attic wit;
And Venus declar'd, if 'twas pleasing to Jove,
She could wish to make England the empire of Love.

To render compleat all the blessings now past,
And provide that they might to eternity last,—
It was instant resolv'd that a toast should be giv'n,
And drunk in a bumper by each one in heav'n.

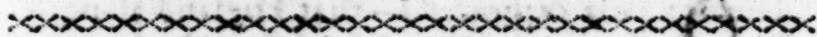
The

The POLITE SINGER. 371

The words of the toast, as it stands on record,
We're "Britons with Britons together accord,
By your enemies then you shall always be fear'd,
And with wine, wit, and woman, incessantly chear'd."

Then let each Son of Freedom, who these gifts ap-
proves,

Fill his glass to the brim in the liquor he loves;
And join me in drinking "Confusion to those,
Who Englishmen born, are still Englishmen's foes."



The W A R N I N G.

YOUNG Colin once courted Myrtilla the Prude,
If he sigh'd or look'd tender, she cry'd he was
rude;

'Tho' he begg'd with devotion, some ease for his pain,
'The shepherd got nothing but frowns and disdain.
Fatigu'd with her folly, his suit he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female should fetter him more.

He strove with all caution to 'scape from the net,
But Chloe soon caught him,—a finish'd Coquette!
She glanc'd to his glances, she sigh'd to his sighs,
And flatter'd his hopes—in the language of eyes:
Alas for poor Colin! when put to the test,
Himself and his passion prov'd both but her jest.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the snare;
By Fanny—gay, young, unaffected, and fair;
When she found he had merit, and love took his
part,

She dally'd no longer—but yielded her heart;
With joy they submitted to Hymen's decree,
And now are as happy—as happy can be.

372 The POLITE SINGER.

As the rosebud of beauty soon sickens and fades,
The Prude and Coquette are two flighted old maids;
Now their sweets are all wasted,—too late they re-
pent.

For transports untasted,—for moments mispent!
Ye virgins take warning, improve by my plan,
And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.



By FAIR or by FOUL.

A Twelvemonth ago, when I liv'd wi' my
father,

By delving and ditching I earned my bread;
I rose with the sun, for no mortal was gladder,
And soundly I slept when I went to my bed:
But weary at length of the spade and the shool,
I wrangled, I jangled,

I caper'd, and vapour'd,
And would be at London,—by fair or by foul.

I pack'd up myself and my cloaths in the waggon,
For I was too proud to be trudging a-foot;
And thrice forty shillings I then had to brag on,
Beside a new watch 'at cost thirty, to boot:
But I wish on the road we had drown'd in a pool,
For dashing and clashing,

We rumbled and tumbled,
And got up to London,—by fair or by foul.

Who there should I meet, but Sir Thomas's Jarvis,
The self and same parson I long'd for to see;
So, what do you think?—he advis'd me to sarvice,
And I was Sir Thomas's offler to be:

The place I accepted, as grave as an owl,
Thinks I, aw mun try;

So I got it, 'ad rot it!

To manage my bus'ness,—by fair or by foul.

A while at the first, I was all in amazement,
 But London I found was a comical place ;
 For the lads and the lasses, in midst of my gazement,
 Would pull off my nab, and cry clown to my face ;
 Nay, shoe-black and scullion would call me a cull,
 I pin'd and I whin'd,
 And I coax'd 'em and box'd 'em,
 But could not live quiet,—by fair or by foul.

I've serv'd wi' Sir Thomas a twelvemonth or longer—
 Ye lads in the country, take heed what I say ;
 No luncheons of dumplin, to quiet your hunger,
 No toying with *maids*, to pass winter away :
 My nights are all weary, my days they are dull,
 So adieu, noisy crew,
 For it's will you, or nill you,
 I'll back to my delving,—by fair or by foul.

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A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG.

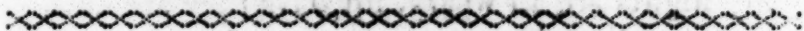
**T**HE tither morn, when I forlorn,  
     Beneath an aik sat moaning,  
 I didna trow I'd see my Jo,  
     Beside me 'gain the glowming :  
 But he, fu' trig, lap o'er the rig,  
     And dawtingly did cheer me,  
 When I, what trect, did least expect,  
     To see my Laddy ne'er me.

His bonnet he, a thought a-jee,  
     Cock'd sprush, when first he clasp'd me ;  
 And I, I wat, wi' fainness grat,  
     Whie in his grips he press'd me :

## 374 The POLITE SINGER.

De'il tak' the war, I, late and air,  
 Ha'e wish'd, since Jock departed ;  
 But now as glad I'm wi' my Lad,  
 As shortsyne broken-hearted.

Fu' aft, at e'en, wi' dancing keen,  
 When a' were blithe and merry,  
 I car'dna by, fae sad was I,  
 In absence o' my Deary :  
 But, praise be blest, my mind's at rest,  
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny ;  
 At kirk and fair, I'll ay be there,  
 And be as canty's ony.



### The MILKING PAIL.

**Y**E nymphs and sylvan gods,  
 That love green fields and woods,  
 When Spring, newly born, herself does adorn,  
 With flowers, and blooming buds :  
 Come sing in the praise, while flocks do graze  
 On yonder pleasant vale,  
 Of those that chuse to milk their ewes,  
 And in cold dews, with clouted shoes,  
 To carry the milking-pail.

You goddess of the morn,  
 With blushes you adorn,  
 And take the fresh air, whilst linnets prepare  
 A concert on each green thorn :  
 The blackbird and thrush, on every bush,  
 And the charming nightingale,  
 In merry vein their throats do strain,  
 To entertain the jolly train,  
 Of those of the milking-pail.

When

When cold bleak winds do roar,  
 And flow'rs will spring no more,  
 The fields that were seen so pleasant and green,  
 With winter's all candy'd o'er.  
 See how the town lass looks, with her white face,  
 And her lips so deadly pale!  
 But it is not so with those that go  
 'Thro' frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,  
 And carry the milking-pail.

The miss of courtly mould,  
 Adorn'd with pearl and gold,  
 With walhes and paint her skin does so taint,  
 She's wither'd before she's old;  
 While she of commode puts on a cart load,  
 And with cushions plumps her tail:  
 What joys are found in rushy ground,  
 Young, plump, and round; nay sweet and sound,  
 Are those of the milking-pail.

You girls of Venus'-game,  
 That venture health and fame,  
 In practising feats, with cold and heats,  
 Make lovers grow blind and lame;  
 If men were so wise to value the prize  
 Of wares most fit for sale,  
 What store of beaux would daub their clothes,  
 To save a nose, by following of those  
 Who carry the milking-pail.

The country lad is free  
 From fears and jealousy,  
 Whilst, upon the green, he is often seen  
 With his lass upon his knee;  
 With kisses most sweet he doth her treat;  
 And swears she'll ne'er grow stale:



## 376 The POLITE SINGER.

But the London lads, in every place,  
With brazen face, despises the grace  
Of those with the milking-pail.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

### The HUMBLE BEGGAR.

**I**N Scotland there liv'd a humble Beggar,  
He had neither house, nor hauld nor hame;  
But he was weel-liked by ilka bodie,  
And they gae him fankets to rax his wame.

A nivesou o' meal, a handfou o' groats,  
A dawd of a bannock, or herring brie;  
Cauld parach or the lickings o' plates,  
Wad make him as blithe as a beggar cou'd be.

His wallets ahint and afore did hing,  
In as good order as wallets could be;  
A lang-kail gully hang down by his side,  
And a muckle nowt-horn to rowt on had he.

It happen'd ill, it happen'd warfe,  
It happen'd somebody saw him die;  
And who do you think was at his late-wauk,  
But lads and lasses of high degree.

Some were blythe, and some were sad,  
And some they play'd at blind-harrie!  
But suddenly up started the straked Carle,—  
I'll redd you, good folks,—tak' tent o' me.

Up gat Kate, that sat in the nook;  
Vow, kimmer, and how do ye?  
Up he gat, and ca'd her limmer,  
And ruggit and tuggit her cockernonie.

They

They houkit his grave in Ducket's kirk-yard;  
Even fair fa' the companie!  
But when they were gaun to lay him i' the yard,  
'The sint a dead, nor dead was he!

And when they brought him to Ducket's kirk-yard,  
He dunted the kist, the boords did flee;  
And when they were gaun to lay him i' the yard,  
In fell the kist, and out lap he.

He cry'd—I'm cauld, I'm unco cauld;  
Fu' fast ran the folk, and fu' fast ran he;  
But he was first hame at his ain ingle side,  
And he helped to drink his ain dradgie.



# LARRY GROGAN.

**Y**E rakes that are jolly, and hate melancholy,  
Who through the wide world are a-jogging;  
In the land of good ale, did you never hear tell,  
Of that frolicsome-lad, Larry Grogan?  
We'll send for sweet Larry,—be merry, be merry!  
Hah! there is his bagpipe a-humming:  
Zounds boys join in chorus, hey all the world for us,  
I knew the dear Joy was a-coming.

Now peace with your singing, we'll make a round-  
ring, and

Young Larry shall play in the middle;  
Now for it, my ranter, one tune of your chanter,  
Shall beat the harp, hautboy, or fiddle.  
Your pipes, Larry Grogan, all other ones flogging,  
Tune up in a measure so frisky;  
To hear Lanstrum Poney, what heart can be stony,  
While'er we've a bumper of whisky?

## 378 The POLITE SINGER.

Come, Larry, play over the march of the rovers,  
The rakes, and the drunkards, and troopers ;  
Lads, rather than quarrel, we'll stave a whole barrel,  
So damn it, more work for the coopers !  
Come drink about plumpers,—lads, fill up your  
bumpers,  
And, landlady, bring us a twitcher ;  
But harkce, no roguing,—you know Larry Grogan  
Can find out the hole in a pitcher.

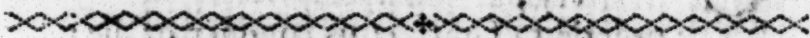
Come drink about Larry, let's laugh and be merry,  
This world it is nothing but sorrow ;  
To-day let us caper, and sweal out life's taper,—  
It may be extinguish'd to-morrow.  
Yet if Death do approach us, he never dare broach  
us,—  
The rascal had better be civil ;  
We'd call him a liar, put's dart in the fire,  
And shove his dry bones to the Devil.

Amongst other crotchets, we'll play up to Hatchet's,  
And drink a whole hoghead at Hammond's ;  
From thence to Moll Wheelers, we'll visit the fe-  
males,  
And tofs off a cag to Doll Cummins :  
We'll touzle the tatter of each mother's daughter,  
What says my young worthy sweet Larry ?  
Come, lads, never fear us, we'll rant it like heroes,  
But mind we are never to marry.

Now faith, Larry Grogan, with never a brogue on,  
I'll skip to thy music with pleasure ;  
So down with the glasses, and haul in our lasses,  
In dancing we'll stick to no measure.

Well

Well broke, Larry Grogan, 'tis time to be jogging,  
We reel with a motion so weary:  
For piping and dancing, for singing and prancing,  
Whoe'er saw a blade like young Larry?



A FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.

O'ER the lawns, up the hills, as with ardour we  
bound,  
Led on with the loud-sounding horn;  
Kind breezes fill greet us,—with cheerfulness  
crown'd,  
And joyful we meet the sweet morn.

C H O R U S.

Rosy health blooms about us with natural grace,  
Whilst Echo re-echo'd, enlivens the chase.

Let all the gay larks as they soar thro' the sky,  
Their notes in one concert unite;  
The music of hounds, when set off full cry,  
Would yield a more tuneful delight.

Rosy health, &c.

'Tis over, 'tis over,—a pleasure divine!

Fresh air and full exercise yield:

At night, my brave boys, o'er the juice of the  
vine,

We'll sing to the sports of the field.

Rosy health, &c.





# 380 The POLITE SINGER.

The R E P R I S A L S.

*Tune: Come rouse, Brother Sportsmen.*

**C**OME rouse, brother tars! hark the seamen all  
cry;

We're order'd to fight, let us conquer or die;  
'The trumpet's bold notes, and the cannon's loud roar,  
Will chide the dull landmen, for ling'ring on shore.

Revenge has just sent us a prosperous gale,  
Directs all our thunders, and fills every sail;  
She soon will assure us we arm not in vain,  
And make us all rich, with the spoils of the main.

Leave, leave, my brave messmates, the smiles of the  
fair,

'Tis George that demands all the heart you can spare;  
Then tell 'em that love must to glory give place;  
Soon beauty shall welcome the conqueror's embrace.

To fame, jovial hunters, your sports ye must yield;  
Here glory awaits you, on Ocean's wide field;  
We've an excellent chace; nobler game we've in  
view,—

'Tis Frenchmen that fly when we Britons pursue.

Look yonder! look yonder! Monsieur is in fight,  
Let's haste to bear down, and prepare for the fight;  
But coward-like Frenchmen ne'er wait for the blow,  
They, failing of speed, humbly strike to their foe.

Like sons of old England, once more we resume,  
The humbling their flags, to our high riding broom:  
'Thy fleets, haughty Louis!' have giv'n us our cue,  
'And pleas'd, thus we make the Reprisals, long due.

DE'IL

DE'IL TAKE THE WARS.

**D**E'il tak' the wars that hurry'd Billy from me,  
 Who to love me just had sworn;  
 They made him captain sure to undo me;  
 Woe's me! he'll ne'er return.  
 A thousand loons abroad will fight him,  
 He from thousands ne'er will run:  
 Day and night I did invite him,  
 To stay at home from sword and gun.  
 I us'd alluring graces,  
 With meikle kind embraces,  
 Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall;  
 And had he my fast arms  
 Preferr'd to war's alarms,  
 By love grown mad, without the man of God,  
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.  
 I wash'd and patch'd to make me look provoking;  
 Spares that they told me would catch the men;  
 And on my head a huge commodore's hat poking,  
 Which made me shew as tall again;  
 For a new gown too I paid meikle money,  
 Which with golden flow'rs did shine;  
 My love might well think me gay and bonny,  
 No Scots lass was e'er so fine.  
 My petticoat I spotted,  
 Fringe too with thread I knotted,  
 Late-shoes and silk hose, garters full over knee  
 But, oh! the fatal thought,  
 To Billy these are nought;  
 Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,  
 When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.

TAKE

## 382 The POLITE SINGER.

### TAKE A BUMPER AND TRY.

**T**HE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,  
That I quit my dear Chloe, and stick to my  
glass;

But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own,  
And if you don't like them, why let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,  
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair;  
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,  
That makes it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles, I must own,  
But tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could  
frown;

But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,  
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,  
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time;  
But in wine, from it's age, such a benefit flows,  
That we like it the better, the older it grows.

They tell me my love would in time have been  
cloy'd,  
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd:  
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,  
For the more that I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove,  
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love;  
But in drinking, thank heav'n, no rival contends,  
For the more we love liquor, the more we are  
friends.

She

## The POLITE SINGER. 383

She too might have poison'd the joy of my life,  
With nurses and babies, and squalling and strife;  
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,  
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,  
It brings on diseases, and hastens old age;  
But wine from grim Death can its votaries save,  
And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the  
grave.

Perhaps like her sex, ever false to their word,  
She had left me—to get an estate or a lord:  
But my bumper, regarding nor title nor pelf,  
Will stand by me while I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain,  
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain;  
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy;  
Should you doubt what I say—take a bumper, and  
try!



### The LASS of the HILL.

**A**T the brow of a hill a fair shepherdes dwelt,  
Who the pangs of ambition or love ne'er  
had felt,

A few sober maxims still ran in her head,  
'Twas better to earn e'er she eat her own bread;  
'That to rise with the lark was conducive to health,  
And to folk in a cottage contentment was wealth.

Young Roger that liv'd in the valley below,  
Who at church and at market was reckon'd a beau;  
Wou'd oftentimes try o'er her heart to prevail,  
And would rest on his pitchfork to tell her his tale;  
With



# 384 The POLITE SINGER.

With his winning behaviour he so wrought on her heart,  
That quite artless herself—she suspected no art.

He flatter'd, protested, he kneel'd, and implor'd,  
And would lie with the grandeur and air of a lord ;  
Her eyes he commended with language well-drest,  
And enlarg'd on the tortures he felt in his breast ;  
With his sighs and his tears he so soften'd her mind,  
That in downright compassion to love she inclin'd.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,  
The heat of his passion in a moment decreas'd ;  
And now he goes flaunting all over the vale,  
And boasts of his conquests to Susan and Nell ;  
Tho' he sees her but seldom, he's always in haste,  
And whenever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

Take heed, ye young maidens of Britain's gay Isle,  
How you venture your hearts for a look or a smile ;  
For young Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,  
And you'll find a false Roger in ev'ry vale ;  
Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all their skill ;  
But remember the Lass at the Brow of the Hill.



## A PASTORAL.

**B**EHOLD on the brow the leaves play in the breeze,  
While cattle calm feed in the vale ;  
The church spire tapering, points through the trees,  
As Lord of the Hill and the Dale.

The

# THE POLITE SINGER. 385

The playful colts skip after dams to the brook,  
The brook slow and silently glides;  
The surface so smooth and so clear, if you look,  
It reflects the gay green on its sides.

In farm-yard, by his feather'd seraglio caress'd,  
The king of the walk dares to crow;  
No Nabob, nor Nimrod, enslaving the east,  
Such prowess with beauty can shew.

Beneath the still cow, Nancy presses the teat,  
Her face like the ruddy-fac'd morn;  
Loud strokes in the barn the strong threshers repeat,  
Or winnow for market the corn.

Industrious, their wives, at the doors of their cots,  
Sit spinning, dress'd cleanly, tho' coarse,  
To their babes, while unheeding the traveller trots,  
They shew the fine man and his horse.

At the heels of the steed bark the base village whelps,  
Each puppy rude echo bestirs; [yelps,  
But the horse, too high bred, bounds away from their  
Disregarding the clamour of curs.

Illiberal Railers thus envy betray,  
When merit above them they view;  
But Genius disdains to turn out of his way,  
Or afford a reply to the crew.

To contempt and despair such Infames we commit;  
But to generous rivals, a toast—  
"May rich men reward honest fellows of wit,  
"Here's a health to those Dunces hate most—"

386 The POLITE SINGER.

A MAN TO MY MIND.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins  
despis'd,  
To all Batchelors greeting, these lines are premis'd ;  
I'm a maid that would marry, but where shall I find  
(I wish not for fortune) a Man to my Mind ?

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and lace ;  
Not the Squire, that can wake to no joys but the  
chace ;

Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can  
bind :

Neither this—that—nor t'other's the Man to my  
Mind.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, that topos world without  
end ;

Not the drone, who can't relish his bottle and friend ;  
Not the fool that's too fond,—nor the churl that's  
unkind :

Neither this—that—nor t'other's the Man to my  
Mind.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or  
merit ;

Not the Flash, that's all fury without any spirit ;  
Not the fine master Fribble, the scorn of mankind ;  
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the Man to my  
Mind.

But the Youth, in whom merit and sense may con-  
spire,

Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should  
admire ;

In whose heart love and truth are with honour  
combin'd :

This—this—and no other's the Man to my Mind.

THE MORNING DEW.

LET Rhymers praise the town-bred toast,  
And think their subject new;  
A theme unsung my verse can boast,  
I mean the Morning Dew.

Since every day fresh maidens brings,  
In verses held to view;  
Pardon the artless pen that sings  
The brighter Morning Dew.

Let pensive city poets feign  
Delights they never knew;  
While happy in a native strain,  
I sing the Morning Dew.

Bard rivals bard, who best can bring  
Aurora to the view;  
I realize what they but sing,  
Amid the Morning Dew.

Cease, Grubstreet garreteers, to talk,  
(With only half a shoe)  
That you thro' Love's Elysium walk,  
Wet shod in Morning Dew.

Ye beaux love on, I envy not  
The courtly toasted few;  
All other beauties are forgot,  
Beside the Morning Dew.

Let coquet Art her spangles spread,  
Soft Nature to outdo;  
Then bow her proud, aspiring head,  
Before the Morning Dew.



# 388 The POLITE SINGER.

The WANTS of the TEA.

*Tune: Banks of the Dee.*

'TWAS morning, so brightly the fire was glow-  
ing,

And sweet sung the kettle, right sweetly to me;  
On a rush bottom'd chair, with the bellows a-blowing,

Unhappy I sat, when I thought on my tea:  
Pour forth charming tea, pour on, thou sweet river,  
Thy clear yellow streams shall be dear to me ever;  
For there once I smelt the delicious flavour,

Of Lisbon, the pride and the sweet'ner of tea.

But now I'm depriv'd of this heart-easing treasure,  
Oh! were each proud rebel hung up on a tree!  
For should they prevail, I'd no more have the plea-  
sure

Of dear happy sugar, to sweeten my tea:  
'Tis lost to poor I, now 'tis three-pence a quarter,  
The dearest and sweetest that merchants can barter,  
And left me to hang myself up in my garter,  
The hungriest maiden that sips at her tea.

But time and brave Howe may perhaps make it  
cheaper,

Blest peace may restore us the life of Bohea;  
When it can be had, I'll no more be a weeper,

But freely indulge in the comforts of tea:  
My tea then shall flow, all its china displaying,  
And from the white spout shall the streamlets be  
straying,

Whilst I with my tea-spoon am carelessly playing,  
And tasting again all the sweets of my tea.

The

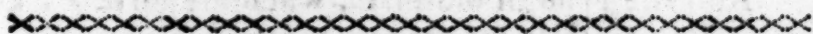
## THE POLITE SINGER. 389

### The GOOD WIFE.

**T**HAT man who for life is blest in a wife,  
Is sure in a happy condition;  
Go things as they will, she sticks by him still,  
She's comforter, friend, and physician.

Pray, where is the joy, to trifle and toy,  
Yet dread some disaster from beauty;  
Sure, sweet is the bliss of a conjugal kiss,  
Where love mingles pleasure with duty.

One extravagant whore will cost a man more  
Than twenty good wives that are saving;  
For wives they will spare that their children may share,  
But whores are eternally craving.



### The HAPPY NEW YEAR.

From the New Pantomime Entertainment, call'd  
LUN's GHOST.

**C**OME buy my soft ditties, ye maidens who  
love 'em;

Ye lads who would sing in your mistresses' praise;  
While a happy new year, and a great many of 'em,  
Is now the glad burthen I give with my lays.

Hence banish old Care, and let mirth, in his room,  
Bring the tabor and flask, with good jokes and  
good cheer;

Let your smiles give a sunshine to winter's dull gloom,  
And as you begin, you shall finish the year.

Chorus—Hence banish, &c.

## 390 The POLITE SINGER.

Ne'er heed the dull glutton, or toping old sot,  
 Who praise Christmas alone for its liquor and pies;  
 'Tis the season's good gambols should ne'er be forgot,  
 Which made our forefathers both merry and wise.  
 While round their brisk fires, wedg'd close their  
 oak chairs,  
 The old and young mingled, all birds of a feather,  
 And pleas'd to remember, summ'd over the years  
 They had pass'd the same day in the same sports  
 together.

Chorus—Hence banish, &c.

Such pastimes as these sure can ne'er be amiss,  
 When grey-beards and school-boys may join in  
 the play;  
 And the prudish old maid, when she forfeits a kiss,  
 May blunder on purpose the forfeit to pay.  
 When the giggling young miss, who's too modest  
 by light,  
 Or before folks such favours to grant to her spark,  
 Escapes from the room in a suitable fright,  
 'Till found, by her laugh, she relents in the dark!

Chorus—All the first verse.

## A CURIOUS MEDLEY.

By the AUTHOR of TULLOCHGORUM.

**A**N' thou wert my ain thing,  
 I'd o'er the hills and far awa';  
 I'd o'er the hills and far awa'; for—  
 My wife she drinks naething but sack and canary;  
 Oh gin my wife wou'd drink—

Water

Water parted from the sea,  
 May increase the happy, happy pair——  
 None but the brave, none but the brave,  
 None but the brave deserve——  
 The early horn salutes the morn, that gilds—  
 The fearful midnight hour,  
 When all were fast asleep—in glided  
 Jolly Bacchus, God of wine,  
 Crown the night with—Auld Rob Morris—  
 He's sweeter than the new-blown rose,  
 Or fragrance from the new-mown clove,  
 He's sweeter than the April morn——

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,  
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill——  
 Despairing beside a clear stream,  
 A shepherd forsaken was—swinging flow,  
 With fullen roaring—swinging flow  
 With this same Katharine Ogie.  
 Ah! the poor shepherd's mournful fate  
 When doom'd to——  
 Could kail in Aberdeen, and castocks in Strabogie.  
 Gin you meet a bonny lassie,  
 Gie her a kiss, and let her gae;  
 But gin you meet a dirty hussy——

Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep,  
 It grieves me sore to hear thee weep;  
 Balow, my boy, lie still and sleep—  
 And had awa' frae me, Donald——  
 This is a melancholy day!  
 Hark, hark, I hear Apollo's team,  
 The carman 'gins to whistle——  
 Chaste Diana bends her bow and the boar begins to—  
 The lass of Paty's mill,  
 Sae bonny, blithe, and gay,  
 In spite of all my skill,                      She's



# 1392. The POLITE SINGER.

She's stole—my doggie, and my little kit,  
That held my wee soun—

Why thus perplex us, poor sons of—Apollo  
Once finding fair Daphne alone, discover'd his—  
Awl that he had in the world,  
And to make away with himself was resolv'd;  
He pierc'd thro' his body instead of—  
The bonny bruikit lassie—the's  
Blyth, blyth, blyth was she;  
Blyth was she, but and ben;  
And well she lov'd a—  
Push round the bowl, 'twill cherish the heart,  
While thus we sit round on the grais;  
The lover who talks of his suff'rings and smart,  
Deserves to be reckon'd—  
A free and an accepted mason;  
For kings, dukes, and lords—  
Fa wadna be in love wi' bonny Maggy Lauder?  
A piper met her gaun to—arms, to arms—  
What had my youth with ambition to do?  
Why left I Amynta, why broke I my vow?  
Give me a lass with a lump of land—  
And I'll go no more a-roving, boys,  
So late into the night;  
And I'll go no more a—

Roving with love, my fancy did move  
Around—the roast-beef of Old England,  
And O the Old English roast-beef.  
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn, for—  
The charge is prepar'd, the lawyers are met,  
The judges all rang'd, a terrible show—  
With ev'ry man a can in's hand,  
And a wench upon his knee—

But

But let them say, or let them do,  
 'Tis a' an' to me——for  
 The carle he came o'er the craft,  
 And his heard new thaven——  
 And I'll o'er bogie wi' my love,  
 I'll o'er bogie wi' him——for  
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,  
 None else should sit but——  
 Honest auld John Ochiltree,  
 My honest auld John Ochiltree,  
 Will you come o'er the muir to me——and  
 Row me on a lee-rig, my ain kind deary O;  
 And row me on a lee-rig, my ain kind deary O!  
 But now alas! my spirits sink,  
 I'll raise them up with——Lillibulero, ballenale——

The modes of the court so common are grown,  
 That a true friend can hardly be met——  
 Upon the pier of Leith——  
 And saw my love come o'er the sea,  
 And he will bring gold and money to me;  
 And when he comes hame will mak' me——  
 A jolly miller once liv'd on the river Dee,  
 He work'd and sang, from morn to night,  
 No lark more blithe than he;  
 And this the burthen of his song for ever us'd to be——  
 —Oho! Mr More, you're a son of a whore,  
 I wish I had known your tricks——  
 Before the barn-door crowing,  
 The cock by ~~him~~ attended,  
 His eyes around him throwing,  
 Stands for a while suspended;  
 'Till one he fingles from the rest,  
 And cheers the happy hen with——

Laffy,

# 394 The POLITE SINGER.

Laffy, lend me your braw hemp-heckle,  
 And I'll lend you my thripling kame;  
 For fainness, deary, I'll gar you keckle—  
 On every hill, in every grove,  
 Along the margin of each stream;  
 Dear conscious scenes of—harmless play,  
 And naething sure unmeet;  
 For ganging hame, I heard—

Every man take his glass in his hand,  
 And drink a good health to the king;  
 Many years may he rule o'er this land,  
 May his laurels for ever fresh spring;  
 Let wrangling and jangling ever cease,  
 And every man strive for his country's peace,  
 Neither Tory nor Whig,  
 With their parties look big;  
 Here's a health to all honest men!

*End of the Songs.*

Catches

For FOUR VOICES.

**Catches and Glees.**

For THREE VOICES.

**A**DAM catch'd Eve by the furbelow,  
Adam catch'd Eve by the furbelow!  
And that's the oldest Catch I know,  
And that's the oldest Catch I know,  
And that's the oldest Catch I know.  
Oho! did he so, did he so, did he so,  
Did he so, did he so, did he so, did he so?

For THREE VOICES.

**'T**WAS you, Sir; 'twas you, Sir,  
I tell you nothing new, Sir;  
'Twas you that kiss'd the pretty maid,  
'Twas you, Sir, you.  
'Tis true, Sir,—'tis true, Sir,  
You look so very blue, Sir;  
I'm sure you kiss'd the pretty maid,  
'Tis true, Sir, true.  
O Sir, no, Sir,—no, no, no, Sir,  
How can you wrong me so, Sir?  
I did not kiss the pretty maid,  
But I know who!

For



# 39 The POLITE SINGER

For FOUR VOICES.

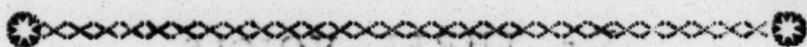
**W**HOSE three hogs are these, are these,  
 And whose three hogs are these?  
 They are John Cook's, I know by their looks,  
 For I found them in my pease.  
 O pound them, O pound them!  
 But I dare not for my life;  
 For if I should pound John Cook's hogs,  
 I should never kiss John Cook's wife.  
 But as for John Cook's wife,  
 I'll say no more than mum;—  
 Then, here's to thee, thou first hog,  
 Until the second come.

For THREE VOICES.

**T**HE wise men were but seven,  
 Ne'er more shall be for me;  
 The muses were but nine,  
 The worthies three times three;  
 And three merry boys, and three merry boys,  
 And three merry boys are we.  
 The virtues they were seven,  
 And three the greater be;  
 The Cæsars they were twelve,  
 And the fatal sisters three:  
 And three merry girls, and three merry girls,  
 And three merry girls are we.



For



For THREE VOICES.

'TWAS you, Sir, 'twas you, Sir,  
 I tell you nothing new, Sir;  
 'Twas you that kept from Keppel's wake,  
 'Twas you, Sir Hugh.  
 Who, Sir? — Sir Hugh, Sir,  
 Vice Admiral of the Blue, Sir;  
 Bold Windsor twice aloud did call  
 To deaf Sir Hugh.

'Twas he, Sir, 'twas he, Sir,  
 'Twas he that could not see, Sir;  
 Who thought the day, the day was night,  
 'Twas blind Sir Hugh.  
 O! Sir, O! O! Sir,  
 And was it, was it so, Sir?  
 Who lagg'd a-ftern to knot and splice,  
 Do you know who?

'Twas Palliser, 'twas Palliser,  
 With dilly dally dally, Sir;  
 What splicing, knotting, all the while!  
 Was't so, Sir Hugh?  
 Here's a sad dog, Sir,  
 To splice his very log, Sir,  
 And then accuse brave Keppel, Sir,  
 But that he'll rue.

CHORUS.

And now, Sir, rejoice, Sir,  
 With hand, and heart, and voice, Sir;  
 From noble Keppel Frenchmen fly,  
 Without Sir Hugh.

## 398 The POLITE SINGER.

### For THREE VOICES.

**L**ET ambition fire thy mind,  
Thou wert born o'er men to reign,  
Not to follow flocks design'd;  
Scorn thy crook, and leave the plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,  
Thou on necks of kings shalt tread;  
Joys encircling joys shall meet,  
Which way e'er thy fancy lead.

Let not toils of empire fright,  
Toils of empire pleasure are:  
Thou shalt only know delight,  
All the joy, but not the care.

### For THREE VOICES.

**H**ARK! the bonny Christ-church bells,  
One, two, three, four, five, six;  
They sound so woundy great, so wond'rous sweet,  
And they trowl so merrily, merrily.

Hark! the first and second bell,  
That every day at four and ten,  
Cries, come, come, come, come to pray'rs!  
And the Verger trips before the Dean.

Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine,  
To call the bearers home;  
But the ne'er a man will leave his can;  
Till he hear the mighty Tom.

For

# The POLITE SINGER. 399

## For FOUR VOICES.

**L**ET the bells now ring, and let the boys sing,  
The young lasses trip and play ;  
Let the cup go about, until it be out,  
Our learned Vicar we'll stay.

Let the pig turn round, hey, merrily, hey,  
And then the fat goose shall swim ;  
For verily, verily, verily, hey,  
Our Vicar this day shall be trim.

The stew'd cock shall crow, cock-a-doodle-doo,  
Aloud cock-a-doodle shall crow ;  
The duck and the drake shall swim in a lake  
Of onions and claret below.

We'll labour and toil to fertile the soil,  
And tithes shall come thicker and thicker ;  
Well fall to the plow, and get children enough,  
And thou shalt be learned, O Vicar.

## For THREE VOICES.

**G**IVE the toast, my good fellow, be jovial and  
gay,  
And let the brisk moments pass jocund away :  
Here's the King—take your bumpers, my brave  
British souls,  
Who guards your fair freedom, should crown your  
full bowls.  
Let him live—long and happy—see Lewis brought  
down,  
And taste all the comforts, no cares, of a crown.



## 400 The POLITE SINGER.

For THREE VOICES.

**H**OW merrily looks the man that hath gold !  
He seemeth but twenty, tho' threescore years  
old.

How nimble the bee that flieth about,  
And gathereth honey within and without !

But men without money,  
And bees without honey,  
Are nothing better than drones.

For THREE VOICES.

**S**INCE my Phillis has fallen, has fallen to my  
share, [fair ;

In a bumper I'll drink, I'll drink, I'll drink to the  
And the man here who envies me most,  
Let him bid me say more, say more, say more to  
that toast ;

For a larger I'll soon, soon change my cup :  
To the brim full, to the brim full, to the brim full,  
Fill the constable, to the brim fill the constable,  
To the brim fill the constable up.

For THREE VOICES.

**H**ENCE with care, complaint, and frowning,  
Welcome jollity and joy ;  
Every grief in pleasure drowning,  
Mirth this happy night employ.

Let's to friendship do our duty,  
Laugh, and sing some good old strain ;  
Drink a health to love and beauty,  
May they long in triumph reign.



For

# The POLITE SINGER. 401

## For THREE VOICES.

**J**ACK, thou'rt a come, come, come, come, once more,

Jack, thou'rt—encore, encore, encore, once more.

Jack, thou'rt—I can't, I can't get in, I can't get in,  
I can't get in, I can't get in—

Come, come, come now, do you begin—

Stop, stop—who goes—who goes the last!

That's wrong, you're much too fast—too fast!

I beat,—'tis very plain,

'Tis very plain, 'tis very plain, 'tis very plain;

Now for it once—now once again.

O Sir, you're quite too low!

Hold, hold, you're now too slow.

O stay! you're got too high, you're got too high,

You're got too high, you're got too high;

Good Sir, pray let me try.

## For THREE VOICES.

**H**AVE you any work for a tinker, mistress?

Old brass, old pots, or kettles,  
I'll mend them all—with a tink, terry tink,  
And never hurt your metals.

First let me have but a touch of your ale,

'Twill steel me against cold weather;

Or tinker's trees, or vintner's lees,

Or tobacco, chuse you whether.

But of your ale, your nappy ale,

I would I had a firkin;

For I am old, and very cold,

And never wear a jerkin.

# 492 The POLITE SINGER.

## For THREE VOICES.

**S**HEW a room, shew a room, shew a room,  
 Here's a knot of good fellows are come,  
 That mean to be merry,  
 With claret and sherry:  
 Each man to mirth himself disposes,  
 And for the reckoning all noises!  
 Give the red nose some white,  
 And the pale nose some claret;  
 But the nose that looks blue,  
 Give him a cup of sack, 'twill mend his hue.

## ' For THREE VOICES.

**H**AD she not care enough, care enough, care  
 enough,  
 Had she not care enough of the old man?  
 She wed him, she fed him, and to the bed she led him,  
 For seven long winters she helped him on;  
 But oh! how she nig'd him, nig'd him, nig'd him,  
 Oh! how she nig'd him all the night long!

## For THREE VOICES.

**A**RM, arm, arm, arm, for our ancient foe,  
 Clad in frost and snow,  
 Cold Winter appears now:  
 Here is wine and fire, on then, brave boys,  
 This will make him retire, if he dares come near;  
 'Trust to sack, not to steel,  
 What tho' it makes you reel,  
 'Twiddle, twattle—Fill us another bottle.

For

For THREE VOICES.

**N**OW that the Spring hath fill'd our veins,  
With kind and active fire,  
And made green liveries for the plains,  
And every grove a quire;

Sing we this song, with mirth and merry glee,  
And Bacchus crown the bowl;  
And here's to thee, and thou to me,  
And every thirsty soul.

Share sheep that have them, cry we still;  
But see that none escape,  
To take off the sherry, that makes us merry,  
And plump as the lusty grape.

For THREE VOICES.

**J**ACK, thou'rt a toper, Jack thou'rt a toper,  
Let's have t'other quart;  
Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring,  
We're so sober, so sober, so sober,  
"I were a shame to part.

None but a cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold, a cuckold,  
Bully'd by his wife, for coming, coming,

Coming, coming, coming, coming, coming,

Coming, coming, coming late,

Fears a domestic strife;

I'm free, I'm free, and so are you, so are you,

So are you too—call and knock,

Knock boldly, knock boldly, knock boldly, knock  
boldly,

Tho' watchmen cry, Past two o'clock.

For



# 404 The POLITE SINGER.

For THREE VOICES.

**O**F all the brave birds that ever I see,  
The owl is the fairest in her degree,  
For all the day long she sits in a tree,  
And when the night comes away flies she,

Te-whit, te-who,

To whom drinks thou?

Sir Knave to thou.

This song is well sung, I make you a vow,  
And he is a knave that drinketh now.

Nose, nose, nose, nose,

And who gave thee that jolly red nose?

Cinnamon and ginger,

Nutmegs and cloves,

And that gave me this jolly red nose,

For THREE VOICES.

**H**AVE you observ'd the wench in the street?  
She's scarce any hose, or shoes to her feet;  
Yet she is very merry, and when she cries she sings,  
I ha'e hot codlins, hot codlins!

Or have you ever seen, or heard,

The mortal with a lion tawny beard?

He lives as merrily as heart can wish,

And still he cries, Buy a brish, buy a brish!

Since these are merry, why should we take care?

Musicians, like camellions, must live by the air:

Then let's be blyth and bonny, and no good meet-  
ing hault,

For when we have no money, we shall find chalk.

For

For FOUR VOICES.

**C**OME, drink to me, and I will drink to thee,  
 And then shall we full well agree :  
 I have lov'd the jolly tankard full seven winters and  
 more,  
 I lov'd it so long, till I went upon the score ;  
 He that loves not the tankard, is no honest man,  
 And he is no right soldier that loves not the can,  
 Tap the cankin, tofs the cankin,  
 Trowl the cankin, turn the cankin,  
 Here, good soul, go fill us a fresh can,  
 That we may quaff it round from man to man.

For FOUR VOICES.

**S**EE, my boys, the fuming bowl,  
 Let jolly toppers take their round ;  
 Rapture seize on every soul,  
 Till loud each chearful voice resound :

Pow'r, and wealth, beauty, health,  
 Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd ;  
 Joys abound, pleasure's sound,  
 Only where the glass goes round.

For THREE VOICES.

**Q**UOTH Jack, on a time to Tom, I'll de-  
 clare it,  
 I've a mind we should fuddle our noses with claret ;  
 Says Tom, it will do you more harm than you think ;  
 Fie on you, says Jack, who can live without drink ?  
 I'll ne'er baulk my wine, — here's to thy dispose :  
 Tom pretends not to drink, — pray look at his nose.

For

# 406 The POLITE SINGER.

## For FOUR VOICES.

**Q**UOTH Roger to Nelly, Suppose I were dead,  
Suppose I were dead,  
Quoth Roger to Nelly, Suppose I were dead,  
Wou'd you get another, would you get another  
Goodman in my stead, in my stead?  
Wou'd you get another goodman in my stead?  
Yes, that I wou'd, Roger—I'd Roger—I'd Roger!  
Pray, man, do not stare, do not stare, do not stare:  
Yes, that I would, Roger—I'd Roger—I'd Roger!  
Pray, man, do not stare, do not stare!  
Wou'd you have me hug pillow and bolster, my dear?  
Wou'd you have me hug pillow and bolster, my dear?

## For THREE VOICES.

**L**ET us love, and drink our liquor,  
We shall spend our means the quicker;  
Here's to thee, kind friend of Nicker.

## For THREE VOICES.

**C**OME, pretty maidens, see what is't you buy,  
See what is't you lack:  
If you can find a toy to your mind, be so kind,  
View the pedlar's pack:  
Here be laces, and masks for your faces,  
Coral, jet, and amber;  
Gloves made of thread, and toys for your head,  
And rich perfumes for a lady's chamber:  
Come and buy, come buy, come buy,  
For your loving honey,  
Some pretty toy, to please the boy,  
I'll sell you't worth your money.

For

For THREE VOICES.

**S**AYS my lord to his lady, as together they sat,  
 Shall we go to supper, or do you know what?  
 You know what, you know what, you know what,  
 You know what, you know what, you know what?  
 Shall we go to supper, or do you know what?  
 With an innocent smile then reply'd the good lady,  
 With an innocent smile then reply'd the good lady,  
 With an innocent smile then reply'd the good lady,  
 Reply'd the good lady, with an innocent smile,  
 Then reply'd the good lady,  
 What you please, my dear lord—what you please,  
 my dear lord,  
 What you please, my dear lord,—but supper's not  
 ready!  
 What you please, my dear lord, &c.

For FOUR VOICES.

**C**OME, my boys, let's jovial be,  
 While we all are full of glee;  
 To be sad it is a sin,  
 And Old Care we'll banish him;  
 But Anacreon, the sage,  
 Shall rule us this present age.  
 Come, then, let us in chorus join,  
 To Bacchus, God of mirth and wine.

For THREE VOICES.

**A**HOGSHEAD was offer'd to Bacchus his  
 shrine,  
 The God was offended, because 'twas white wine;  
 Then curs'd in a passion—damn't, rot it, and mar it,  
 Didst' ever know Bacchus drink other than claret?  
 So the jolly red God having empty'd the white wine,  
 Return'd the poor Vot'ry the hog'shead to sh—e in!



# 408 The POLITE SINGER.

## For THREE VOICES.

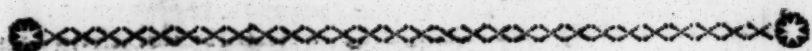
**M**Y lady and her maid, upon a merry pin,  
They made a match at f—rt—g, who should  
the wager win;  
Joan lights three candles then, and sets them bolt  
upright,  
With the first f—t she blew them out, with the se-  
cond gave them light:  
In comes my lady then, with all her might and  
main,  
And blew them out and in, and out and in, and out  
and in again.

## For FOUR VOICES.

**P**RITHEE fill me the glass, till it laughs in my  
face,  
With ale that is potent and mellow;  
He that whines for a lass, is an ignorant ass,  
For a bumper has not its fellow.  
Come boys, let us drink; nor care for our chink,  
Be jovial, and bumper away:  
To the king and the queen, and the royal thirteen,  
Huzza! huzza! huzza! huzza!

END OF THE CATCHES AND GLEES.

TOASTS



# TOASTS

## AND

# SENTIMENTS.

---

**M**AY honour and honesty always triumph  
over vanity and hypocrisy.

May an honest heart never feel distress.

May Providence unite the hearts that love.

More friends, and less need of them.

Riches to the generous and power to the merciful.

May mirth and good-fellowship be always in fashion.

May we never want a friend, and a bottle to give  
him.

Perpetual spring to friendship, youth, and love.

May our pleasant thoughts be gilt with modest ex-  
pressions.

Love in a cottage, and envy to none.

May they never want, who have a spirit to spend.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

Success to the Fair Sex in all their undertakings.

All true hearts and sound bottoms.

## 410 The POLITE SINGER.

May we be incorruptible by interest, and uninfluenced by power.

May authority be amiable, without debasing its dignity.

May we never swear a tradesman out of his dues, nor a credulous girl out of her virtue.

May we never set our friend to sale, or our conscience to hire.

May we never destroy any person's credit to establish our own.

May we never praise any man to undo him.

May fortune be always an attendant on virtue.

May those who inherit the title of Gentlemen by birth, deserve it by their behaviour.

May our benevolence be bounded only by our fortune.

May our ability for doing good be equalled by inclination.

May we never be influenced by jealousy, or governed by interest.

May our virtues be rather the effects of religion, than the gifts of nature.

May our hearts have for tenants, truth, candour, and benevolence.

Sensibility without inequality, and passions without vehemence.

May we never seek applause from party principles, but always deserve it from public spirit.

May he who has neither wife, mistress, or estate in England, never have any share in the government of it.

May we always be able to resist the assaults of prosperity and adversity.

May candour and honesty always be our governing principles.

May

May our conscience be sound, though our fortune  
be rotten.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

May temporal concerns never break in upon spi-  
ritual duty.

May virtue be always amply rewarded.

May we be rich in friends rather than money.

May we be loved by those whom we love.

May he who wants friendship also want friends.

Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.

Delicate pleasure to susceptible minds.

Honour and influence to the public-spirited patrons  
of trade.

The honest smith, who refused to shoe for the man  
who voted against his country.

May we never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.

May our endeavours be always successful when en-  
gaged under the banner of justice.

May the wings of extravagancy be clipped by the  
scissars of economy.

May the evening's diversion bear the morning's  
reflection.

All that love can give, or sensibility enjoy.

Health in freedom, and content in bondage.

Good luck till we're tired of it.

Long corns and short shoes to all the enemies of  
their country.

May we always have a friend, and know his value.

May virtue always prove victorious.

May we never taste the apples of affliction.

May hemp bind him whom honour can't.

May power be influenced only by justice.

May our distinguishing mark be merit rather than  
money.

May he that made the Devil take us all.



## 412 The POLITE SINGER.

May our representatives strenuously defend what they have wisely resolved.

Contempt to those who strut in foreign foppery, to the hurt of the trade and manufactures of their own country.

Disappointment to those who barter the cause of their country for ostentation and pride.

May freemen never more be considered as property to be led to market.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but merit.

May all great men be good, and all good men great.

May no coward wear a red coat, nor no hypocrite a black.

May religion never be a cloak for guilt.

May the woman we love be honest, and the land we live in free.

A safe voyage to Marry-land.

Condescension to the ladies, and standing honour to the gentlemen.

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure.

Health, joy, and mutual love.

Decent economy, and frugality without meanness.

Liberty of the press, and a favourite volume in sheets.

Love without fear, and life without care.

May all honest hearts find a friend in need.

The man who dares be honest in the worst of times.

The union of two fond hearts.

Pleasures here, and happiness hereafter.

The friend we love, and the woman we dare trust.

Taste to our pleasure, and pleasure to our taste.

The road to a christening.

May

May peace never be bought with the expence of honour.

Community, unity, navigation, and trade.

May Britons ever shew themselves brave; and may the brave meet with success in every quarter of the world.

A head to earn, and a heart to spend.

All Fortune's daughters but the eldest.

Independency, and a genteel sufficiency.

Love to one, friendship to few, goodwill to all.

May the single be married, and the married happy.

May we never know sorrow but by name.

May those who love truly be always believed.

A cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle, a hard trotting horse, and a long journey to all the enemies of Britain.

Every man his right, and every rogue a halter.

May our representatives, like free-masons, be elected by ballot.

May power be influenced only by justice.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

Pleasures that please on reflection.

Success to the arms of Britain.

Success to all men of parts.

May we never want reason for drinking or love.

May Englishmen scorn to be sold.

May we never want courage when put to a shift.

May the rich be happy, and the poor content.

May we have in our arms whom we love in our hearts.

Confusion to those, who, wearing the mask of Patriotism, pull it off, and desert the cause of Liberty, in the day of trial.

Sunshine and good-humour all the world over.

Companions attend,—I'll a sentiment give,  
 A toast which esteem will not scorn :  
 " May they who can taste them, love's kisses receive,  
 " And tenderness meet a return."

For our good Queen my toast shall be,—  
 May she ne'er wake nor sleep ill ;  
 And next, my lads, God bless the King,  
 And all his faithful people.

I will give you a toast, if I give no offence,  
 Here's the sensitive plant, and the root common-  
 sense ;  
 Here's love's magic circle, which all senses binds,  
 And delicate pleasures to sensible minds.

May this be every Briton's toast,  
 This all we wish to be, boys :  
 " Let life be long, let life be short,  
 " But let that life be free, boys."

Here's to thee, here's to me,  
 On our absent friends we'll think,  
 To our noble selves we'll drink,  
 Then to him from envy free ;  
 Who loves fun like you and me ?

To the end of each day be our doing's upright,  
 May all do the best thing they can do to night.

Whilst our glasses we kiss, and we frolick at ease,  
 Of happiness ne'er may we miss ;  
 May we live as we list, may we kiss whom we please,  
 And may we still please whom we kiss.

Here's

Here's what Tars dislike, and what ladies like best;  
What's that? you may whisper,—why 'tis to be  
press'd.

May infamy ever deserters attend;  
But honours crown those who our honours defend.

Here's my toast,—The Grand Alliance,  
Friendship, freedom, wit, and love.

Here's their health, who to wine and their words  
will be just;  
Here's the girl that we love, and the friend we  
can trust.

I, Friend, drink to thee, Friend,  
As this Friend drank to me, Friend;  
And as this friend charged me, Friend,  
That I should drink to thee, Friend;  
I Friend, charge thee, Friend,  
That thou, Friend, drink to that Friend;  
And the longer we drink, Friends,  
The merrier we shall be, Friends.

Here's a health to all those that love this \*  
Here's a health to all those that love this;  
Here's a health to all those, that love them that  
love those,  
That love those that love them, that love this.

Life to the man who has courage to lose it,  
And wealth to him who has spirit to use it.

Health to the sick, honour to the brave,  
Success to the lover, and freedom to the slave.

\* Holding a glass.

Here's



## 416 The POLITE SINGER.

Here's to Liberty, Lads, without flattery or fear,  
And I hope I am pledg'd from the heart by all here.

May every day be happier than the past,  
And every hour merrier than the last.

May reason be the pilot, where passion blows the  
gale,  
And prudence the cockswain when love fills the  
sail.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,  
The ruling passion governs nature still.

Health, love, and ready rino,  
To all those whom you and I know.

The King, Queen, and  
Royal Family.

The mother of all saints

The beggar's bennison

The staff of life.

The naked truth.

The royal arch.

The road to a Lady's  
heart.

Peace and plenty.

Love and friendship.

Love and opportunity.

Our absent friends.

Patience in adversity.

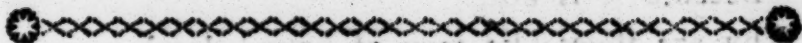
The land of cakes.

Love for love.

Gaiety and innocence.

Liberty and Property.





A COLLECTION of  
**New Conundrums.**

---

**W**HY is a Maccaroni like a Merry Andrew?  
Because he plays the Fool.

Why is a Dancing-master like a Cook?  
Because he cuts Capers.

Why is a stale Mushroom like an old Maid?  
Because it's maggotty.

Why are a Man's Toes like an Ironmonger's shop?  
Because they have Nails in them?

Why is a furly dog like a sharper?  
Because he bites.

Why are bawdy-houses like rotten sheep?  
Because their livers are bad.

Why is a hunted hare like a leaky barrel?  
Because it runs.

Why is a monument like a proud man?  
Because it is lofty.

Why is a complaisant man like a tree?  
Because he is full of bows.

Why

## 418 The POLITE SINGER.

Why is a Summer's day like a passionate man?  
Because it is hot.

Why are shoes like men of knowledge?  
Because they are great understanders.

Why is a hungry man like a razor?  
Because he is sharp set.

Why are jests like being tickled?  
Because they make us laugh.

Why is a maccaroni like an ass?  
Because his ears are conspicuous.

Why is a maccaroni like nothing?  
Because nothing's like him.

Why is a sharper like an eel?  
Because he's slippery.

Why is a drunkard like a candle?  
Because he's hot-headed.

Why is a scoundrel like a pen?  
Because his deeds are black.

Why is a designing man like a musician?  
Because he plays upon you.

Why is an old bawd like a bird-catcher?  
Because she decoys.

Why is a man in liquor like a fow?  
Because he wallows in it.

Why is an ill-natur'd man like vinegar?  
Because he's sour.

Why is a whore like a Syren?  
Because she tempts to destroy.

# I N D E X.

Beginning with the First Line of every SONG.

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